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1837

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
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 AND
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 IN
 FRANCE AND GERMANY.

BY THE REV.
 THEO. FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.R.S. &c.
 VOLUME III.



DESIGN BY J. H. STAMP

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY W. BULMER AND SONS, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE, AGENTS FOR THE
 STEAM-ENGINE PRESS,
 AND JOHN H. PAYNE AND SONS, LONGMAN, HURST AND CO.,
 AND A. ARCH, R. H. EVANS, & TRIMMER,
 AND JOHN MAJOR.

1831

A
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
Antiquarian
AND
PICTURESQUE TOUR
IN
FRANCE AND GERMANY.

BY THE REV.
THO. FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.R.S. S.A.

VOLUME III.



DEI OMNIA PLENA.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY W. BULMER AND W. NICOL,
Shakspeare Press,
AND SOLD BY PAYNE AND FOSS, LONGMAN, HURST AND CO.
J. AND A. ARCH, R. H. EVANS, R. TRIPHOOK,
AND JOHN MAJOR.

1821.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

Antiquarian

AND

PICTURESQUE TOUR

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE PROGNAL DIBDIN, F.R.S.

VOLUME III.

LONDON:

SOLD AT PARIS, BY MESSRS. TREUTTET AND WURTZ, A

N° 17, RUE DE BOURBON.

1831

Bibliographical Tour.

LETTER XXXV.

STRASBOURG. ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PROTESTANT
RELIGION. THE CATHEDRAL. OTHER ECCLESIAS-
TICAL BUILDINGS. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Hôtel de l'Esprit, July 26, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND ;

AGREEABLY to the intimation at the commencement of my last letter, I now proceed to give you some account of this City, in which I have resided for the last six or seven days. I am again, as it were, confined within walls and ramparts : but in a few seconds I can breathe the air of the country, and even all the day long (as I before observed) may feel a very pleasant breeze stealing into my apartment from the river *Ill*, which faces the hotel. I have been recently refreshed too in a different manner, from a different cause. It is Sunday ; and scarcely half an hour ago, I heard, from a Lutheran church on the other side of the water, what I call good, hearty, rational psalm-singing : without fiddles or trombones or serpents.

Thus, although considerably further from home, I almost fancied myself in old England.

This letter will touch chiefly upon topics of an antiquarian cast, but of which I venture to anticipate your approbation ; because I have long known your attachment to the history of ALSACE—and that you have Schoepflin's admirable work* upon that country almost at your fingers' ends. The city of Strasbourg encloses within its walls a population of about fifty thousand souls. I suspect, however, that in former times its population was more numerous. At this present moment there are about two hundred and fifty streets, great and small, including squares and alleys. The main streets, upon the whole, are neither wide nor narrow ; but to a stranger they have a very singular appearance, from the windows of almost every house being covered, on the outside, with *iron bars*, arranged after divers fashions. This gives them a very prison-like effect, and is far from being ornamental — as it is sometimes intended to be. The glazing of the windows is also frequently very curious. In general, the panes of glass are small, and circular, confined in leaden casements. The number of houses in Strasbourg is estimated at three thousand five hundred.

There are not fewer than *forty-seven bridges* in the interior of the town. These cross the branches of the rivers *Ill* and *Bruche*—which empty themselves into the *Rhine*. The fortifications of Strasbourg are equally strong and extensive ; but they assumed formerly a more picturesque, if not a more powerful aspect. In the middle

* *Alsatia Illustrata*, 1751-61, folio, two volumes.

of the fifteenth century there were not fewer than nine principal gates of entrance: and above the walls were built, at equal distances, fifty-five towers—surmounted, in turn, by nearly thirty towers of observation on the exterior of the walls. But in the beginning of the sixteenth century, from the general adoption of gunpowder in the art of war, a different system of defence was necessarily adopted; and the number of these towers was in consequence diminished. At present there are none. They are supplied by bastions and redoubts, which answer yet better the purposes of warfare; but still I should like to have taken a peep at Strasbourg when the spire of its stupendous cathedral was raising its head aloft . . . flanked and guarded by these comparatively pigmy, yet picturesque, accompaniments!

There are SEVEN PARISHES; of which four are catholic, and three protestant. This brings me to lay before you a brief outline of the rise and progress of PROTESTANTISM in this place. Yet, as a preliminary remark, and as connected with our mutual antiquarian pursuits, you are to know that, besides parish churches, there were formerly FOURTEEN CONVENTS, exclusively of chapelries. All these are minutely detailed in the recent work of M. Hermann,* from which indeed I have gleaned the chief of the foregoing particulars. A great many of these convents were suppressed in the sixteenth century, upon the establishment of the pro-

* recent work of M. Hermann,]---This work is entitled "*Notices Historiques, Statistiques et Littéraires, sur la Ville de Strasbourg.*" 1817, 8vo. A second volume, published in 1819, completes it. A more judicious, and, as I learn, faithful compilation, respecting the very interesting city of which it treats, has not yet been put together.

testant religion. Some of the buildings however existed till the end of the seventeenth : and they affirm that several yet exist. Indeed it was only yesterday evening, walking on the other side of the *Ill*, that a curiously constructed house caught the attention of Mr. Lewis and myself. On enquiry, I was told that this house, now the residence of a grocer, had been formerly a CONVENT. Mr. Lewis took out his pencil, and in less than half an hour sketched what you here behold.



Engraved by J. Smith

Designed by J. Smith

At the end however of the fifteenth century, there were not fewer than nine parish churches, twenty convents, and one hundred and eighty chapelries, public and private, at Strasbourg. But for a brief outline of the rise and progress of Protestantism at this place. It must indeed be brief; for I have so many things to talk about in this letter, that it would be hardly reasonable to expect a more detailed account. If it be short, it will at least be clear and faithful. The forerunner of Luther (in my opinion) was JOHN GEYLER; a man of singular intrepidity of head and heart. He was a very extraordinary genius, unquestionably; and the works which he has bequeathed to posterity evince the variety of his attainments.* His memory is yet held in reverence by his countryman, although it may be doubted whether any one library contain a complete collection of his works. Geyler preached boldly in the cathedral against the lax manners and doubtful morality of the clergy. He exhorted the magistrates to do their duty, and predicted that there must be an alteration of religious worship ere the general morals of the community could be amended. They preserve a stone chair or pulpit, of very curious workmanship, but which had nearly been destroyed during the Revolution, in which Geyler used to deliver his lectures. He died in 1510; and within a dozen

* *the variety of his attainments.*] Nicéron passes Geyler over in silence; and he is omitted in the recent edition, (1804) of the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*. He was a character whom Bayle would have delighted to delineate. Some notice (not altogether uninteresting it is hoped) will be found of this extraordinary genius in the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. i. p. 238-240.

years after his death the doctrines of LUTHER were sedulously inculcated. The ground had been well prepared for such seed. The court of Rome looked on with uneasiness ; and the Pope sent a legate to Strasbourg in 1522, to vent his anathemas, and to raise a strong party against the growth of this new heresy—as it was named. At this time, the reformed doctrine was even taught in the cathedral ; and, a more remarkable thing to strike the common people, the rector of the church of St. Thomas (the second religious establishment of importance, after that of the cathedral) VENTURED TO MARRY ! He was applauded both by the common people and by many of the more respectable families. His example was followed : and the religious of both sexes were allowed to leave their establishments, to go where they would, and to enter upon the married state. In 1530 the mass was generally abolished : and the protestant religion was constantly exercised in the cathedral.

The spirit both of GEYLER and of LUTHER might have rejoiced to find, in 1550, the chapter of St. Thomas resolutely avowing its determination to perform the protestant—and nothing but the protestant—religion within its own extensive establishment. The flame of the new religion seemed now to have reached all quarters, and warmed all hearts. But a temporary check to its progress was given by the cautious policy of Charles V. That wary and heartless monarch (who had even less religion than he had of the ordinary feelings of humanity) interfered with the weight of his power, and the denunciations of his vengeance. Yet he found it necessary neither wholly to

suppress, nor wholly to check, the progress of the protestant religion : while, on the other hand, the Strasbourgeois dreaded too much the effects of his power to dispute his will by any compact or alliance of opposition. In 1550, therefore, the matter stood thus. The cathedral, and the collegiate and parish churches of St. Peter the Elder and St. Peter the Younger, as well as the oratory of All Saints, adopted the catholic form of worship. The other parish churches adopted that of the protestant. Yet in 1559 there happened such a serious affray in the cathedral church itself — between the Catholics and Protestants—as taught the former the obvious necessity of conceding as much as possible to the latter. It followed, that, towards the end of the same century, there were, in the cathedral chapter, *seventeen protestant*, and *eight catholic* canons. Among the *latter*, however, was the celebrated Cardinal de Lorraine :— one of the most powerful, the most furious, and the most implacable of the enemies of Protestantism. The part he took respecting the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, consigns his name to everlasting ignominy and detestation.

In 1610 a league was formed for the adjustment of the differences between the Catholics and Protestants : but the unfortunate thirty years war breaking out in 1618, and desolating nearly the whole of Germany, prevented the permanent consolidation of the interests of either party. All this time Strasbourg was under the power, as it even now speaks the language, and partakes of the customs and manners, of GERMANY : but its very situation rendered it the prey of both the contending powers of Germany and France: each

country, in turn, asking permission to enter the hostile territory, by passing over the bridge across the Rhine. In consequence, this poor bridge was frequently in part burnt or destroyed. In 1673 it was nearly wholly demolished, and the citizens of Strasbourg could scarcely obtain permission of Louis XIV. to repair or rebuild it.* Again, in 1678, the French gained possession of the famous fort of *Kehl*, and almost wholly demolished this unfortunate bridge. At length came the memorable, and as I suspect treacherous, surrender† of Strasbourg to the arms of Louis XIV, in September

* *scarcely obtain permission to rebuild it.*] In the *Documens Historiques relatifs à l'histoire de France, tirés des Archives de la Ville de Strasbourg* — compiled by Kentzinger, and published in 1818, 8vo.—the petition of the citizens of Strasbourg is inserted, together with the king's answer. In this latter, will be seen of how much importance the bridge appeared to be to the French in a *dilapidated* state.. for the document runs thus: “il est encore trop à craindre que la commodité de ce passage n'apportast dans vos terres, et peut estre dans quelqu'une de nos provinces, les memes desordres que les troupes de Brandebourg ont porté depuis quelques mois dans vostre voisinage, et dont l'accident dont vous vous plaignistes alors eust sans doute beaucoup de part à vous garantir.”---“ Ainsy nous nous trouvons obligez de vous dire qu'en l'estat où sont tousjours les choses, comme il ne seroit pas de la prudence de rouvrir aux troupes qui nous seroient contraires, et dont vos terres souffriroient asseurement, un passage si important sur le Rhin, nous verrons avec plaisir que vous attendiez à un autre temps à achever l'ouvrage que vous auriez dessein de commencer,” &c. p. 330-31.

† *treacherous surrender of Strasbourg,*]---The story relating to this surrender is thus told both by Hermann and Kentzinger. “Louvois, minister at war, sent word to M. de Chamilli, nephew of the gallant defender of Grave, to come to him immediately—to receive his instructions upon a very important mission with which he was to be instantly

1681 ; when the respective rights and privileges of the Catholics and Protestants were placed upon a definite

charged. The instructions were these. "Set off this very evening for Basle, in Switzerland : you will reach it in three days ; on the fourth day, precisely at two o'clock in the afternoon, you will not fail to repair to the bridge of the Rhine, with a sheet of paper, pen and ink ; you will examine and write down, with the greatest care, every thing which passes under your eye during these two hours. At four o'clock precisely, you will have post-horses to your carriage, ready to start ; you will then set off, travel day and night, and bring me every thing which you have written down upon the paper. At whatever hour you arrive, demand an immediate audience of me."

M. de Chamilli, though extremely surprised at what seemed to him to be a romantic or puerile mission, nevertheless instantly obeyed.—He reached Basle at the time appointed ; and precisely, at the hour indicated, he was upon the bridge---with paper, pen, and ink, to notify every thing which should take place. At first, he saw a fruiterer with his baskets ; then, a traveller on horseback, dressed in a blue great coat ; next, a raggedly dressed countryman ; then, common porters. But precisely at three o'clock, a man, in a complete suit of yellow, stopt in the middle of the bridge ; went towards the water and leant upon the parapet wall ; receded one step ; and with a large stick struck three times upon a small mound of earth. This, and every other circumstance however trivial and minute, was rigidly recorded by M. de Chamilli. The clock struck four, and M. de Chamilli darted away in his carriage, to return to his employer. He arrived within forty-eight hours, about midnight---having travelled without intermission. He demanded, as was agreed, an immediate audience—and seemed quite vexed to have nothing more important to relate. The minister seized his paper—read it with a hurrying eye---and when he came to that part, about the man in yellow clothes, striking thrice upon the earth, he leaped for joy ! Chamilli was dismissed with caresses. The minister went instantly to the king—found him in bed---caused him to be immediately roused—chatted with him for a quarter of an hour at the foot of his bed---and, on leaving him, dispatched four couriers, who were at hand, and who had been waiting several hours, ready to

footing; although, before this event, the latter had considerably the ascendancy. These rights were endeavoured to be shaken by the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685—not however before the Jesuits had been striving to warp the feelings of the latter in favour of the former. The catholic religion was, by the articles of the surrender of the city, established in the cathedral, in the subordinate churches of St. Peter the Elder and St. Peter the Younger, and in the Oratory of All Saints: and it has continued to be exercised pretty much in the same proportion unto this day. The majority of the inhabitants are however decidedly Protestants.

Such is a succinct, but I believe not unfaithful, ac-

start. Eight days following, Strasbourg was surrounded by French troops, and surrendered to Louis on the 30th. Sept. 1681. The magistrates had betrayed their trusts—and the three blows with the stick was the signal which announced to Louvois that the work of treachery was consummated.

Louis came in person to take possession of the keys of the town, on the 24th of October following. He was met at the principal entrance of the CATHEDRAL by the Bishop of Strasbourg, Prince of Fürstenberg, and was received by a courtly speech,—in which the Prelate declared his joy and triumph in surrendering into his majesty's royal hands, that Temple, of which the violence of heretical ministers had hitherto dispossessed him:—that now, like the good and aged Simeon, he desired only to depart in peace; and that, when it should please God to take him, he should quit the world with infinite satisfaction." I suspect that this episcopal Prince of Fürstenberg knew something about certain three knocks with a stick upon a certain bridge! In 1744 Louis XV. was most sumptuously received at Strasbourg. The west front of the cathedral was entirely in a blaze with fireworks. The festivities and triumphs on this occasion are described in *twelve large prints*, of a folio size—of which the fourth plate affords a fine view of the lower half of the western front, upon a large scale.

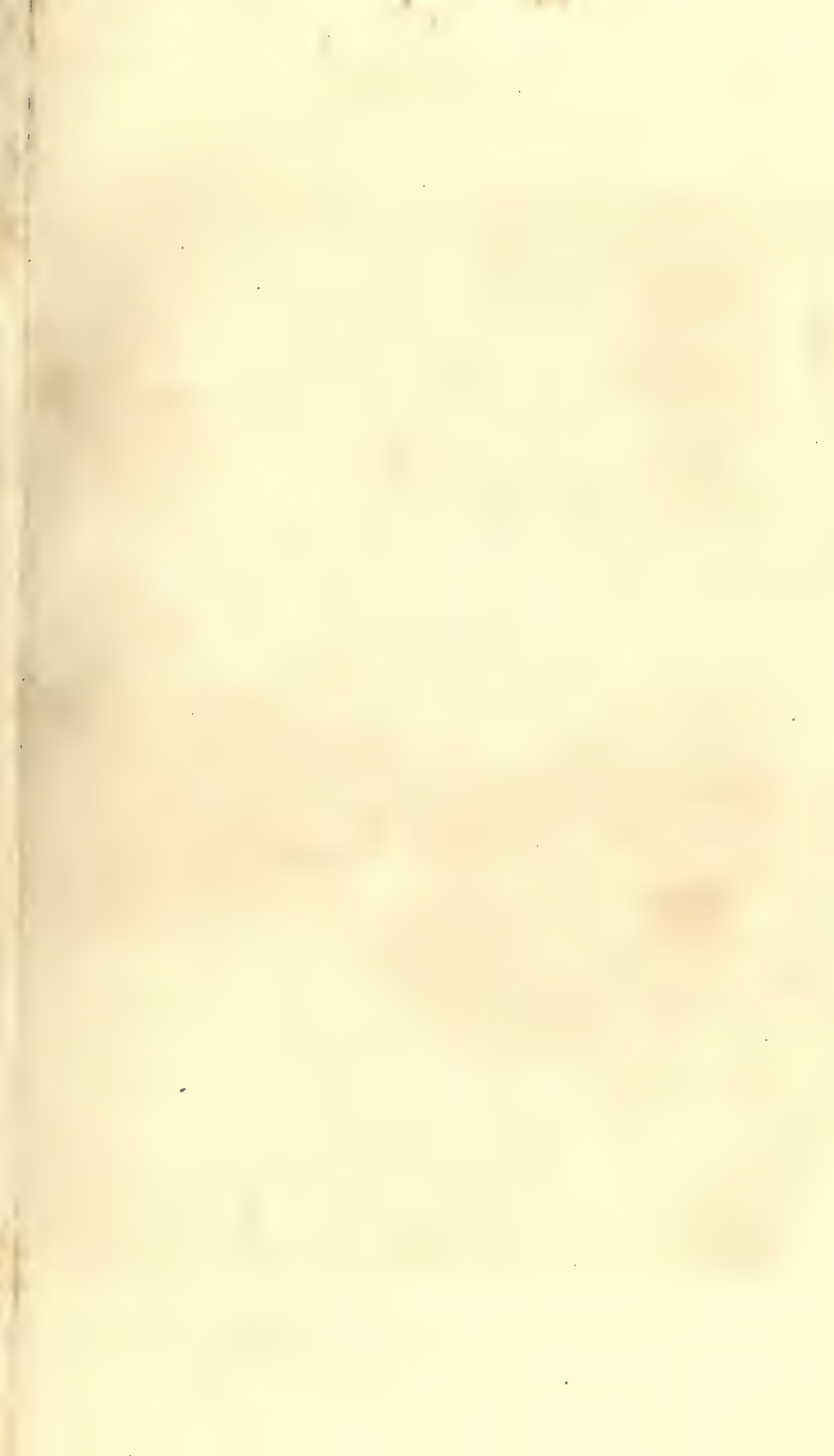
count of the establishment of the PROTESTANT RELIGION at Strasbourg. This subject therefore naturally brings me to notice the principal *Temple of Worship* in which the rites of either religion seem, for a long time, to have been alternately exercised; and this temple can be no other than THE MINSTER—or, as we should say, the CATHEDRAL. It merits indeed a minute and elaborate description; but there is neither time nor space for such a task at present. I shall bring home with me the principal treatises which have been written upon it; from which indeed the particulars which follow have been collected.

But ere I assume the office of the historian, let me gratify my inclinations as a spectator. Let me walk around this stupendous structure. At this moment, therefore, consider me as standing in full gaze before its west front—from which the tower springs. This tower seems to reach to heaven. Indeed the whole front quite overwhelms you with alternate emotions of wonder and delight. Luckily there is some little space before it, in which trees have been recently planted; and where (as I understand) the fruit and vegetable market is held. At the further end of this space, in approaching the Cathedral, and in running the eye over the whole front the first thing that strikes you is, the red or copperas colour of the stone—which I presume to be a species of sand stone. This gives the whole a sort of severe metallic effect. However, you are rivetted to the spot whereon you command the first general survey of this unparalleled front. The delicacy, the finish, the harmonious intricacy, and faëry-like lightness, of the whole—even to the summit of the spire;

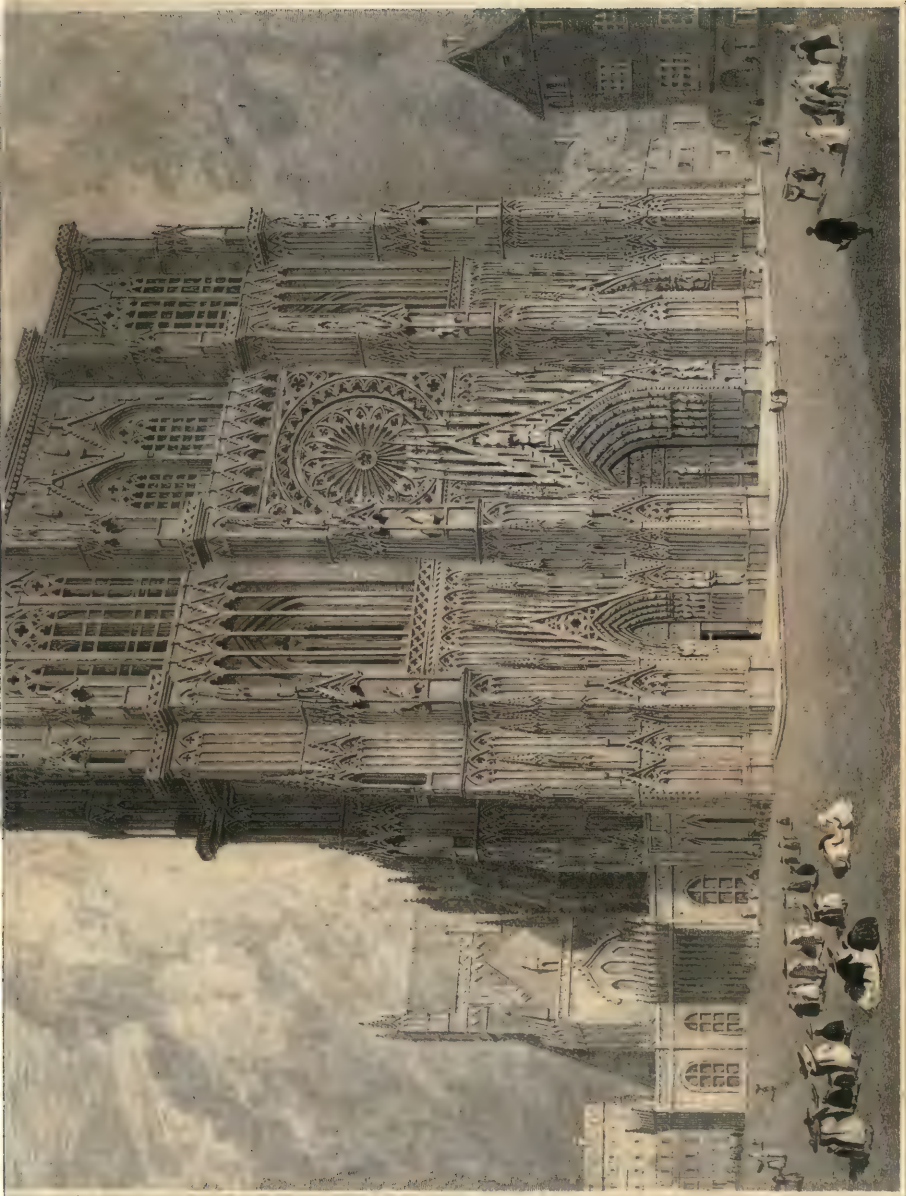
which latter indeed has the appearance of filigree work, raised by enchantment, and through the interstices of which the bright blue sky appears with a lustre of which you have no conception in England—all this, I say, perfectly delights and overwhelms you. You want words to express your ideas, and the extent of your satisfaction. You feel convinced (although you may have seen, as I have, the west fronts of Peterboro, York, and Lincoln) that the magnificent edifice before you seems to be the *ne plus ultra* of human skill in ornamental gothic architecture. Do you doubt this statement?—and are you disposed to banter me upon the florid style of this description? Cast your eye upon the lovely drawing of this western front,* as executed by Mr. Lewis—the result of five days unintermitting and severe application! Did you ever see its like before? At any rate, you will not have the hardihood to avow that you have seen a more marvellous specimen of art—whether as connected with building or drawing. Undoubtedly one regrets here, as at Antwerp, the absence of the corresponding tower; but you are to form your judgment upon what is *actually* before you, and, at the same time, to bear in mind that this tower and spire—for it partakes of both characters—is full *five hundred and thirty* English feet in height!†—and, consequently, some twenty or thirty feet higher than the top of St. Peter's at Rome. One

* See The OPPOSITE PLATE.

† *full five hundred and thirty English feet in height*] Or about four hundred and ninety French feet—according to the measurement of the celebrated SILBERMANN, whose dimensions are usually cited by tourists; as the most accurate. The history of the measurement of the height of







S. Rawle sculp.

Published for The Rev. A. K. D. D. in 1871.

in London del.

FRONT VIEW OF STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

is lost in astonishment, on bearing such an altitude in mind ; for really there is no place fitting for a satisfactory view of it, within its immediate vicinity.*

I shall now enter upon the description of the exterior, more in detail. This western front, or façade, is divided into three stages or compartments. The bottom or lower one is occupied by the three magnificent porches, which you see in the annexed drawing. Of these, the central one is by far the loftiest and most ornamental. The period of their execution is about the commencement of the fourteenth century ; that is to say, from the year 1270 to 1320. This was a time

this famous tower reads a fine lesson upon the subject of accuracy. Wimpeling, the first, I believe, who took its height, computed it at 950 feet. Speklé, the second, reduced it to nearly one half—to 594 :—Brun made another trifling deduction—to 574 feet : Ulsberger, who was a cotemporary of Brun, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, brought it down to 489 feet. Hekler afterwards found it grown to 505 feet. The variations of subsequent measurements, being trifling, need not be noticed. I should add, however, that the French foot, and the Strasbourg foot, appear to vary ; and that the latter seems to be nearer to our own. If this be the case, it is 500 English feet from the pavement of the nave to the top of the tower or spire.

* *within its immediate vicinity.*]—The *Robertsau*, about three quarters of a mile from Strasbourg, is considered to be the best place for a view of the cathedral. The *Robertsau* is a well peopled and well built suburb. It consists of three nearly parallel streets, composed chiefly of houses separated by gardens — the whole very much after the English fashion. In short, these are the country houses of the wealthier inhabitants of Strasbourg ; and there are upwards of seventy of them, flanked by meadows, orchards, or a fruit or kitchen garden. It derives the name of *Robertsau* from a gentleman of the name of *Robert*, of the ancient family of *Bock*. He first took up his residence there about the year 1200, and was father of twenty children. Consult *Hermann* ; vol. i. p. 209.

when the art of architectural sculpture—if I may so speak—(by which I mean, not only the execution of the individual figure, but its adaptation, as an object of ornament, to the building for which it was designed) was probably at its highest pitch of perfection. What this porch must have been, when *first* exposed to view — on its completion — is perhaps not very difficult to conceive, even from its present mutilated appearance : a mutilation, attributable to the usual cause—the recent revolution. This central porch is divided into five compartments on each side—forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the door-way. The lower parts of these divisions contain each a statue, of the size of life, upon its respective pediment. The upper parts, which blend with the arch-like construction, are filled with small statues, upon pediments, having a sort of brilliant, fretted appearance — just what we behold in one of the south porches at Lincoln. All these figures are representations of characters in Scripture. Again, above this archway, forming the central ornaments of the sharper angles, are the figures of the Almighty, the Virgin and Child, and Solomon. They are accompanied by lions below, and by scriptural figures above. In front, above the door way, upon a flat surface, are four sculptured compartments ; devoted to scriptural subjects. I might be more particular, as indeed such a splendid piece of architecture would seem to demand a more minute detail : but my objects are not *exclusively* architectural. The same may be said of the right and left porch. They are equally elaborate, though less lofty and large ; and equally devoted to representations of scriptural subjects. They

will have it, that, according to tradition, the daughter of Ervin de Steinbach, the chief architect of the western front, worked a great deal at this central porch, and even sculptured several of the figures. However this may be, the tout ensemble is really beyond any thing which could be satisfactorily conveyed by a written description. I should observe, however, that they are beginning to restore the figures of these porches, which were injured during the Revolution ;* and to add new ones where the old were utterly destroyed. These restorations appear to be done with care, and with attention to *precedent* : but the colour of the stone is rather too pink.

We now cast our eye upon the second division of this stupendous façade ; and here our attention is almost exclusively devoted to the enormous circular, or marygold window, in the central compartment. At the same time, we look with surprise upon the three equestrian statues,† placed behind two delicate co-

* *injured during the Revolution.*—In the PRINCIPAL PORCH, fifteen large statues were taken down : a great number of smaller ones, representing historical facts in the Bible, were, some of them wholly, and most partly, destroyed. The principal bas-relief over the door was seriously injured, and twenty-four small figures in the compartments of the archway — together with the twelve figures called the *Musicians*—were almost entirely destroyed. Out of 235 statues taken down, for the purpose of demolition, *only sixty-five have been preserved* ! So says MR. HERMANN, the recent and very able historian of Strasbourg, in his *Notices Historiques, Statiques et Littéraires, sur la Ville de Strasbourg* ; vol. i. p. 382-5. The Vandals even mistook the ornaments representing pine apples, for *fleur-de-lis* ; and annihilated them accordingly !

† Of these figures, that of CLOVIS is the most simple and creditable

lums, which are so slender as scarcely to conceal any portion of them, and which columns terminate, above, in a sort of canopy of delicate fret-work. So that these statues, although well secured upon their pedestals, seem as if they were in the open air, and perfectly

as a work of art: but it appears, from the old prints, never to have had a sceptre:—I subjoin a copy of this figure, from a recent publication relating to the town.



unprotected — as the columns are scarcely more than nine inches in width . . and the figures are placed at a height of ninety or a hundred feet. These figures, my friend, are no less personages than CLOVIS, DAGOBERT, and RUDOLPH, Count of Hapsburg and Landgrave of Upper Alsace. This latter was a great benefactor to the Cathedral during the earlier stages of its erection under the architectural auspices of the famous ERVIN DE STEINBACH . . who may, in all respects, be considered as the chief architect of the cathedral.* Rudolph became Emperor in 1273 ; and on his last visit to Strasbourg in 1291, he fell sick, and died in the vicinity of the place. His memory is justly held in reverence by the Strasbourgeois : but, as there never were *more* than these *three* statues, and as a place is palpably left for a *fourth*, why have not the worthy citizens of Strasbourg raised another statue—to the memory of the principal architect of the Cathedral ? In other words, why have they not master ERVIN DE STEINBACH ? Rely upon it that the *likeness* of this latter will be equally as faithful as those of the three former.†

I should tell you, however, that each of these eques-

* He lived only to complete the first division of the great west-front ; but his son, who succeeded him, carried it up to the platform—or to the summit of the third division. The father died in 1318 ; the son 1339.

† There was once a project for raising a statue of LOUIS XIV. to fill this vacant niche. Fortunately the project was never executed. Perhaps a feeling of piety might properly lead to the erection of the statue of CONRAD DE LICHTENBERG—in the niche in question. Conrad was the BISHOP who laid the first stone of the present edifice, in 1276. The ceremony of laying it was splendid and imposing. After the

trian figures was cut out of one solid block of stone. They appear of the size of life, but are colossal. They are habited in regal attire, with a sceptre in the hand, and a crown of iron about their heads; upon which latter are inscribed their respective names, in Gothic letters of brass. They all three very narrowly escaped destruction during the Revolution. They were taken down, carried away, and preserved only through the vigilance and pious feeling of a few enlightened citizens. They are doubtless noble and appropriate ornaments; and seem exactly suited for the snug niches which they occupy. As to the *rose-window*—filled by stained glass—you are to know that the circumference of the outer circle is one hundred and sixty English feet: or about fifty-three feet in diameter: of the inner circle, one hundred and forty-six English feet in circumference, or nearly fifty feet in diameter; and I challenge you to shew me the like—in any building of which you have any knowledge! We now ascend to the third divi-

celebration of high mass, upon the anniversary of the purification of the Virgin, Conrad, at the head of all the clergy of the place, accompanied by a numerous procession of the inhabitants, walked thrice round the extremities of what was considered to be the old cathedral. He then dug up three shovels full of earth—and was followed, in the like ceremony, by the rest of the clergy. The workmen immediately began to dig out the foundations; but two of them disputing about the honour of commencing just where the Bishop had first put his spade to the earth, a quarrel ensued, and one was killed by the other with his spade. This was considered an inauspicious commencement. The work was interrupted for nine days: the ground was again consecrated; and the foundation of the west front was also laid, upon which the towers were to be built. GRANDIDIER: *Essai Hist. et Topog. sur l'Eglise Cathédrale de Strasbourg*; 1782. 8vo. p. 40.

sion, or stage of this wonderful façade; and which, as its elevation is so much beyond that of the two preceding, necessarily presents fewer minute ornaments to the eye. It has simply, in each of the three perpendicular portions into which the whole front is divided, some noble gothic windows: as a view of the drawing will shew. Thus have I got you to the summit of the façade—at the spring of the tower—which is called the *platform*; and which was finished about the year 1369.

Perhaps the most wonderful part of this structure is the open filigree work of the tower, immediately above the platform: though I admit that the *spiral* part is exceedingly curious and elaborate. Of course there was no examining such a wonder without mounting to the platform, and ascending the tower itself. Accordingly Mr. Lewis accompanied me in my aerial undertaking. I cannot easily forget the effect produced upon me, as I ascended the stairs leading to the unfinished tower, on the right hand side, which occasionally brought me in contact with some of the open, ornamental work on the exterior—when I was elevated about two hundred feet from the level of the ground! The slender columns, chiefly supported by iron cramps—the curiously carved ornaments—the height, and yet massiveness, and safety, of every thing about me—appeared, as I cast my eye upon the human beings, reduced to pigmies, below—quite marvellous and inconceivable. At length we reached the platform—about three hundred feet from the pavement; and issued from what was the commencement of the second tower, now converted into a room,* in which

* *second tower, now converted into a room.*]—In the town hall, or

some persons reside. Agreeably to prescribed forms, we were requested to write our names in an album—where we saw but few English, and many foreign, autographs. I trust to be forgiven if, instead of writing our names according to baptismal authority, I calligraphised the name of **William Caxton** for my own, and that of **Wynkyn de Worde** for my companion's.

We quitted this tenement, and walked straight forward upon the platform. What a prospect was before us. There flowed the RHINE! I felt an indescribable joy on my first view of that majestic river; and I “doffed my bonnet” to pay it the same kind of homage which had been bestowed upon the first view of the building from whence this second act was performed. There it flowed . . broad and rapid . . and apparently peaceful, within its low banks! On the other, or eastern side of it, was a range of lofty hills, of a mountainous character, which we had seen on our first view of the cathedral, as we descended towards Saverne; and which, we were told, terminated in the alps of Switzerland. On the opposite side of the town ran the great chain of hills—called the VOSGES—which

in some adjacent mansion, where the monuments and archives are deposited, I saw the ORIGINAL DRAWINGS for the Cathedral, and of course saw the intended plan for the completion of this *second tower*. It would have been worthy of its companion, had it been carried into effect. And why should it not be so, even now? The answer, I fear, is obvious enough. The spirit of **RUDOLPH** of **HAPSBURG** sleeps with the dust which it once animated: and, moreover, the revenues of the Great are now straitened all over the continent. Let me just add, that, these original drawings are in outline—very elaborate—and executed upon large pieces of vellum, of several feet in length.

we had crossed in our route hither ; and of which we had now a most extensive and unobstructed view. These hills were once the abode of adventurous chieftains and powerful nobles ; and there was scarcely an eminence but what had been formerly crowned by a baronial castle.* Below, appeared the houses of Strasbourg . . . shrunk to rabbit-hutches—and the people, to emmets !

It remained to ascend the opposite tower. At each of the four corners there is a spiral stair-case, of which the exterior is open work, consisting of slender but lofty pillars ; so that the ascending figure is seen at every convolution. It has a fearful appearance to the adventurer : but there is scarcely the possibility of danger. You go round and round, and observe three distinct terminations of the central work within—forming three roofs—of which the *third* is eminently beautiful. I could not help expressing my astonish-

* *crowned by a baronial castle.*]—“ The engineer Specklin, who, in order to complete his MAP of ALSACE, traversed the whole chain of the VOSGES, estimates the number of these castles at little short of *two hundred* : and pushes the antiquity of some of them as far back as the time of the Romans.” See *Hermann* ; vol. i. p. 128, note 20 : whose compressed account of a few of these castellated mansions is well worth perusal. I add this note, from something like a strong persuasion, that, should it meet the eye of some enterprising and intelligent English antiquary, it may stimulate him — within the waning of two moons from reading it, provided those moons be in the months of Spring—to put his equipage in order for a leisurely journey along the VOSGES !

Hermann, at page 459 of his second volume, gives a list of the castles in the department of the lower Rhine, or lower Alsace, of which the RUINS ARE YET REMAINING. They are FORTY-TWO in number.

ment at some of the exterior columns; which could not be much less than threescore feet in height, and scarcely ten inches in diameter! Having gained the top of one of these corner spiral stair-cases, I breathed and looked around me. A new feature presented itself to my view. About one hundred feet beneath, was the body of this huge cathedral. Immediately above, rose the beautifully-tapering and curiously ornamented SPIRE — to the height of probably one hundred and twenty-five feet! It seemed indeed as if both tower and spire were direct ladders to the sky. The immortal artist who constructed them, and who lived to witness the completion of his structure, was JOHN HÜLTZ, a native of Cologne. The date of their completion is 1449. Thus, on the continent as well as in England, the period of the most florid style of gothic architecture was during the first half of the fifteenth century.

We essayed to mount to the very pinnacle, or *bouton* of the spire; but the ascent was impracticable — owing to the stair-case being out of order. Perhaps you will think the height of four hundred feet quite sufficient for an ordinary aspirant. Yet you are to know, that, on the very summit of this spire, stood a *statue of the Virgin*, above a cross. That statue was taken down at the end of the fifteenth century, and is now placed over the south porch. But, what do you think supplied its place during the late Revolution, or in the year of our Lord 1794, on the 4th day of May? Truly, nothing less than a large cap, made of tin, and painted red — called the *Cap of Liberty*! Thank heaven, this latter was pulled down in due

time—and an oblong diamond-shaped stone is now the finishing piece of masonry of this wonderful building. In descending, we stopped again at the platform, and were requested to see the GREAT BELL; of which I had heard the deep-mouthed roar half a dozen times a day, since my arrival. It is perhaps the finest-toned bell in Europe, and appeared to us terrifically large—being nearer eight than seven feet high.* They begin to toll it (as I have frequently found, to my annoyance) at four or five o'clock in the summer-mornings, to announce that the gates of the town are opened. In case of fire at night, it is very loudly tolled; and during a similar accident in the day time, they suspend a pole, with a red flag at the end of it, over that part of the platform which is in a line with the direction of the fire.

Now, my good friend, taking the whole of the preceding description together, you may form a pretty fair no-

* *nearer eight than seven feet high.*] — This was formerly called the bell of the HOLY GHOST. It was cast in 1427, by John Grempe of Strasbourg. It cost 1300 florins; and weighs eighty quintals, or 8320lb.: nearly four tons. It is twenty-two French feet in circumference, and requires six men to toll it. The inscription on it is thus:

*Anno dom. M. CCCC. XXVII. Mense Iulio,
fusa sum per Magistrum Ioannem de Argentina.
Nuncio festa, metum, nova quædam, flebile lethum.*

In regard to the height, I must not be supposed to speak from absolute data. Yet I apprehend that its altitude is not much over-rated. Grandidier has quite an amusing chapter (p. 241, &c.) upon the thirteen bells which are contained in the tower of this cathedral. The Revolution (since his time) may have possibly diminished their number.

tion of the *exterior* of the CATHEDRAL OF STRASBOURG—as connected with the tower and the grand western front—which are, by far, the most essential and admirable parts of the building. Before, however, I take you into the *interior*, we must survey together the sides—the southern and northern porches;* and the eastern end. And yet, will you believe me? these latter are hardly

* Of these porches, that of the south has three dials, and a curious clock over it: it is also decorated by the figures of the Virgin and St. Arbogastus—thought by some to be the first bishop of Strasbourg. The bust of our Saviour and of Solomon are beneath—and these are surrounded by figures of the twelve Apostles. This porch is said to be of the same age with those of the front. The northern porch is of a later period; of the end of the xvth century. Before the Revolution, it was ornamented by the figures of *St. Laurence*, *Pope Pius II.*, and the *Magi presenting their gifts*: together with that of *King David*. These, I believe, have all disappeared.

The general view of the CATHEDRAL OF STRASBOURG, at the time of the completion of the tower—when all its parts were perfect—must have been one of the most gratifying description. I can have no exception of any similar view to equal it. Æneas Sylvius, better known probably by the name of POPE PIUS II., was the Pope's legate at Basle just about the time of this completion. He came frequently to Strasbourg to see it. Indeed he had pursued his studies in that city, when a young man—and lived in a house opposite to the cathedral. In 1458 he was Pope: but in a previous letter (*inter opera historica vel Germaniæ*)—he says of the church—“secto lapide magnifice constructa, in amplissimam fabricam assurrexit, duabus ornata turribus, quarum altera, quæ perfecta est, mirabile opus caput inter nubila condit.” I. G. M. Sforza Visconti, Duke of Milan, wrote in June 1481 (the original Latin letter being preserved in the archives of Strasbourg) to the chief magistrate of the town, to send over to him some skilful architect and builder, to superintend the construction of the cupola of his own superb metropolitan church, which he was then beginning to erect:—such being his admiration of

deserving of particular examination. The first grand defect is, that the nave and transepts do not seem to belong to such a western front. They sink into perfect insignificance. Nor is the style of the exterior of either particularly deserving of description. Yet there is *one* feature in the external architecture of this Cathedral—namely, a series or suite of DROLLERIES... of about four or five feet high . . which cannot fail to attract the antiquary's especial notice. These figures are coarsely but spiritedly cut in the same kind of stone as the greater part of the cathedral is constructed with. They are placed upon the bracket which supports the galleries, or balcony, of the eastern side of the façade of the tower, and are about sixty-five English feet from the ground. They extend to thirty-two feet in length. Through the kind offices of my friend Mr. Schweighæuser, junior (of whom by and by) I have obtained drawings of these droll subjects*, and I am sure that, in common with many of our friends, you will

those employed in the minster at Strasbourg. GRANDIDIER: *Essais sur la Cathédrale de Strasbourg* ; p. 212.

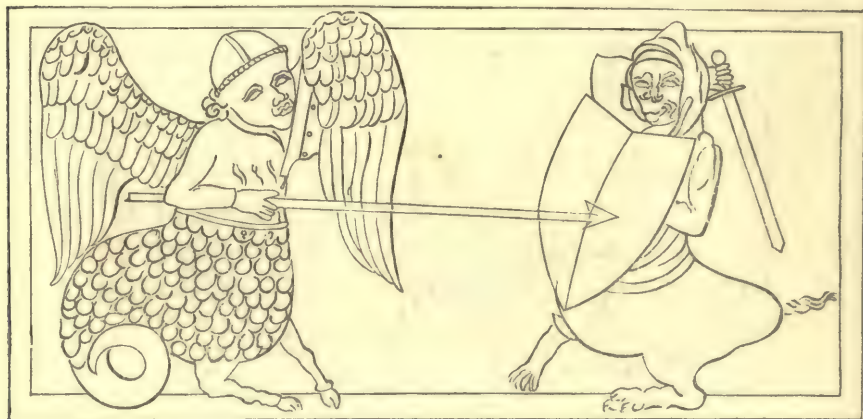
* *drawings of these droll subjects.*]—It was necessary, on the part of my friend, to obtain the consent of the Prefect to make these drawings. A moveable scaffold was constructed, which was suspended from the upper parts—and in this *nervous* situation the artist made his copies—of the size of the following cuts. The expense of the scaffold, and of making the designs, was very inconsiderable indeed. The worthy Prefect, or Mayor, was so obliging as to make the scaffold a mere gratuitous affair; six francs only being required for the men to drink !

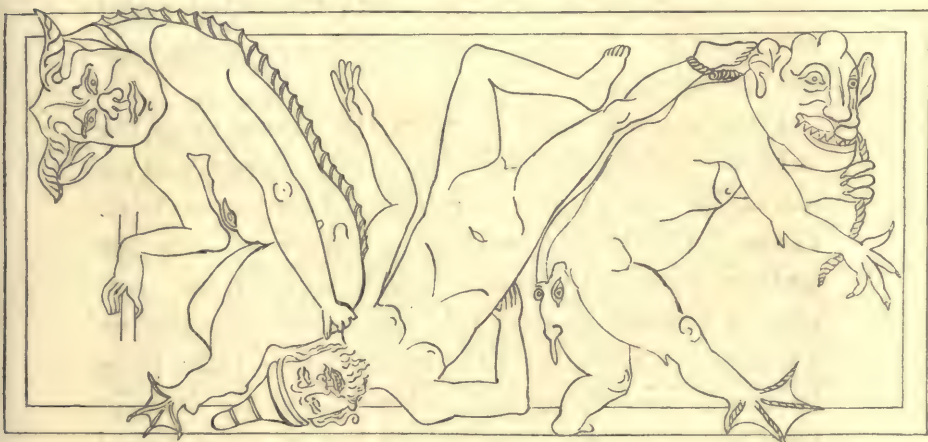
Cicognara, in his *Storia della Scultura*, 1813, folio, has given but a very small portion of the above dance; which was taken from the upper part of a neighbouring house. It is consequently less faithful and less complete.

be amused with a sight of them. They are probably of the date of 1370, and will remind you strongly of similar ornaments in the margins of missals and of other MSS. of the same period. I arrange them just in the order that happens to suit my convenience: but the series here transmitted is complete.









The common people call this series the *Sabbath of Demons*, or the *Dance of the Witches*. You are to know, however, that on the opposite side of the cathedral there is a series of figures, of the same size, and executed nearly in the same style of art, descriptive of scriptural events, mixed with allegorical subjects. Of these I hope also to receive drawings. Having now pointed out what appeared to me to be chiefly interesting in the *exterior* of this marvellous building, it is right that I give you some notion of its *interior*: which will however occupy but a short portion of your attention. Indeed—I grieve to speak it — both the exterior and interior of the *nave* are wholly unworthy of such a magnificent west-front.

I had scarcely set foot upon the pavement of the nave, when I almost retreated . . . with disgust and indignation. At WHAT?—methinks I hear you exclaim. Listen. Would you conceive or believe it?—the fine massive clustered columns which support the roof, nine in number on each side, are nearly concealed by a quantity of *tapestry*, of the recent date of 1739, hung in parallel lines, facing each other—across the shafts of these very columns! The whole has in consequence the air of a bettermost rag, or slop shop—and such common place stuff as this tapestry is composed of! But let me be methodical. The nave and choir together are about three hundred and fifty-five English feet in length; of which the nave is two hundred and forty-four—evidently of too scanty dimensions. The width of the nave and side aisles is one hundred and thirty-two feet: the height of the nave is only

seventy-two feet. The larger of the nine clustered columns are full seventy-two feet in circumference ; the more delicate, thirty feet. There is really nothing striking in this nave ; except that, on turning round, and looking up to the painted glass of the circular or mary-gold window, you observe the colours of it, which are very rich, and absolutely gay, compared with those of the other windows. Were the nave, and the whole of the interior, any thing like that of *St. Ouen*, what a cathedral would this of Strasbourg be ! There is a profusion of painted glass in almost all the windows ; but generally of a sombre tint, and correspondent gloomy effect. Indeed, in consequence of this profusion, the cathedral absolutely wants light.

The choir is sixty-seven feet wide, without side aisles, and is much lower than the nave. It is impossible to speak of this choir without indignation. My good friend—the whole of this interior has recently undergone rather a martyrdom than a metamorphosis. The sides are almost entirely covered with *Grecian* pilasters and pillars ; and so are the ornaments about the altar. What adds to the wretched effect of the whole, is, a coat of *white-wash*, which was bestowed upon it some forty or fifty years ago ; and which will require at least the lapse of another century, to subdue its staring effect. There are only three chapels in this cathedral ; that of *St. Lawrence* to the north, (built in 1505, on the scite of the old one,) and that of *St. Catharine* to the south. The third chapel is *St. Sepulchre*—beneath the choir, and is in fact the crypt. Of *altars* there are not fewer than twelve : the principal being in the chapels of *St. Lawrence* and *St. Catharine*.

It was near the chapel of *St. Catharine*, that, on the morning of our first visit, we witnessed a group of country people, apparently from the neighbourhood of Saverne—from their huge, broad, flat hats—engaged in devotion before the image of some favourite saint. The rays of a bright sun darted through the windows, softened by the varied tints of the stained glass, upon their singular countenances and costumes; and the effect was so novel and striking, that it irresistibly caught the attention, and called forth the pencil, of my graphic companion. See, what a delightful thing Mr. Lewis has made of it!



J. Mican sculp.

In the vicinity of this chapel, perhaps I ought to say in the south transept, it is quite refreshing to fix the eye upon something which repays you for the pain inflicted by a view of the cold, desolate, nakedness of the nave and choir. In the centre of this transept, there rises a fine, slender, clustered column, reaching to its very summit. On the exterior of this column—placed one above another, but retreating or advancing, or in full view, according to the position of the spectator—are several figures, chiefly females; probably five feet high, with labels or scrolls, upon each of which is an inscription. I never saw any thing more elegant and more striking of its kind. These figures reach a great way up the pillar—probably to the top—but at this moment I cannot say decidedly. What a lovely drawing our poor dear friend Alexander—had he been living—would have made of this? I could not help thinking so, as I gazed upon it. But patience. I look forward to see it as well executed by some of our living artists. It is here, too, that the famous **STRASBOURG CLOCK**, (about which one **DASYPODIUS** hath published a Latin treatise in a slim quarto volume*) is placed. This, and the tower, were called the **TWO GREAT WONDERS OF**

* *a slim quarto volume*] I think this volume is of the date of 1580. **CONRAD DASYPODIUS** was both the author of the work, and the chief mechanic or artisan employed in making the clock—about which he appears to have taken several journeys to employ, and to consult with, the most clever workmen in Germany. The wheels and movements were made by the two **HABRECHTS**, natives of **SCHAUFFHAUSEN**. The celestial globe at bottom, three feet in diameter, was the workmanship of **DASYPODIUS**, for his own private use. He completed it in 1557, and it is considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of his mechanical skill.

GERMANY. The wonder now only is, how it could have been so called—unless on the score of mechanical skill. But I suspect that the external ornaments contributed very much to the title. This clock may be described in few words: premising, that it was preceded by a clock of very extraordinary workmanship, fabricated in the middle of the fourteenth century—of which, the *only* existing portion is a *cock*, upon the top of the left perpendicular ornament, which, upon the hourly chiming of the bells, used to flap his wings, stretch out his neck, and crow twice; but being struck by lightning in the year 1640, it lost both its power of action and of emitting sound. No modern skill has been able to make this cock crow, or shake his wings again. The clock however is now wholly out of order, and should be placed elsewhere. It is very lofty; perhaps twenty feet high: is divided into three parts, of which the central part represents *Our Saviour* and *Death*, in the middle, each in the act as if to strike a bell. When, in complete order, Death used to come forward to strike the *quarters*; and, having struck them, was instantly repelled by our Saviour. When he came forward to strike the *hour*, our Saviour in turn retreated:—a whimsical and not very comprehensible arrangement. But old clocks used to be full of these conceits. On each side of the central piece, upon which is the dial-plate, there is, to the right, a spiral open staircase: to the left, a sort of Grecian screen-like elevation, divided into three parts—and crowned at the top by the aforesaid cock. The central elevation is sufficiently rich—but peculiar, and a little capricious according to my taste. I cannot tell how many figures, large and small, real and

allegorical, were formerly put in motion by the works. No doubt, the simultaneous movements of the whole attracted crowds of lookers on. These things soon get out of order—and are generally, I think, melancholy evidences of a waste of talent and time.

Upon throwing an eye over what I have just written, I find that I have omitted to notice the celebrated *STONE PULPIT*, in the nave, enriched with small figures—of the latter end of the xvth century. In fact, the date of 1486, in arabic numerals, (if I remember rightly) is at the bottom of it, to the right of the steps. This pulpit, my good friend, is nothing less than the very ecclesiastical rostrum from which the famous *John Geyler* thundered his anathemas against the monkish clergy.* You may remember that some slight notice was taken of it at the beginning of this letter, in which the progress of Protestantism at Strasbourg was attempted to be traced. I will frankly own to you, that, of all pulpits, throughout Normandy, or in Paris—as yet examined by me—I have seen none which approaches to THIS ; so rich, varied, and elaborate are its sculptured ornaments. The Revolutionists could only contrive to knock off the figure which was upon the top of the canopy, with other contiguous ornaments ; all of which might be

* It is known to the curious in ecclesiastical antiquities, that figures, of a very gross and indelicate character, are frequently found in ancient cathedrals—especially beneath the turn-up seats of the stalls of the choir. In this pulpit at Strasbourg, which was absolutely constructed under the superintendence of Geyler, there was—till the year 1764, when it was taken away—a piece of sculpture representing a monk lying at the feet of a nun, but not in an act of devotion. This was seriously and expressly meant, by Geyler, to satirise the monks of the time. *Grandidier* ; p. 270.

easily restored. Indeed, if there be one gothic relic of antiquity more than another, before which I could desire some one in the firm of *Blore*, *Mackenzie*, and *Wild* to place themselves—in order to make a thoroughly minute copy of it—it is THIS VERY PULPIT :—the drawing to be afterwards carefully placed in my port folio, to astonish the learned in the Fine Arts, at Munich and Vienna.

A word now about the great *Organ*—and little more than two words about the *Crypt*. If Strasbourg have been famous for architects, masons, bell-founders, and clock-makers, it has been not less so for organ builders. As early as the end of the thirteenth century, there were several organs in this cathedral: very curious in their structure, and very sonorous in their notes. The present great organ, on the *left side* of the nave, on entering at the western door, was built by Silbermann about a century ago: and is placed about fifty feet above the pavement. It has six bellowses, each bellows being twelve feet long and six wide: but they are made to act by a very simple and sure process. The tone is tremendous—when all the stops are pulled out—as I once heard it, during the performance of a particularly grand chorus! Yet is this tone mellow and pleasing at the same time. Notwithstanding the organ could be hardly less than three hundred feet distant from the musicians in the choir, it sent forth sounds so powerful and grand—as almost to overwhelm the human voice, with the accompaniments of trombones and serpents. Perhaps you will not be astonished at this, when I inform you that it contains not fewer than two thousand two hundred and forty-two pipes. This is not the first time you

have heard me commend the organs upon the Continent.

Two words only about the crypt ; and then we must take our leave of the cathedral. It is perhaps impossible, at this distance of time, to speak with accuracy of the period of its completion : the question being, whether, when the cathedral was begun to be built in 1277, any, and what portion, of this crypt was *in esse* ? I incline to think that there is a very small portion, if any, older than the middle of the thirteenth century ; it being just possible that, on the cessation of the *fire*, in 1176—which for the fourth time had destroyed the cathedral—they might have begun to lay the foundations of the present crypt. This subterraneous abode, which is beneath the choir, is singular enough. A small stream runs and eats its way almost at the base of one of the larger columns. Towards the window, at the eastern end, is what they call the *Chapel* of the *Holy Sepulchre* ; in which we saw nothing but altars, seats, ornaments, and carved figures, jumbled together in the strangest state of neglect and confusion. When I paused a moment — to think of the countless tons weight of stone which were above my head, while groping about this mysterious abode of darkness and solitude — and thought of the *possibility* of being instantly smashed to atoms beneath its sudden fall—I own that I was induced—to get out of it as fast as I was able.

I think the foregoing description quite sufficient for the exterior and interior of this highly interesting MINSTER. A brief notice of its early history—and then we turn our steps to other ecclesiastical edifices. First, like a great number of other cathedrals (especi-

ally that of Bayeux in Normandy)* this of Strasbourg has been frequently demolished by fire—not less than four times before the end of the twelfth century: and equally like other places of worship (especially Guibray, near Falaise†) has been much indebted, for its wealth, to the supposed miraculous powers of a statue of the Virgin. The three earliest periods of the building of Strasbourg cathedral are considered to be the years 600, 1028, and 1276. Then again from 1276 to 1520; when every portion of the *interior*, including the chapels of St. Lawrence and St. Catherine, were finished: although the middle of the fifteenth century saw the whole of the *external* structure, as it now appears, completed. As to any portion at present existing, of a date previous to 1276, the most prudent conclusion will be, to discredit it altogether. The account before given of the consecration of the earth, by Conrad de Lichtemberg, in 1276—in order to erect the present building—is sufficient to set aside all belief in traces of workmanship of an anterior period. There were two miraculous statues of the Virgin found: one, at the commencement of the building; the other at the beginning of the xvth century: although this latter could be hardly said to partake of the wonder-working character. But the first, aided by good strong urgent letters of subscription, by Bishop Conrad, quickly brought sums of money into the episcopal treasury for the purpose of going lustily to work with the cathedral. Grandidier tells us,† that one Ellen-

* Vol. i. p. 349.

† See Vol. ii. p. 29.

‡ *Essais sur la Cathédrale de Strasbourg*, 1782, 8vo. pp. 42-60.

hard, who was treasurer to the concern, wrote a small book filled with the miracles of this statue — and that the original MS. lay in his (Grandidier's) time at Brzescia in Lithuania, in the library of the Counts of Kolovrat.

But the most remarkable feature belonging to the history of Strasbourg cathedral, is, the number of *shocks of earthquakes* which have affected the building. It is barely possible to enumerate all these frightful accidents; and still more difficult to give credence to one third of them. They seem to have happened two or three times every century; and, latterly, yet more frequently. Take one recital as a specimen: and believe it—if you can! In the year 1728, so great was the agitation of the earth, that the tower was moved one foot out of its perpendicular direction—but recovered its former position presently. “What however is *quite certain*—(says Grandidier)—the holy water, contained in a stone reservoir or basin, at the bottom of a column, near the pavement, was thrown by this same agitation, to upwards of *half the height of a man*—and to the distance of *eighteen feet*! The record of this marvellous transaction is preserved in a Latin inscription, on a slab of black marble, fastened to the lower part of the tower, near the platform.”* In 1744 a severe tempest of thunder

* See Grandidier; p. 177: where the Latin inscription is given. The *Ephémérides de l'Académie des Curieux de la Nature*, vol. ii. p. 400, &c. are quoted by this author—as a contemporaneous authority in support of the event above mentioned.

and lightning occasioned some serious injuries to portions of the cathedral; but in 1759 it suffered still more from a similar cause. Indeed the havoc among the slighter ornamental parts, including several delicately carved figures, is recorded to have been dreadful.

But enough of these accidents, arising from uncontrollable causes. This cathedral seems to have been doomed to agitations of a still more frightful nature, from causes of a different kind, and more within human control. It was during the struggle to establish the Protestant religion that the nave and choir alternately resounded with the blows of weapons, and the shrieks of voices. Perhaps the two greatest tumults of this sort were when Martin Bucer in 1524, and the Bishop of Tripoli in 1559, ascended the famous stone pulpit to address their respective congregations. On the first occasion there seems to have been a "battle royal" between five hundred citizens, assembled to hear the preacher, and all the monks and Catholic clergy which could be collected to oppose them. On the second occasion, the Catholic clergy yielded; and for nine months the cathedral was in an absolute state of abomination—"like (says an author, who lived, at the time, at Strasbourg) a stie where drunken people came to commit all manner of nuisances."* And thus much for the history of this extraordinary building. Indeed it has not wanted its historians, nor representations by means of art.†

* *Grandidier* ; p. 107-8.

† *historians, or representations by means of art.*]—First for histo-

Of the subordinate churches of Strasbourg, the principal, both for size and antiquity, is that of *St. Thomas*.

rians. SCHAD (Oséas Schadæus) published a small 4to. treatise, entitled "*Summum Argentinensium Templum*," in 1617. He notices several ornaments in the cathedral, which are now no longer in existence. Among other things, which may render it sought after by the curious, Schad gives some plates of several indelicate pieces of sculpture upon the columns, and buttresses, which were at a considerable height, and therefore beyond the reach of common observation. These are considered by Schad to be as old as the year 1300. They were destroyed in 1685—probably from the pious rage of Catholicism, which had construed them into satires upon the monks, &c. HUBER's *Wilhelmer Büchlein*, or *Denck-und Danck-Predigt*, published in 1657, makes mention of the cathedral—from p. 87 to 98. Next, ISRAEL MURSCHEL came out with his *Verbesserte Strassburgische Münster Beschreibung*, 1737, 8vo. He was followed by GRANDIDIER, whose *Essai sur la Cathédrale de Strasbourg*, 1782, 8vo. (pp. 436) has chiefly supplied me with the foregoing historical details. It has no cuts. Several editions have appeared of the *Beschreibung des Strassburger Künstlichen Münsters und dessen Thurns*, 1785, 8vo.; and the ms. collections of HECKLER and SILBERMANN, still in existence, may always be consulted with advantage.

Secondly, for engravings. The earliest plate noticed by Hermann is that by DANIEL SPECKLIN, of the date of 1587. It is only twenty-one centemètres high by sixteen wide. Close to the building is a sort of frame work, containing a legend—which describes the history of the cathedral—its founders—the progress and termination of the building. This legendary representation does not always accompany the print. JEAN ADAM SEUPEL engraved a large print of it, at the end of the xviiith century. Le Bas engraved it in large, in the suite of the prints descriptive of the fête given to Louis XV. in 1744. Hollar engraved it in small, of which plate I possess a good impression. It is black and coarse. In the catalogue of the cabinet of Künast, a rich merchant at Strasbourg, in the middle of the xviiith century, mention is made of a model of the cathedral cut out in vellum. Traiteur, an engraver at Strasbourg, thought it worth while to make a model of

I visited it several times. The exterior is one of the most tasteless jumbles of all styles and ages of art that can be imagined; and a portion of it is covered with brick. But I question if there be not parts much older than the cathedral. The interior compensates somewhat for the barbarism of the outside. It is large and commodious, but sadly altered from its original construction; and has recently been trimmed up and smartened in the true church-warden style. The great boast of this church is its MONUMENTS; which, it must be confessed, are upon the whole exceedingly interesting. As to their antiquity, I noticed two or

the front of the cathedral in SILVER. Two or three models of this kind were made. The one at Malmaison, mentioned by Hermann, was carefully examined by me when I visited that now neglected spot. It was in the library—where Bonaparte, with the assistance of his chief engineers and generals, used to chalk out the plans of his different campaigns; and especially that tremendous one into Russia. I saw the *pins*, with different coloured heads—*red and blue*—which were made to represent the French and Russians in the plans and progress of marches, &c. But for the silver model of the west-front of Strasbourg cathedral. The east of it in the cabinet of Malmaison was injured: but had it been quite perfect, I should have called it—a *failure*. A good black and white engraving, by our CONEY, or by either of the LE KEUXS, would have given a truer notion of the original. Hermann feelingly bewails the want of a GOOD WORK in ALL ITS PARTS, descriptive of this cathedral; and hopes that Boisseret will do for it what he has already done for Cologne. I hope that something better will be yet done for it. I have seen Boisseret's Cologne. The plates are very large; some three, four, or five feet: in outline—but their effect is cold and carpenter-like! After all, let me indulge the idea that it is reserved for the pencil of our BLORES, MACKENZIES, and COTMANS, to transmit, to the latest posterity, a fair, full, and faithful representation of the CATHEDRAL OF STRASBOURG.

three of the thirteenth century ; but they pretend to run up as high as the tenth. Indeed I saw one inscription of the eleventh century—executed in gothic letters, such as we observe of the latter end of the xivth. This could not be a coeval inscription ; for I doubt whether there exist, any where, a monumental tablet of the xith century executed in coeval gothic letters. The service performed here is after the confession of Augsbourg ; in other words, according to the reformed Lutheran church. A small crucifix, placed upon an altar between the nave and the choir, delicately marks this distinction ; for Luther, you know, did not wage an interminable war against crucifixes.

Of *modern* monuments, the boast and glory of this church is that of the famous MARSHAL SAXE ; who died at the age of 55, in the year 1755. While I was looking very intently at it, the good verger gently put a printed description of it into my hands, on a loose quarto sheet. I trust to be forgiven if I read only its first sentence :—“ *Cette grande composition réunit aux richesses de l'art des Phidias et des Bouchardon, les traits de la grande poésie.*” “ Take any shape but this ” — thought I to myself—and, folding it up as gently as it had been delivered to me, I put it into my pocket. My good friend, I do beseech you to hear me out — when I preface my remarks by saying, that, of all monuments, THIS is one of the most tasteless and uninteresting. Listen to a brief but faithful description of it.

An immense pyramidal-shaped gray marble forms the background. Upon such a back-ground there might have been a group of a *dozen* figures at least. However, there happen to be only *four* of the human

species, and three of animals. These human figures are, the Marshal ; a woman weeping lustily—I had almost said blubbering ; (intended to represent France) Hercules ; and a little child—of some order or degree — not less affected than the female. The animals are, a lion, a leopard, (which latter has a bear-like form) and an eagle. I will now tell you what they are all doing. Before the Marshal, is an opened grave ; into which this illustrious hero, clad in complete armour, is about to march with a quiet, measured step — as unconcernedly, as if he were descending a flight of steps which led to a conservatory. The woman — that is, France — is, in the meantime, weeping aloud ; and holding open the tomb, she points to it, intreating the Marshal to enter—as his mortal moments have expired. I should add that death — a large anatomical figure, veiled by a piece of drapery, is also at hand : seeming to imply that hesitation and reluctance, on the part of the hero, are equally unavailing. Next comes Hercules ; who is represented as stationary, thoughtful, and sorrow-stricken, as France is agitated and in motion. The lion and leopard (one representing Holland, and the other England—intending to convey the idea that the hero had beaten the armies of either country) are between the Marshal and Hercules : the leopard is lying upon his back — in a very frolicsome attitude. The lion is also not less abstracted from the general grief of the figures. And this large, ugly, unmeaning composition — they have the hardihood to call the union of art by Phidias and Bouchardon—with the inspiration of sublime poetry ! I will make no comments. It is one of those *felicitous*

efforts which have the enviable distinction of carrying its own text and commentary. Below this vast mural monument, is a vault, containing the body of the Marshal. I descended into it, and found it well ventilated and dry. The coffin is immediately obvious : it contains the body of the chieftain enclosed in two cases—of which the first is *silver*, and the second *copper*. The heart is, I believe, elsewhere.

Forming a strikingly happy contrast to this huge, unmeaning production—are the modest and unassuming monuments of SCHOEPFLIN, OBERLIN, and KOCH : men, of whom Strasbourg has good reason to be proud.* Nor let the monument of old SEBASTIAN SCHMID escape the notice and commendation of the

* *men, of whom Strasbourg has reason to be proud.*]—Of Schoepflin, I shall only mention here, his *Vindiciæ Typrographicæ* and *Alsatia Illustrata* : the latter, a noble and masterly performance. It is in two folio volumes. The author crowned his useful and peaceable life by presenting his fine library to the town of Strasbourg, about six years before his death. OBERLIN is chiefly known in the classical world by his editions of *Tacitus* and *Cæsar* ; which demonstrate him to be a sound scholar and a sober critic. In the department of *belles lettres* and *antiquities*, the Transactions of the Society of Arts and Sciences bear evidence of some very curious, erudite, and interesting memoirs by him. Among these, his communications “ respecting the POETS of ALSACE, containing the history of the poetry of that country, from the ninth to the fifteenth century,” are considered extremely valuable. In these transactions are also found his notices upon the restoration of ancient libraries ; the monuments which exist of Attila, king of the Huns, upon some monuments recently discovered in France, and at Neuwied, &c. But it was the *literary History of Alsace* which, begun by Schoepflin, he seems to have had more closely at heart ; as the preface to the first volume of the *Museum Schoepflinianum* so strongly proves. He made great additions to the collections of Schoepflin ; and it is hoped that

pensive observer. These were all “fine fellows in their day :” and died, including the illustrious Marshal,

Krantz, who has enriched the stores of them both, will one day favour the public with the result. Oberlin wrote a curious little treatise in 1775 (now become rare) upon the *Patois Lorrain des Environs du Comté du Ban de la Roche*; of which patois I remember to have heard some copious specimens at Saudrupt. This he wrote during the leisure of the holidays—from his superintendence as chief of the Gymnase, or of the public school at Strasbourg. “Tali fuit ingenio Oberlinus, (says the elder Schweighæuser, in his memoir of him published in 1806) tamque singulariter labori adsuetus, ut medio etiam in otii gremio (quod quidem perraro ei in toto vitæ cursu contigit) otiosus esse non posset, atque si quando animum vellet remittere, tum maxime etiam ludendo vel discere quidpiam ipse, vel alios docere gestiret.” Oberlin did not disdain the humbler walks of bibliography and the Fine Arts. His *Annales de la vie de Jean Gutenberg*, 1801, 4to. has been before noticed by me: *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 316, &c.; but in Millin's *Magasin Encyclopédique* there are several communications respecting the arts—and, among them, a *Notice d'une Gravure de 1467 trouvée à la bibliothèque publique de Strasbourg*:” an engraving which, by the by, escaped me during my residence at the place.

Oberlin died in his seventy-second year. His death was sudden, and probably not painful. He had retired, in the evening, from the society of some friends, to his supper and fire side at home. He discoursed pleasantly during this—his last meal: went to bed perfectly well; and in the morning was found . . struck with apoplexy! All that friendly attention, or medical aid, could afford, was administered on the occasion; — but, says the pious and venerable author of the memoir before mentioned—“supremus rerum omnium hominumque arbiter ita decrevisse videtur, ut vir occupatissimus impigerrimusque, qui nulli unquam homini molestiæ, plurimis usui fuerat, nullo labore, nullâ admodum molestiâ, placide ex hac vita deberet discedere :” p. 74. Oberlin's habits of application were severe and unremitting in his earlier years, and he would study generally beyond midnight. When verging towards old age, he supped early, and went to bed shortly after supper: but he would rise summer and winter, at four in

steady in the faith they had espoused—that is, in the belief and practice of the tenets of the reformed church. I have no time for a particular description of these monuments. Schoepflin's consists of a bronze bust of himself placed in the front of a white marble urn, between two cinnamon-colour columns, of the Corinthian order—of free stone. The head is thought to be very like. Oberlin's is in better taste. You see only his profile, by Ohmacht, in white marble, very striking. The accompaniments are figures in white marble, of which a muse, in relievo, is larger than life. The inscriptions, both for Schoepflin and Oberlin, are short and simple, and therefore appropriate. The monument of Koch is not less simple. It

the morning; and during the latter season, would light his own fire, trim his own lamp, and set about his studies immediately.

The name and memory of Koch are held in scarcely less estimation than those of the characters just mentioned. The younger Schweighæuser has written a charming memoir of him, in the French language, of which, as well as of the previous one of Oberlin by his father, he was so obliging as to beg my acceptance. A list of Koch's works closes the brochure. These works are almost wholly historical. His tables, chronological, historical, and genealogical, merit a place in every well chosen library, especially those relating to the “revolutions of Europe, from the subversion of the Roman Empire in the west, to our own times.” Paris, 1813, 4 vols. 8vo. best edition. I cannot resist submitting the concluding passage of the memoir to the attention of the reader. “*Mais ce qui survivra à tous les monumens, c'est la plus noble partie de lui-même, c'est son ame vertueuse et pure; ce sont les vérités utiles qu'il a repandues et les progrès qu'il a fait faire aux connaissances historiques; c'est le bien qu'il a fait, et celui que propageront dans l'avenir les élèves illustres qu'il a formés, et les établissemens religieux et civils, d'instruction publique et de bienfaisance, que son zèle et ses efforts ont préservés de la ruine dont les menaçait nôtre crise politique, et dont ses soins et ses lumières ont renouvelé l'existence.*”

consists of his bust — about to be crowned with a fillet of oaken leaves—by a figure representing the city of Strasbourg. Below the bust is another figure weeping—and holding, beneath its arms, a scroll, upon which the works of the deceased are enumerated. Koch died in his seventy-sixth year, in the year 1813. Ohmacht is also the sculptor of Koch's monument. Upon the whole, I am not sure that I have visited any church, since the cathedral of Rouen, of which the interior is more interesting, on the score of monuments, than that of St. Thomas at Strasbourg.

I do not know that it is necessary to say any thing about the old churches of St. Stephen and St. Martin : except that the former is supposed to be the most ancient. It was built of stone, and said to be placed upon a spot in which was a Roman fort—the materials of which served for a portion of the present building. St. Martin's was erected in 1381 upon a much finer plan than that of *St. Arbogaste*—which is said to have been built in the middle of the xiith century. Among the churches, now no longer *wholly* appropriated to sacred uses, is that called the *New Temple*—attached to which is the Public Library. The service in this church is that of the Protestant persuasion. I say not *wholly* devoted to the exercise of religious rites ; for what was once the *choir*, contains, at bottom, the books belonging to the public University ; and, at top, those which were bequeathed to the same establishment by Schoepflin. The general effect—both from the pavement below, and the gallery above—is absolutely transporting. Shall I tell you wherefore ? This same ancient choir—now devoted to **printed tomes** — contains some lancet-shaped windows of

STAINED GLASS . . of the most beautiful and exquisite pattern and colours !—such as made me wholly forget those at *Toul*, and *almost* those at *St. Ouen*. Even the stained glass of the cathedral here, was recollected . . only to suffer by the comparison ! It should seem that the artist had worked with alternate dissolutions of amethyst, topaz, ruby, garnet, and emerald. Look at the first three windows, to the left on entering, about an hour before sun-set :—they seem to fill the whole place with a preternatural splendor ! The pattern is somewhat of a Persian cast, and I should apprehend the antiquity of the workmanship to be scarcely exceeding three hundred years. Why would they not suffer me to take away *one*—for the better part of fourscore louis d’or—to be replaced by ground glass, at my own expense—and to be afterwards divided by * * * and * * * and * * * ? They did right, upon second thoughts, to resist my repeated importunities. Yet I must be allowed to say, that these exquisitely sparkling, if not unrivalled, specimens of stained glass, do not belong to a place now *wholly* occupied by *books*. Could they not be placed in the chapel of St. Lawrence, or of St. Catherine, in the cathedral ?

As I am now at the close of my account of ecclesiastical edifices—and as this last church happens to be closely connected with a building of a different description—namely, The PUBLIC LIBRARY — you will allow me to *colophonise* my first Strasbourg epistle with some account of the *contents* of this library. And I do it with the greater pleasure, since I have passed many refreshing, congenial, and profitable hours therein. I say “refreshing”; because, really, for the

last week, we have been almost scorched to a cinder ; and the coolness of the public library, or rather of the above mentioned choir, where I frequently used to prosecute my researches, was such, as absolutely to revive and comfort my very heart.

It is difficult, however, to give you a correct notion of the building wherein these books are lodged : but you go along cloisters which once belonged to an old monastery, and which is now called the *Gymnase*,* or principal public school in the town. The amiable and excellent younger Schweighæuser, who is head librarian, and one of the Professors in this Gymnase, was so obliging as to lend me the key of the library, to which I had access at all hours of the day. The public hours are from two till four, Sundays excepted. I own that this accommodation was extremely agreeable and convenient to me. I was under no restraint, and thus left to my own conscience alone not to abuse the privilege conceded. That conscience has never given me one “prick” since the conclusion of my researches. On opening the lower door, you mount a stair-case, at the bottom of which are some Roman antiquities. On reaching the first floor, you open another door, and thus enter the library. Some antiquities of various kinds, described in the *Museum Schoepflinianum*, are strewn about the floor : of the value of which, upon the whole, I have no very lofty concep-

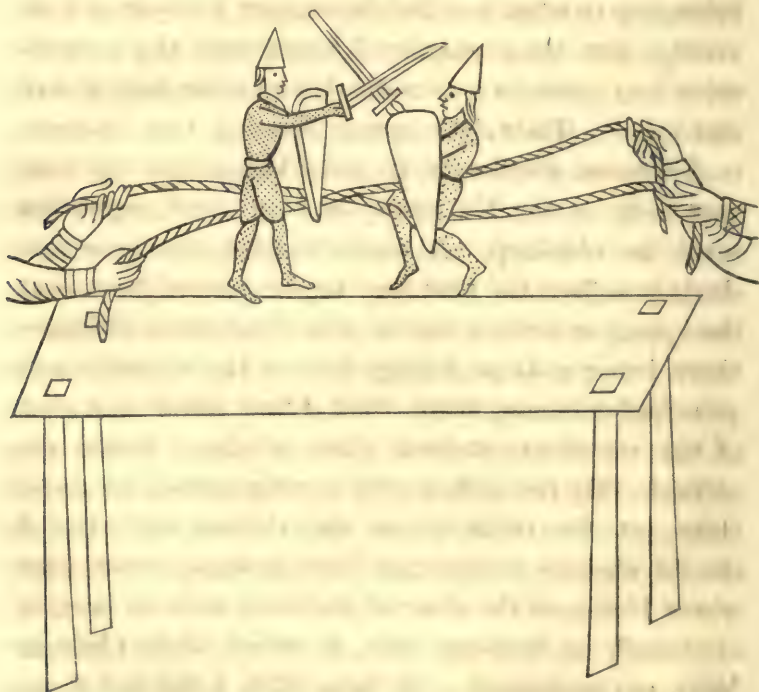
* Of this Gymnasium, the two STURMII were the earliest, and among the brightest, ornaments. Hermann gives many pleasant anecdotes relating to them. This Gymnasium was established in 1535, upon the suppression of a monastery.

tion. To the left, runs a range of small, gothic-glazed windows : to the right, are several small square recesses, filled with books : these sometimes extend quite across the room, into Schoepflin's own collection—presented to the town :—and sometimes only half way. A small closet holds the head librarian ; a long table is occupied by the readers. In general, I found but few students in attendance.

You must remember that you are now upon the first floor. Below — that is, to the right — in the gothic building in the shape of a choir, of which I have just made mention—are deposited a great number of books belonging to what is called the ancient Protestant University ; but, upon enquiry, I found that the corporation lays claim to a considerable number, both above and below. Their rights are so blended, that, in order to dispose of duplicates, it should seem that the consent both of the University and of the Corporation must be obtained. A small wooden stair-case conducts you from the first floor to the ground floor — at the upper, or further end of this choir-like building—there being a large folding door at the opposite and principal entrance, from which I first obtained a view of the matchless stained glass windows before described. My researches were usually carried on above stairs, at the table where the visitors sat. But I should observe to you that they possess, below, near where I suppose the altar of the choir to have been, a cupboard, or lock-up case, in which their choicest MSS. are contained. Of these MSS. I did not deem it worth while to take any particular account ; but there is *one*, so choice, so splendid, so curious, so

interesting, and in such an extraordinary state of preservation, that I deem it necessary to transmit to you some general notion of it; the more so, as they have recently made fac-similes, upon copper, of a great number of the entire subjects within a page—which sometimes measure scarcely less than a foot and a half.

This MS. is the famous *Hortus Deliciarum* of *Herarde, Abbess of Landsberg*. The subjects are miscellaneous, and most elaborately represented by illuminations; among which you will be amused by the following fac-simile—being a very small portion of the original



These chivalrous puppets are put in motion by a figure at each end, of which I have merely indicated the

hands. On one side, two men are blowing trumpets or horns, from the end of which a flame issues : on the other side, one person plays a harp and another a flute. Battles, sieges,—men tumbling from ladders which reach to the sky—conflagrations, agriculture—devotion, penitence—revenge, murder,—in short, there is hardly a passion, animating the human breast, but what is represented here. The figures in armour have *nasals*, and are in quilted mail : and I think there can be little doubt but that both the text and the decorations are of the latter end of the xiith century. It is so perfect in all its parts, and so rich of its particular description, that it not only well merits the labour which has been bestowed upon it by its recent editor Mr. Engelhardt, but it may probably vie with any similar production in Europe.

However, of other MSS. you will I am sure give me credit for having examined the celebrated *depositions in the law-suit between Fust and Gutemberg*—so intimately connected with the history of early printing, and so copiously treated upon by recent bibliographers*—I own that I inspected these depositions (in the German language) with no ordinary curiosity. They are doubtless most precious ; yet I cannot help suspecting that the *character* or letter is *not* of the time ; namely of 1440. It should rather seem to be of the sixteenth century. Perhaps at the commencement of it. These documents are written in a small folio volume, in one uniform hand—a kind of law-gothic—from beginning to end. The volume has the

* *by recent bibliographers*) See the authorities quoted, and the subject itself handled, in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 316, &c.

following title on the exterior ; “ *Dicta Testium magni consilij Anno dni m°. cccc°. Tricesimo nono*. The paper is strong and thick, and has a pair of scales for the water-mark. The younger Schweighæuser thinks my doubts about its age not well founded ; conceiving it to be a coeval document. But this does not affect its authenticity, as it may have been an accurate and attested copy—of an original which is now perished. Certainly the whole book has very much the air of a *copy* : and besides, would not the originals have been upon separate rolls of parchment ?

I now come to the PRINTED BOOKS : of which, according to the MS. catalogue by Oberlin, (who was head librarian here) there are not fewer than *four thousand three hundred printed before the year 1520* :—and of these, again, upwards of *eleven hundred without dates*. This, at first hearing, sounds, what the curious would call, promising ; but I must say that, of the *dated* and *dateless* books, printed before the year 1500, which I took down, and carefully opened—and this number could not be less than four or five hundred—it was scarcely one in five which repaid the toil of examination : and this too, with a thermometer frequently standing at eighty-nine and ninety, in the shade in the open air ! Fortunately for my health, and for the exertion of physical strength, the public library happened to be very cool—while all the windows were opened, and through the openings was frequently heard the sound of young voices, practising the famous *Martin Luther’s Hymn*—as it is called. This latter was particularly grateful to me. I heard the master first sing a stave, and he was in general accurately followed by his

pupils—who displayed the well-known early tact of Germans in the science of music. But to revert to the early printed books. Strasbourg has been long renowned for its skill in medicine. Its Professors of old were celebrated in this department of science. It formed a prominent feature in University education, and it is yet, though less generally taught, held in very great respect. Can you be surprised, therefore, that folios upon folios—large, ponderous, and unsoiled—girted in solid oak and knobs of brass—exclusively devoted to *medicine* and its interminable concomitants—were reposing in melancholy solitude upon the wooden shelves—their surfaces bronzed with the wear of three revolving centuries. However, at length I put up game well worth pursuing; and fertility succeeded to barrenness. *Theology* and *Classics* chiefly occupied my attention. But you have here a version of the notes which I took upon the spot. The picture therefore is a sort of *ad vivum* performance.

FIRST GERMAN BIBLE; supposed to have been printed by *Mentelin*: without date: Folio. Towards the latter half of this copy, there are some exceedingly interesting embellishments, in outline, in a bistre colour, generally executed within circles. The invention and execution of many of them are alike admirable. Where they are *coloured*, they lose their proper effect. An illumination, at the beginning of the book of *Esther*, bears the unequivocal date of 1470: but the edition was certainly executed four or five years earlier.

Here is another *dateless* edition of the German Bible, in a larger and thinner type, having sixty lines

in a full page. It is said, but I think inaccurately, to have been printed by Eggestejn, in his smallest character. Yet the character of the *Life of Christ*, by Ludolphus, of the date of 1474, as seen in the Nancy copy,* is certainly dissimilar. This Bible is considered to be the earliest German version ; but it is not so.

LATIN BIBLE, BY MENTELIN : in his second character—that is to say, between that of the Bible first above mentioned, and the *Ars prædicandi*†—the unquestionable production of his press. This Bible I saw for the first time ; but Panzer is decidedly wrong in saying that the types resemble the larger ones in Mentelin's *Valerius Maximus*, *Virgil* and *Terence* : they may be nearly as tall, but are not so broad and large. From a ms. note, the 402d leaf appears to be wanting. An older ms. note “supposes this impression to be more ancient than that by Fust and Schoiffher, of the date of 1462, and that it was printed with moveable types, not cast.” Both opinions are equally groundless. I am however free to confess that I never before saw a book printed with this type.‡ The copy here noticed

* See vol. ii. p. 544.

† Of which book, as well as of the Latin version of St. *Chrysostom's Commentary upon St. Matthew*—both in the same type, by Mentelin—there are fine copies in the library above noticed.

‡ Since the above was written, Lord Spencer has been so fortunate as to obtain a copy of this identical impression—through the kind offices of my friend M. Schweighæuser, jun. That copy however was incomplete, wanting the Apocalypse. Still more fortunately, his Lordship was enabled to remedy this defect by obtaining from M. Van Praet some leaves from a defective duplicate copy, in the Royal Library of France, which completed his own. This impression, together with a fac-simile of its type, will be found particularly described in the second volume of the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, p. 39—40.

is a singularly fine one. It is white, and large, and with rough edges throughout. The paper (with the water-mark of the bull's head) is strong, and of a pleasing tint. It is in its first binding, of wood.

LATIN BIBLE ; *printed by Eggesteyn*. Here are several editions, and a duplicate of the first—which is printed in the second smallest character of Eggesteyn.* The two copies of this first edition are pretty much alike for size and condition : but *one* of them, with handsome illuminations at the beginning of each volume, has the precious coeval ms. date of 1468—as represented by the fac-simile of it in *Schoepflin's Vind. Typog. Tab. V*. Probably the date of the printing might have been at least a year earlier. This ms. date, which is in red ink, is as follows :

Explicit psalterium &c : . . .

p m^{gr}m heinricum

Eggestein Anno lxxviij.

Two questions may arise on this date. First, did Eggesteyn *write* this? I incline to think he did not . . . as, in that case, he might as well have *printed* it at once. Secondly, might it not imply that the task, either of printing, or of rubricating, the first volume, was finished by Eggesteyn in his sixty-eighth year? I incline to the opinion that the numbers are only the decennary and numeral ones of the *dominical* year—and that we should read 1468. There are apposite points enough to establish this. This illuminated copy wants the table. It is clear that the red ms. titles, in each of these copies, are not executed by the same hand.

* Fully described in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 39, with a fac-simile of the type.

Of the second edition, in the largest type of Eggesteyn, there is a very fine copy : also of the third edition, having forty-seven lines in a full column. Here is also a rarer impression of Eggesteyn's Bible than either—having the unquestionably coeval ms. date of 1475 ; and parallel passages printed in the margins. There are also printed prefixes, in red ink ; with capital initials.

LATIN BIBLE : *printed by Jenson, 1479.* Folio. A fine copy, upon paper. The first page is illuminated. A leaf or two is loose. Here is also a Latin Bible of the date of 1482, folio, “*Fontibus ex græcis hebreoꝝ q ; libris, &c.*”

To this list of impressions of the SACRED TEXT, may be added a fine copy of the SCLAVONIAN BIBLE of 1584, folio, with wood cuts, and another of the HUNGARIAN Bible of 1626, folio : the latter in double columns, with a crowdedly-printed margin, and an engraved frontispiece.

They have three perfect copies of the FIRST GREEK TESTAMENT, by Erasmus, of the date of 1516 : each in stamped vellum binding : an indifferent, and a good copy of the second edition of 1522 : a very fine one indeed of the third impression of 1522, (which by the by is generally the finest book) and equally good ones of those of 1535 and 1541. Of these copies of Bibles and New Testaments, an equal number are above and below stairs. I ought not to omit to notice a folio impression of the GOSPELS, in *the Russian language* ; printed in a large type, with red ink intermixed, having eighteen lines only in a full page, with, of course, directions or notes in the margin. Here is also a Ger-

man edition of the Epistles and Gospels, printed in double columns by Martin Flach at Strasbourg, of the date of 1522, in folio : with spirited wood cuts.

STELLA MESCHIAH ; *printed by Fyner, 1477. Quarto.* A philological work upon the Scriptures, of which a great portion is printed in the Hebrew language. A wood-cut forms the frontispiece. The author is Schwartz. This is a book by no means of ordinary occurrence.*

As to books upon miscellaneous subjects, chiefly philological and historical, I shall lay before you, without any particular order, my notes of the following. Of the SPECULUM MORALE of P. Bellovacensis, here said to be printed by Mentelin in 1476, in double columns, roman type, folio—there is a copy, in one volume, of tremendously large dimensions ; as fine, clean, and crackling as possible. Also a copy of the SPECULUM JUDICIALE of Durandus, *printed at Strasbourg by Hussner and Rekenhub, in 1473, folio.* Hussner was a citizen of Strasbourg, and his associate a priest at Mentz. This book is printed in a handsome round gothic letter, having the capitals M and O of rather a singular form. The present is a fine copy, in the original wooden binding. Here is also a perfect copy of the Latin PTOLEMY, of the supposed date of 1462, with a fine set of the copper-plates.

But I must make distinct mention of a LATIN CHRONICLE, *printed by Gotz de Sletzstat in 1474, in folio.* It is executed in a coarse, large gothic type, with many

* Particularly described in the second volume of the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, p. 261.

capital roman letters. At the end of the alphabetical index of 35 leaves, we read as follows ;

DEO GRATIAS.

A tpe adē vsqz ad annos cristi 1474

Acta et gesta hic sufficienter nuclient

Sola spes mea. In virginis gracia

Nicolaus Gotz. De Sletzstat.

The preceding is on the recto ; on the reverse of the same leaf is an account of Inventors of *arts* : no mention is made of that of printing. Then the prologue to the Chronicle, below which is the device of Gotz ;* having his name subjoined. The text of the Chronicle concludes at page CCLXXX—printed numerals—with an account of an event which took place in the year 1470. But the present copy contains another, and the concluding leaf—which may be missing in some copies—wherein there is a particular notice of a splendid event which took place in 1473, between Charles Duke of Burgundy, and Frederick the Roman Emperor, with Maximilian his Son ; together with divers dukes, earls, and counts attending. The text of this leaf ends thus ;

SAVE GAIRT VIVE BVRGVND.

Below, within a circle, “Sixtus quartus.” This work is called, in a ms. prefix, the *Chronicle of Foresius*. I

* A fac-simile of this device appears in a Latin Bible, without name of printer, particularly described in the *Ædes Althorpianæ* ; vol. ii. p. 41. Hence we learn that the Bible in question, about the printer of which there appears to be some uncertainty among bibliographers, was absolutely printed by Gotz.

never saw, or heard of another copy. The present is fine and sound ; and bound in wood, covered with leather.

Here are two copies of St. JEROM'S EPISTLES, *printed by Schoeffer* in 1470 ; of which that below stairs is one of the most magnificent imaginable ; in two folio volumes,. Hardly any book can exceed, and few equal it, in size and condition—unless it be the theological works of ARCHBISHOP ANTONIUS, *printed by Koeberger*, in 1477, in one enormous folio volume. As a specimen of Koeberger's press, I am unable at the present moment to mention any thing which approaches it. I must also notice a copy of the SPECULUM HUMANÆ SALVATIONIS, *printed at Basle. by Richel*, in 1476, folio. It is a prodigious volume, full of wood cuts, and printed in double columns in a handsome gothic type. This work seems to be rather a *History of the Bible* ; having ten times the matter of that which belongs to the title prefixed. The imprint, in red roman capitals, is thus :

GETRVCKET DVRCH BERN
HART RICHel Zu Basel do
man zalt Von Cristus Ge
bur. M.CCCC.LXXVI. Uf Sa
nt Gilgen obent.

The device below, also in red, is precisely like that of *Schoeffer* in form ; being shields hung to a branch of the tree. On one shield are the initials BR ; on the other, a central ornament in outline. This seems to be an early, as well as curious, book for the Basil press. The copy is in its original wooden binding. It is

placed in the *lower library*. The MARGARITA POETICA of Eyb, printed by Koeberger in 1472, is here, in fair condition; but Koelhoff's edition of the EPISTLES OF ENEAS SYLVIUS (Pope Pius II.) is worth noticing; inasmuch as, in the colophon, we read the date of Mcccc. lvij.—for that of 1478:—one-third part of the work, beginning on signature v ii. containing letters of the date of 1460—and it being quite ascertained that there is no book by Koelhoff extant before the year 1470.

Here is Gunther Zeiner's edition of the SPEC. VITÆ HUMANÆ of 1471: and a reprint of it by *Helias Helie alias de Louffen*, in 1473; the latter in his miserable roman type. JOSEPHUS, printed by *Schuzler*, in 1470, folio; a magnificent copy—shewing what a copy of it should be. The first page is handsomely illuminated. A very rare edition of the DECRETALS of F. DE SEVIS, printed by *Adam Rot* in 1472, folio. The present is as large and magnificent a copy of it as can be seen. It is however slightly wormed at the end. A BIBLICAL VOCABULARY of H. De HASSIA; in all probability printed by *Zeiner of Reutlingen*. The initials are large and coarse: the lower case is the small type of Zeiner. No printer's name is subjoined. ST. JEROM'S EPISTLES, printed by *Mentelin*; although his name be not added. This very large copy has, at the end, a coeval ms. memorandum, thus: "*Johannes Kling Cursor de willa anno m°. cccc°. lxx.*" from which we gather that it was printed at least as early as 1470; but I incline to assign it a date as early as that of the same printer's edition of *St. Austin, De Civitate Dei*—which was clearly executed in 1468, if not earlier.*

* See the *Ædes Althorp*. vol. ii. p. 20.

Of this latter work here is also a fine clean copy, with rough leaves. Of course it comprehends the commentary of Thomas de Valois and Nicolas Trivet: but nearly the whole of the first book of the text of St. Austin is wanting.

Let me continue the miscellaneous articles. Of the *Catholicon* here is a most extraordinary copy of a very uncommon edition, without date, or place, or name of printer. The type is semi-gothic, or semi-roman. The most curious bibliographical feature in it, is, the occurrence of the particular R along with a lower-case character, of which, at this moment, I do not recollect any other instance. This copy is bound in wood, covered with vellum; it is probably matchless for size and condition. Here is also a fine copy of the well known *RATIONALE DIVINORUM OFFICIORUM* by DURANDUS, without date, printed in double columns, in which the same R is to be found. Are we never to discover the name of the printer who made use of this letter? *BREVIARIUM: seu de Dubiis Casibus in Missa*. A fine and beautifully printed book in folio, with a variety of gothic types, in red and black ink. I should imagine it to have been printed at Bamberg, about the year 1490. The leaves are as white as snow, and uncut; and along the fore-edges you observe those little vellum knobs, or buttons, which always gladden the heart of a knowing collector. This copy is shabbily half bound in calf. *CATONIS ETHICA*, in folio. I should apprehend this book to have been printed by *John Zeiner* at Ulm. We have here one of the earliest instances of the numbering of leaves. In the centre, on the reverse, is the word *FOLIO*—on the recto of the opposite leaf

are the figures, whatever they may be—as thus ; cexix. This book was probably printed as early as the year 1475. At the end of this copy is “ *Tractatus de doctrina dicendi et tacendi ab albertano causidico Brixensi de ore beate agathe cōpositus. Sub anno M.ccclv. feria quarta post vincula petri.*” This tract is in ten leaves, without date, place, or name of printer ; but, to the best of my recollection, it is printed in the same type as the *Henricus Ariminensis*, printed at Strasbourg—of which latter you will find an account in the Bibl. Spenceriana.* This copy is in every respect most desirable.

JUNIANUS MAIUS. *De Propriet. Priscor Verborum*, printed at Treviso by Bernard de Colonia, 1477, folio. I do not remember to have before seen any specimen of this printer’s type : but what he has done here, is sufficient to secure for him typographical immortality. This is indeed a glorious copy—perfectly large paper—of an elegantly printed book, in a neat gothic type, in double columns. The first letter of the text is charmingly illuminated. I presume Bernard de Colonia to have been a brother of John de Colonia, who was a partner of Manthen de Gherretzem—both of whom printed at Venice—and of whose united talents the *PLAUTUS* of 1472, and the *LACTANTIUS de divinis institutionibus*, 1478, folio, (of each of which this library contains a copy) afford brilliant specimens. Of the *Lactantius*, the copy is fine and large ; of the *Plautus*, rather indifferent. I shall conclude these miscellaneous articles by the notice of two volumes, in the list of ROMANCES, of exceedingly rare occurrence : and of which it may be doubtful whether any copy exist in

* Vol. iii. p. 165.

England* These romances are called TYTURELL and PARTZIFAL. The author of them was *Wolfram von Eschenbach*. They are each of the date of 1477, in folio. The Tyturell is printed prose-wise, and the Partzival in a metrical form—as the colophon of the latter demonstrates.

*V. Nd diser auenteüre en des zil
 Nicht me do von sprechen wil
 Ich wolffram von eschenbach
 Wan als dort der maister sprach
 Sein kint sein hoch geschlecte
 Han ich benennet rechte
 Herr partzifal dan ich han bracht
 Dar sein doch selde hat gedacht
 Wes leben sich so verendet
 Das got nit wirt gepfendet
 Der selen durch des leibes schulde
 Vñ der doch der welte hulde
 Behalten kan mit wirdikeit
 Das ist ein nütze erbeit
 Gûte weib hont den sin
 Dester werder ich in bin
 Ob mir keine gûtes gan
 Seit ich dise mer volsprochen han
 Ist das durch ein weib bescheken
 Die muss mir susser worte iehen.
 M.CCCC.LXXVII.*

* Since the tranmission of the above letter, Lord Spencer has obtained a copy of the TYTURELL described in the *Ædes Althorp*. vol. ii. p. 295, from a private library at Strasbourg, in the most sound and perfect condition.

The Tyturell contains 305, and the Partzifal 158 leaves ; without signatures, numerals, or catchwords. These are sound and desirable copies, but wretchedly half bound in modern calf binding.

At last we come to the CLASSICS, entirely Roman ; the Greek being few or none—before the year 1500. Let me begin with VIRGIL. Here is *Mentelin's* very rare edition ; but cropt, scribbled upon, and wanting several leaves. However, there is a most noble and perfect copy of Servius's Commentary upon the same poet, *printed by Valdarfer* in 1471, folio, and bound in primitive boards. There are two perfect copies of *Mentelin's* edition (which is the first) of VALERIUS MAXIMUS, of which one is wormed and cropt—to suit the size of the Commentary of DYONISIUS DE BURGOS upon the historian, (printed in the letter R) which is bound with it ; and which latter, though with rough leaves, is dreadfully wormed towards the end. The *other* Mentelin copy of the Valerius Maximus, without the Commentary, is perhaps the largest I ever saw—with the ancient ms. signatures at the bottom—corners of the leaves. Unluckily, the margins are rather plentifully charged with ms. memoranda. But, prefixed to the text, there is a table—(of which I never saw another copy) apparently printed by Jenson, in the roman letter—which begins thus : “oportet summam libroꝝ Valerii inscribere numeꝝ exemplorꝝ,” &c.—and which contains twenty-two leaves. This table is without date, place, or name of printer. It ends thus ; Zenonis torti incitaminibus suis, &c. &c. li 3. c3. ex 4.

Of CICERO, there are of course numerous early editions. I did not see the *De Officiis* of 1465, or of 1466,

of which Hermann speaks, and to which he affixes the *novel* date of 1462 :—but I did see the *De Oratore*, printed by *Vindelin de Spira* without date; and *such* a copy I shall probably never see again! The colour and substance of the paper is yet more surprising than the size. Here is J. de Colonia's edition of *PEDIANUS's Commentary upon Cicero's Orations*, superintended by Poggio, and found in the monastery of St. Gall near Constance, to which is added, in the same volume, "*Trapezuntius de artificio Ciceronianæ Orationis*"—together with "*Antonij Luschi Vicentini inquisitio sup. I. Orat. Cicer. &c.*" ending at signature M vj thus: "*Vale fœlix pater optime et me ut soles ama. Venetiis ex ædibus solitę habitationis 4^o nonas Junas. M. cccc. lxxvij.*" These three treatises are in one volume, with the text of Cicero; and are certainly the production of the press of I. de Colonia and Manthen de Gherretzem.

It is hardly possible to see a finer copy of the *SCRIPTORES HIST. AUGUSTÆ*, printed by *P. de Lavargna* in 1475, folio. It possesses all the legitimate evidences of pristine condition. The corner signatures, A, B, &c. are not cut quite off, and the illuminations are original and pure. It is bound in its first coat of oak. Here is a very fine copy of the *PLUTARCHI VITÆ PARALELLÆ*, printed in the letter R, in two large folio volumes, bound in wood, covered by vellum of the sixteenth century. But, if of *any* book, it is of the first edition of *CATULLUS TIBULLUS ET PROPERTIUS*, of 1472, folio—that this Library has just reason to be proud. Here are in fact *two* copies, equally sound, pure and large:

* *Bibl. Spenc.* vol. i. p. 336.

but in *one*, the *Propertius* is wanting ;* in lieu of which, however, there is the first edition of JUVENAL and PERSIUS by V de Spira—in equal purity of condition. The perfect copy has the SYLVÆ of STATIUS subjoined. It should seem, therefore, that the Juvenal and Persius had supplied the place of the Propertius and Statius, in one copy. You are well aware of the extreme rarity of this first edition of Catullus Tibullus et Propertius. Of PLINY'S EPISTLES, printed by Moravus in 1476, there is a large but stained copy ; the stain however is easily removable. I may as well notice the CÆSAR of 1473, printed by Fyner, and Gruninger's Horace of 1496 ; this latter is a fine book, in the original wooden binding.

Upon re-examining my bibliographical notes, taken within the library, I find that I have omitted to mention one or two volumes, chiefly curious in a typographical point of view. These are 1. “ *A Latin Treatise upon the Plague*, “ written by P. DE TUSIGNANO ATTUM, a celebrated physician.” This is printed in a thin roman type, in a slender 4to. volume ;—and is bound attached to the Herbal of 1471, printed by J. P. De Lignamine, with frightfully rude wood cuts. The type of this medical treatise resembles that of the first Horace, and the Lucan and Florus described in the second volume of the Spencerian Catalogue.† A ms. entry in this copy attests the buying of it in 1487 : and another

* The imperfect copy, being a duplicate, was disposed of for a copy of the *Bibl. Spenceriana* ; and it is now in the fine library of the Hon. T. Grenville. The very first glance at this copy will shew that the above description is not overcharged.

† p 30.—139.

ms. memorandum, perhaps of quite the latter end of the same century, attests the "reading of it through by one John Wolff." In a copy of the SECUNDA SECUNDÆ THOMÆ AQUINATIS," printed in double columns, in Mentelin's smallest type, there is a ms. gratuitous date of 1466, perhaps not very wide of the truth. The first few leaves of this copy are loose and slightly torn, but it is, in other respects, a large and fine copy. Here is also Mentelin's Latin edition of *Aristotle's Ethics and Politics*, &c. ;* with its ancient ms. signatures: a very fine copy. Nor must I omit to notice a fine thumping folio volume, in pristine purity of condition, entitled RABANUS MAURUS de *Universo ; seu de Rerum naturis, de verborum et sermonum proprietatibus*, printed in double columns, in the curiously shaped capital R.

I now take leave of the PUBLIC LIBRARY OF STRASBOURG ; not however without mentioning rather an amusing anecdote connected with some of the books just described ; nor without an observation or two upon the present state of the library. The anecdote is thoroughly bibliographical. After having examined some of the finer books before mentioned, and especially having dwelt upon the Latin Bible of Mentelin, and a few copies of the rarer Classics, I ventured to descant upon the propriety of *parting* with those for which there was no use, and which, without materially strengthening their own collection, might, by an advantageous sale, enable them to enrich their collection by valuable modern books : of which they obviously stood in need. I then proposed so many

* *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. i. p. 261.

hundred francs, for such and such volumes. Messrs. Schweighæuser, jun. Dahler, and several other professors were standing round me—when I made this proposition. On the conclusion of it, professor Dahler put his hand upon my shoulder—stooped down—for I was sitting the whole time—and looking half archly, replied thus : “ Monsieur le Bibliographe, vous raisonnez bien ; mais—nous conserverons nos anciens livres.” These sturdy conservators were not to be shaken ; and none but duplicates were to be parted with. Undoubtedly, they “ reasoned”—full as well as myself.

The next observation relates to the collection. Never did a collection stand in greater need of being purged. There are medical books sufficient to supply six copies for the library of every castellated mansion along the Vosges*—should any of them ever be repaired

* *library of every castellated mansion along the Vosges.*]—There are yet libraries, and rare books, in the district. I obtained for my friend the Rev. H. Drury, one of the finest copies in England of the first edition of *Cicero's Offices*, of 1465, 4to. UPON VELLUM—from the collection of a physician living in one of the smaller towns near the Vosges. This copy was in its ancient oaken attire, and had been formerly in a monastic library. For this acquisition my friend was indebted to the kind offices of the younger M. Schweighæuser. It was obtained for a comparatively reasonable sum. I also obtained for Earl Spencer, through the friendly interposition of the Professor Emmenrich, the very rare and earliest impression of the metrical romance of *Tityrell*, described at page 65, ante. And it was only about six months ago that I received a very polite and methodical letter from some worthy Pastor, inhabiting the Vosges, inclosing a list of books printed in the fifteenth century—chiefly canonical, medical, and dogmatical. But no precious edition of a *Bible* or of a *classic* ! The former class of books were baits which could never produce a bite, or rise !

and put in order. Schoepflin's library furnishes many duplicates both in history and theology; and in *Classics* they should at least make good their series of the more important FIRST EDITIONS. The want of a perfect *Virgil*, by *Mentelin*, and the want of a *first Terence*, by the same printer—their boasted townsman—are reproachable wants. At any rate, they should not let slip any opportunity of purchasing the first *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Ausonius*, and *Lucretius*. No man is more deeply impressed with a conviction of these wants, than the present chief librarian, the younger Schweighæuser; but, unfortunately, the pecuniary means of supplying them are slender indeed. I find this to be the case wherever I go. The deficiency of funds, for the completion of libraries, may however be the cry of other countries besides France.

I was in hopes of adding something in the way of book-acquisitions, from the shops or stalls of BOOKSELLERS; but I have literally nothing worth specifying. In the hottest part of one of the hottest days, I toiled up the almost perpendicular stair-case of *Brocalassi*, who spreads books upon stalls in the front of his house, as well as in the garrets of the same. Schönsperger's *German* edition of the *Psalter*, about the year 1490, in duodecimo, was the only fifteener; but for two louis and a half there is a tremendously large copy of Aldus's edition of *Georgius Valla Placent. de expet. et fugiendis rebus*, in folio. In the cloisters, attached to the gymnasium, and leading to the public library, there are several booksellers' shops and stalls; but nothing particularly tempted me, save a very thick quarto volume, of Latin inaugural poems by eminent men, chiefly phy-

sicians, living at Strasbourg, and printed in 1584—which I intend for the library of ATTICUS—so prolific in the metrical lore of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It will cost him only eight francs. The collection of *medical books* is every where quite enormous; and I believe one of the bouquinistes, living in these cloisters, deliberately set me down as a madman—for preferring a fine, rough-edged, crackling copy of *Brandt's Stultifera Navis* of 1497, to a dingy and corner-thumbed copy of “*Rousseus upon the drastic juices!*” It was even with difficulty that I could persuade this simple creature that I had no necessity whatever for *Articella's Treasury of ancient medical works*, printed at Venice in 1523, folio, in the Latin language.

As to booksellers, for the sale of modern works, and for doing, what is called “a great stroke of business,” there is no one to compare with the house of TREUTTEL and WÜRTZ—of which firm, as you may remember, very honourable mention was made in one of my latter letters from Paris.* Their friendly attention and hospitable kindness are equal to their high character as men of business. It was frequently in their shop that I met with some of the savants of Strasbourg; and among them, the venerable and amiable LICHTENBERGER, author of that very judicious and pains-taking compilation entitled *Initia Typographica*. I was also introduced to divers of the learned, whose names I may be pardoned for having forgotten; but whose physiognomies indicated great patience of research and great goodness of heart. The simpli-

* See vol. ii. p. 389.

city of character, which here marks almost every man of education, is not less pleasing than profitable to a traveller who wishes to make himself acquainted with the literature of the country through which he passes.

One more despatch from hence — and then for traversing the bridge which bestrides the rapid Rhine?

P. S. Among the duplicates in the Public Library which ought indisputably to be sold, for the sake of adding to their funds for purchasing modern books, there are not fewer than *three sets* of the ACTA SANCTORUM: neither of them, however, quite complete.

LETTER XXXVI.

SOCIETY. ENVIRONS OF STRASBOURG. DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. LITERATURE. LANGUAGE.

MY last letter, however copious, was almost wholly confined to *views of interiors*; that is to say, to an account of the Cathedral and the Public Library of this place. I shall now continue the narrative with views of interiors of a different description; with some slight notices of the *society* and of the *locale* of Strasbourg; concluding the whole, as well as closing my Strasbourg despatches, with a summary account of manners, customs, and literature.

One of the most essential things in the commencement of a long journey like mine, or indeed of any journey, is, the establishment of a good credit at a good banking house. Here is the flower of all banking concerns—perhaps within two hundred miles of either side of the Rhine—in the firm of MADAME FRANCS and Co.; whose mansion is situated on the other side of the *Ill*, about a hundred yards from this hotel. This house has maintained its high reputation for upwards of a century and half; and its present head appears to reflect as much credit upon it as have any of her predecessors. Almost every traveller of respectability calls to pay his respects to Madame Francs. It is here you get the current coin of the

country which you are about to visit. Here francs are exchanged for florins, and louis converted into ducats. The counting house is worth visiting on more accounts than one. The wainscot is adorned with many goodly portraits of the ancient line of bankers of the HOUSE of FRANCs. You see there respectable gentlemen, habited according to our own costume during the reigns of the two Charles's—with pen in hand—papers on the table—in doublet of velvet and frill of puckered cambric ; assuming the importance of statesmen or of privy counsellors. At the further end of the room is seen a lady, of diminutive form, with a pen in one hand, and probably a letter in the other, ALIVE : which lady happens to be no less a personage than MADAME herself. She may possibly have turned her fiftieth year, and accosts you in a manner the most gracious and inviting. Your business is settled, and satisfactorily, in a trice. That dispatched, there follow certain questions of — “ whence come you ? what are your pursuits, profession, and objects of travelling ? Can I be of the least service to you ? If so, command it.”

Having mentioned what were my own particular objects of pursuit, Madame Francs insisted upon inviting me, with my graphic companion, to dinner—and would “ ask the college to meet me.” Such an effusion of hospitable politeness quite overwhelmed me ; and I begged that she would invite only a “ chosen few.” She then begged I would name them. My confusion increased—and I only requested the honour of paying my devoirs to herself. I should observe to you that she had previously, of her own

accord, extended an additional and unsolicited credit to me of a hundred ducats — adding, that “ I should find curiosities which I could not anticipate ; that such things demanded prompt payment ; and that, at any rate, it was better to have too much, than too little, money in one’s purse.” Assuredly I was *pénétré* at these demonstrations of unmerited and unlooked for liberality. Madame Francs named last Friday, the 24th inst. for the literary banquet in question, when I was also to meet the Governor-General of the town at her table. Friday came : the hottest of all hot days in this unparalleled year of heat. In the morning, about half past ten, the thermometer was at ninety-two in the open shade ; and I walked to the library with an umbrella over my head, to protect me from the *positive* heat, holding my hat before my face to shield me from the *reflected* heat. It was in my way to the public library that I rummaged the garrets of Brocalassi (mentioned in my last), covered with books of all descriptions ; and it was during my researches in the public library, at that moment as cool as any dairy in Cheshire, that I heard the young ones practising the hymn of Martin Luther for the following Sunday’s performance at church.

On returning from the library, I lay an hour upon the sofa — reading *Rob-Roy* for the first time — (borrowed that very morning from Treuttel and Würtz) and recruiting myself against five o’clock—the hour of dinner with Madame Francs. Five o’clock came, and the drawing room of Madame was filled with professors and the Governor-General. The former were chiefly clergymen of the Lutheran persuasion ; among

whom I recognised the young preacher I had seen in the pulpit of the church from which the psalm-singing had proceeded—the very morning of my last despatch. Here was also M. HERMANN, the recent historian of Strasbourg, — who had been ex-legislateur and “ancien maire” of Strasbourg, &c. &c. with his red riband of the Legion of Honour M. HAFNER was another of the guests : a Protestant clergyman, with scarcely two hundred per annum, and in the possession of a library of between fifteen and twenty thousand volumes—“all proper” — good books : — as he had himself shewn me a day or two before. His library was more “à la Gosset” than any which I remember to have seen since the death of that distinguished collector. I found my good friends Messrs. DAHLER and SCHWEIGHÆUSER, jun. at my left hand ; and I had, in turn, the honour of sitting at the left hand of Madame our hostess. The Governor General graced her right. Every window in the room was shut fast. “Amazement ! methinks I hear you exclaim ! You must have been all suffocated.” By no means. We *revived* in consequence of that measure having been adopted. It is the fashion in France to keep the windows closed, to exclude the external heat. The *jalousies*, or the exterior thick wooden blinds, had protected the glass from the sun’s rays—and when *they* were thrown back, nothing but refreshing coolness was the result. I must tell you, however, that by way of additional coolness, or grateful refreshment, the uncarpeted floors had been profusely sprinkled with rose water.

The repast was sumptuous : a necessary conse-

quence of having a house filled with hundreds of thousands of gold ducats. Our conversation was animated and incessant. Madame Francs was the only female present. By half past seven we rose from table, and hastened to coffee, when Mr. Lewis exhibited his drawings; among which he shewed a portion only of his beautiful copy of the cathedral: and, in so doing, he attracted all eyes and won all hearts. By eight we had made our bows to the amiable and generous hostess; and half an hour afterwards I found myself in the fields—gazing upon a glorious sun-set behind the Alsatian mountains—in company with Messrs. D * * and S * * * about to pay a visit to the father-in-law of the latter. In our way we passed the spot where GUTENBERG was supposed to have carried on his first *experiments of printing with metal types*. This spot was, at that time (about four hundred years ago) a monastery:* at present, it is a mere pasture enclosure, with a few poplars in front. Mr. Lewis essayed his pencil upon a small sketch of it. On returning from this agreeable evening stroll, while we were discoursing upon different topics, chiefly political, one of my companions, Professor * * *, stopped for some two or three seconds—and with rather a decided gripe of my arm, and with great emphasis and sincerity of manner, exclaimed — “ my friend, it is in YOUR COUNTRY where liberty is to be found: PRESERVE it therefore,

* The reader will distinguish this from the *Zum Jungen* — the supposed house where Guttenberg absolutely conducted the business of a printer, and where he probably sold his books. See the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. 1. p. 308.

I entreat you." I thought these were golden words, and assented to the truth of them "*toto corde*." The cathedral bell was tolling loudly, and it was almost dark, when the principal gate of the town opened to admit us; and we sought our respective homes, well satisfied with the festivities of the day.

The great *Greek luminary* — not only of this place, but perhaps of Germany — the ELDER SCHWEIGHÆUSER happens to be absent. His son tells me that he is at *Baden* for the benefit of the waters, and advises me by all means to take that "enchanting spot" (as he calls it) in my way towards Stuttgart. 'Twill be only a trifling *détour*. What however will be the *chief* temptation — as I frankly told the younger Schweighæuser — will be the society of his Father; to whom the son has promised a strong letter of introduction. I told you in my last that I had seen Lichtenberger at Treuttel and Würtz's. I have since called upon the old gentleman. He lives on a second floor, not far from St. Thomas's church; and his suite of rooms — as well as the mansion of the younger Schweighæuser — convinced me that I was at a good distance from the metropolis of France. They were neat, clean, and what the most fastidious of English housewives would have called "thoroughly comfortable." The venerable possessor of the former gave me a most cordial reception; and we immediately commenced a bibliographical parley. But it was chiefly respecting Lord Spencer's copies of the *Letters of Indulgence of Pope Nicolas V.* of the date of 1455, that the old man made the keenest enquiries. "Was the date legitimate?" I told him there could be no doubt of it; and that

what Hæberlin had said, followed by Lambinet, had no reference whatever to his Lordship's copies — for that, in *them*, the final units were compressed into a V and not extended by five strokes, thus — *iiij*. As he was unacquainted with my account of these copies in the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, I was necessarily minute in the foregoing statement. The worthy old bibliographer was so pleased by this account, that he lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed, “one grows old always to learn something.” I told him that Hæberlin's book was uncommon in our country, and that even Lord Spencer's richly furnished library did not possess it. “That reproach (quickly replied the old gentleman) shall not long attach to it. Here is the first edition of it.* Be pleased to present it to his Lordship, in my name.” I begged he would insert the “*ex dono*” in his own hand writing. The old gentleman tried two or three pens, which, not being thoroughly to his mind, he told me he would send the book to my hotel, with the inscription properly executed.

M. Haffner, who was one of the dinner guests at Madame Francs's table, is a very pleasing, communicative, open-countenanced, and open-hearted gentleman. He may be about sixty years of age. I viewed his library with admiration. The order was excellent; and

* *Analecta Medii Ævi*; 1734, 12mo. There is, I believe, a subsequent edition of it, in 1764, 4to. It is not noticed by Brunet—nor has it much to recommend it, except in a bibliographical point of view. It is, however, a miscellaneous work; but it contained, I apprehend, the earliest account of the abovementioned LETTERS OF INDULGENCE.

considering what were his *means*, I could not but highly compliment him upon his prudence and enthusiasm. This was the happiest illustration of the *Bibliomania* which I had ever witnessed. The owner of this well chosen collection shewed me with triumph his copy of the first Greek Testament by *Erasmus*, and his copies of the same sacred book by *R. Stephens* and *Wetstein*, in folio. Here too I saw a body of philological theology (if I may use this term) headed by *Walchius* and *Wolff*, upon the possession of a similar collection of which, my former neighbour and friend, Dr. Gosset, used to expatiate with delight.

Let me now take you with me out of doors. You love architecture of all descriptions: but “the olden” is always your “dear delight.” In the construction of the streets of Strasbourg, they generally contrive that the corner house should not terminate with a right angle. Look at the hither extremity of the supposed convent, sent you in my last letter.* This termination is pretty general throughout Strasbourg. Of the differently, and sometimes curiously, constructed iron bars in front of the windows, I have also before made mention. The houses are generally lofty; and the roofs contain two or three tiers of open windows, garret-fashioned; which gives them a picturesque appearance; but which, I learn, were constructed as granaries to hold flour—for the support of the inhabitants, when the city should sustain a long and rigorous siege. As to *very ancient* houses, I cannot charge my memory with having seen any; and the most ancient are those on the

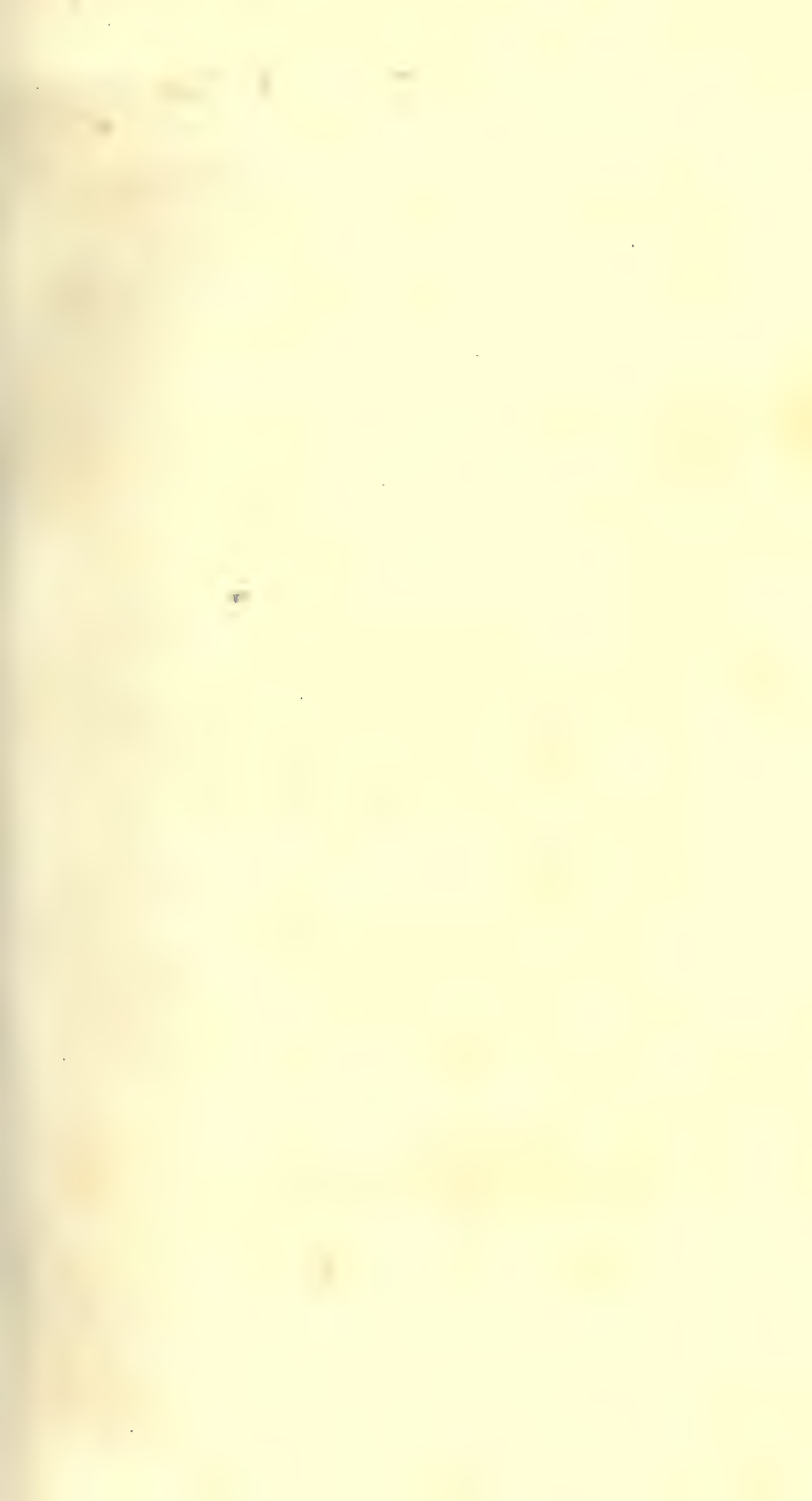
* See page 4, ante.

other side of the *Ill* ; of which several are near the convent before transmitted. Take a specimen of two or three of them—from the pencil of Mr. Lewis ; premising, that the one, at the further end, is the smallest mansion, which I remember to have ever seen. They are all in a tottering and of course perilous state.



Designed by J. Lewis

Engraved by H. G. & Co. London





The immediate environs of Strasbourg (as I have before remarked) are very flat and poor, in a picturesque point of view. They consist chiefly of fields covered with the *tobacco plant*, which resembles that of our horse-radish ; and the trade of *tobacco* may be considered the staple, as well as the indigenous, commodity of the place. This trade is at once extensive and lucrative ; and regulated by very wholesome laws. The outskirts of the town, considered in an architectural point of view, are also very indifferent. I was however desirous to obtain a sketch of a portion of these outskirts, and requested Mr. Lewis to exercise his *early* pencil (that is, during his walks before breakfast) in producing something of the kind. By the enclosed* you will find that he has not only done so, and satisfactorily answered my wishes, but that this drawing (although completely divested of picturesque objects, and strong effects of light and shade) shews precisely the kind of mean and rubbishing appearance of the outskirts in question. Here, is an old boat-house : there, a depôt for wood ; in front, the river *Ill*, with its narrow boats dexterously guided by the accustomed boatmen. In the further background, the tower of the Cathedral rises in aerial majesty. In the middle ground, you see an old church—considered, I believe, to be the oldest in Strasbourg. It has been long *deseccrated*, and is now the *play house*—till the new one, already begun, shall be finished. To this play house (I had almost said “horresco referens”) I resorted the other evening to witness the *Caravane du Caire* ; an opera, in which a Mr. LAYS, “premier

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

chanteur de l'Academie Royale de Musique"* appeared to great advantage: but, more still, in the farce of the *Rossignol* which succeeded — and which I had before seen at the *Academie de Musique* at Paris. It is a very clever, lively, and prettily-managed after-piece; and I never saw a gay and good humoured old gentleman better delineated than it was by M. Lays. His voice was once very powerful. It is yet a fine tenor; and, in the opera, his countenance—as he was habited à la turque — told well with his tones. I am surprised they do not get up the *Rossignol* at the London theatres. It would be easily and well performed.

A pleasant little episode is connected with this dramatic spectacle. I went thither in company with * * * a Kensingtonian acquaintance; who, with several young ladies under her charge — in the course of a pleasant continental excursion — had arrived at our hotel but a few evenings before. She made her debut with six white post-horses, and six fair damsels within the carriage. The former (save the colour) was according to the laws of the *Poste Royale*. Her residence was of short duration; long enough however to cause both the landlord and myself to regret her departure: for her mode of living was generous and agreeable. Every young lady in her train spoke the French language with

* In order to give M. Lays every possible advantage, it was announced, in the play bills, that “ les acteurs redoubleront d’efforts, et ont offert de se charger de tous les rôles accessoires: même de chanter dans les chœurs, pour seconder ce grand Artiste.” The music by GRETRY was tender and impressive.

fluency ; and each one, I believe, headed by their protectress, had mounted the spiral stair-case of the tower of the cathedral, above the platform, to gaze upon the majestic Rhine. The worthy people of the hôtel de l'Esprit spoke highly of the good breeding and pleasant manners of this juvenile party. They quitted us for Mayence ; but I introduce them here, in order, as well to express the pleasure I received in their society, as to inform you of a reply made to me by their *laquais de place*—a respectable looking man, bordering somewhere upon his fiftieth year. He had been hired to accompany the party to Mayence, and had formerly served in the campaigns of Bonaparte. There is not a class of men throughout France gifted with shrewder good sense than this class possesses. I had been discoursing with this servant about the battles of Bonaparte ; and I led him by gentle degrees to the mention of the greatest of all great battles — that of *Waterloo*. He admitted it to be most decisive. “ Ha, your famous captain ! (exclaimed he) What a man ! I saw him at Paris. I expected to have seen a thoughtful, abstracted man—walking slowly, and measuring his words as well as his steps. Quite the contrary. I found him to be rather well looking, and well shaped, with a quick penetrating eye—but with motions the most rapid and unaffected. He seemed to be as *light as the dust !*” It was evident that the speaker had formed his notion of our great Duke by the usual affected air of solemnity, and measured step, of their late military idol, the ex-Emperor.

As to the general character, or rather appearance, of the Strasbourgeois, it is such as to afford very consi-

derable satisfaction. The manners and customs of the people are simple and sober. The women, even to the class of menial servants, go abroad with their hair brushed and platted in rather a tasteful manner, as we even sometimes observe in the best circles of our own country. The hair is dressed *à la grecque*, and the head is usually uncovered: contrary to the broad round hats, and depending queues, of the women inhabiting the neighbourhood of *Saverne*. But you should know that the farmers about Strasbourg are generally rich in pocket, and choice and dainty in the management of their daughters—with respect to wedlock. They will not deign to marry them to bourgeois of the ordinary class. They consider the blood running in their families' veins to be polluted by such an intermixture; and accordingly they are oftentimes saucy, and hold their heads high. Even some of the fair dames, coming from the high "countree," whom you saw kneeling in the cathedral (in Mr. Lewis's drawing) would not commute their circular head pieces for the most curiously braided head of hair in the city of Strasbourg. Upon the whole, this is very good — and should not be otherwise.

The utmost order and decency, both in dress and conduct, prevail in the streets and at spectacles. There seems to be that sober good sense among the Strasbourgeois—which forms a happy medium between the gaiety of their western, and the phlegm of their eastern, neighbours; and while this general good order obtains, we may forgive "officers for mounting guard in white silk stockings, or for dancing in boots at an assembly — and young gentlemen for wearing such

scanty skirts to their coats :”—subjects, which appear to have ruffled the good temper of the recent historian of Strasbourg.* It seems clear that the morals of the community, and especially of the female part, were greatly benefitted by the Reformation,† or establishment of the protestant religion ; for even in Geyler’s pulpit (in the Cathedral) there is a very strong satire

* *Hermann* ; vol. i. p. 154.

† *greatly benefitted by the Reformation.*]—Among the benefactors to the cause of public morality, was the late lamented and ever memorable Koch : see page 47, ante. Before the year 1536, it should seem, from Koch’s statement, that even whole streets as well as houses were occupied by women of a certain description. After this year, there were only two houses of ill fame left. The women, of the description before alluded to, used to wear black and white hats, of a sugar-loaf form, over the veil which covered their faces ; and they were confined strictly to this dress by the magistrates. These women were sometimes represented in the sculptured figures about the cathedral. Hermann says that there may yet be seen, over the door of a house in the *Bickergasse* (one of the streets, now called *Rue de la fontaine*, which was formerly devoted to the residence of women of ill fame) a bas-relief, representing two figures, with the following German inscription beneath :

Diss Haus steht in Gottes Hand
Wird zu den freud’gen kindern gennant.

which he translates thus :

*Cette maison, dans la main de Dieu,
S’appelle aux enfans bien joyeux.*

It should seem, therefore, (continues Hermann) that this was one of the houses in which a public officer attended, to keep order, prevent quarrels, and exact municipal rights. The book, in which the receipt of this tax was entered, existed during the time of the Revolution, and is thought to be yet in existence. *Hermann*, vol. i. p. 156.

against the lax manners of the clergy, by the introduction of a figure—before described—which is seen in one of the exterior ornaments of that elaborate piece of sculpture, and which aims a most pointed blow at the frequent profligacy of public morals upwards of three centuries ago.

In alluding to manners and customs, or social establishments of this place, you ought to know that some have imagined the origin of *Free-masonry* may be traced to Strasbourg; and that the first *lodges* of that description were held in this city. The story is this. The cathedral, considered at the time of its erection as a second *Solomon's temple*, was viewed as the wonder of the modern world. Its masons, or architects, were the theme of universal praise. Up rose, in consequence, the cathedrals of *Vienna*, *Cologne*, *Landshut* and others: and it was resolved that, on the completion of such stately structures, those, whose mechanical skill had been instrumental to their erection, should meet in one common bond, and chant together, periodically, at least their *own* praises. Their object was to be considered very much above the common labourer, who wore his apron in front, and carried his trowel in his hand: on the contrary, *they* adopted, as the only emblems worthy of their profession, the level, the square, and the compass. All the lodges, wherever established, considered that of Strasbourg as the common parent, and at a meeting held at Ratisbon in 1459, it was agreed that the ARCHITECT OF STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL should be the *Grand Master of Free-masons*; and one DOTZINGER of Worms, who had succeeded Hulz in 1449, (just after the latter had finished the

spire) was acknowledged to be the FIRST GRAND MASTER. I own my utter ignorance in the lore of free-masonry,* but have thought it worth while to send

* *utter ignorance in the lore of free-masonry,*] Grandidier, at the end of his instructive manual relating to the Cathedral of Strasbourg, subjoins an “*esquisse,*” or sketch, of an anonymous writer—being a letter to a certain Marquis—respecting the origin of free-masonry at Strasbourg. This letter is curious and interesting, and a very odd piece of composition. Grandidier tells us that the first lodges of Strasbourg were held in a building called the *Maurerhoff*, in the *Place* opposite the chapel of St. Catharine—which used formerly to be the workshop, where the workmen cut some of the choicest ornaments for the cathedral. He further observes that the original German MSS., in which the statutes of the free-masons of Strasbourg are contained, as well as the original diplomas of the Emperors connected with them, are kept in a trunk in the house of the architect of the cathedral. This trunk is triply locked. The architect and two of the oldest masons have each a key; each key different, and applying to its respective lock: so that all three must be present at the opening of the box.

The celebrated M. Hammer of Vienna, one of the most learned orientalists in Europe, thinks that free-masonry may be pushed as high as the time of the establishment of the *Knights-Templars*. In this, he has been opposed by M. Raynouard of Paris, in the *Journal des Savans*, for the months of March and April in 1819. Consult also Hammer's *Histoire des Assassins*, published at Stuttgart and Tubingen in 1818—in which the author maintains that the order of Free-masonry was held by the Ismaelites, who were the *illuminated* of the East, in the *House of Wisdom* at Grand Cairo. “But,”—says the chivalrous and spirited author of the anonymous letter, at the end of Grandidier's Essay—“the MASONS OF STRASBOURG, in spite of the obscurity of their labours, prove their condition and origin by ancient and authentic documents. I defy (says he) the Free-masons of France, of England, of Germany, and of Scotland—even those who have attained the highest degrees in the society—to prove as much—in spite of Hiram and the temple of Solomon, and in spite of Phaleg and the tower of Babel. I believe

you the foregoing particulars. Besides, I know you to be very "curious and prying" in the antiquarian researches connected with this subject.

Strasbourg has been always eminent for its literary reputation, from the time of the two STURMII, or rather from that of GEYLER, downwards. It boasts of historians, chroniclers, poets, critics, and philologists. At this present moment the public school, or university, is allowed to be in a most flourishing condition; and the name of SCHWEIGHÆUSER alone is sufficient to rest its pretensions to celebrity on the score of *classical* acumen and learning. While, within these last hundred years, the names of SCHOEPPFLIN, OBERLIN, and KOCH, form a host in the department of *topography* and *political economy*.

In *Annals* and *Chronicles*, perhaps no provincial city in Europe is richer; while in *old Alsatian poetry* there is an almost inexhaustible banquet to feast upon. M. Engelhardt, the brother in law of M. Schweighæuser junr. is just now busily engaged in giving an account of some of the ancient love poets, or *Minne-Singers*; and he shewed me the other day some curious drawings relating to the same, taken from a MS. of the XIIIth century, in the public library. But Oberlin, in 1786, published an interesting work "*De Poetis Alsatia eroticis mediæ ævi*"—and more lately in 1806. M. Arnold in his "*Notice littéraire et historique sur les poètes alsaciens*," 1806, 8vo.—enriched by the previous re-

indeed that the TOWER OF STRASBOURG is a more sensible and certain monument of the origin of the society, than the brazen columns of Jakin and Boaz." p. 428.

marks of Schoepflin, Oberlin, and Frantz, upon the same subject—has given a very satisfactory account of the achievements of the Muses who seem to have inhabited the mountain-tops of Alsatia: from the ninth to the sixteenth century inclusively. It is a fertile and an interesting subject. Feign would I, if space and time allowed, give you an outline of the same; from the religious metres of OTTFRIED in the ninth—to the charming and tender touches which are to be found in the *Hortus deliciarum** of HERRADE Abbess of Landsberg, in the twelfth century: not meaning to pass over, in my progress, the effusions of philology and poetry which distinguished the rival abbey of *Hohenbourg*, in the same century. Indeed, not fewer than three Abbesses—RÉLINDE, HERRADE, and EDELINDE—cultivated literature at one and the same time: when, in Arnold's opinion, almost the whole of Europe was plunged in barbarism and ignorance. Then comes GÜNTHER, in the fifteenth century; with several brave geniuses in the intervening period: and, latterly, the collection of the *Old Troubadour Poetry of Alsace*, by ROGER MANESS; of which there is a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris, and another (containing matter of a somewhat later period) in the Public library here; of which latter not a specimen, as I understand,

* M. Engelhardt is in fact the editor of the publication of twelve plates from this work—alluded to at page 52 ante--which plates are coloured fac-similes of the MSS, and to which is prefixed a Preface or dissertation in the German language, concerning the literature, manner, and customs of the time. When I was at Strasbourg, the printing of the work was in progress... at Stuttgart. It was published in the following year.

has seen the light in the form of a printed text. Our friends Messrs. D. and C. would give not a little, methinks, for a peep at, or rather a rummage among, these interesting MSS;—and if there should happen to be *illuminations* . . . of the xivth century—how they would rejoice at the sight of them!

In later times, BRANDT, WIMPHELIN, LOCHER, BALDUS, PFEFFEL, and NICOLAY, are enough to establish the cause of good poetry, and the celebrity of this city in the production of such poets. As to the *Meister-Sængers* (or Master-Singers) who composed the strains which they sang, perhaps the cities of Mentz and Nuremberg may vie with that of Strasbourg, in the production of this particular class. HANS SACHS of Nuremberg, formerly a cobbler, was considered to be the very *Coryphæus* of these Master-Singers. At the age of fourscore he is said to have composed four thousand three hundred and seventy verses.

A word or two only respecting the language spoken at Strasbourg. From the relative situation of the town, this language would necessarily be of a mixed character: that is to say, there would be intermarriages between the Germans and French—and the offspring of such marriages would necessarily speak a *patois*. This seems to be generally admitted.

The ancient language of Strasbourg is said to have been the pure dialect of *Suabia*; but, at present, the dialect of *Saxony*, which is thought to be purer as well as more fashionable, is carefully taught in the schools of both sexes, and spoken by all the ministers in the pulpit. Luther wrote in this dialect, and all Protestant preachers make use of it as a matter of course.

Yet Hermann labours to prove how much softer the dialect of High Germany is to that of High Saxony. There have lately appeared several small brochures in the *common language* of the town—such, of course, as is ordinarily spoken in the shops and streets: and among others, a comedy called *Der Pfingst-Montag*, written (says Hermann) with much spirit; but the author of this latter work has been obliged to mark the pronunciation, which renders the perusal of it somewhat puzzling. It is also accompanied with a glossary. But that you, or your friends, may judge for yourselves, I send you a specimen of the *patois*, or common language spoken in the street—in the enclosed ballad: which I purchased the other day, for about a penny of our money, from an old goody, who was standing upon a stool, and chanting it aloud to an admiring audience. I send you the first four stanzas.*

Im Namen der allerheiligsten Dreifaltigkeit
das goldene A B C,

Neu verfasst für Jedermann, dass er mit Ehr' bestehen kann.

Alles ist an Gottes Segen,
Was wir immer thun, gelegen,
Arbeit aber bleibt doch unsre Pflicht:
Der Träge hat den segnen Gottes nicht.

Behalt' ein weises Maass in allen Stücken;
Das Uebertriebne kann dich nicht beglücken.
Dies Sprichwort trifft in allen Dingen ein:
Das Gute selbst muss eingeschränket seyn.

* For the English metrical version I am indebted to "an old hand at these matters."

Christ ! sey der Rache nicht ergeben,
 Der Zorn verbittert nur das Leben ;
 Und wer dem Feinde gern verzeiht,
 Geniesst schon hier der Seligkeit.

Der wird verachtet von der Welt,
 Der das gegebne Wort nicht hält :
 Drum gieb dein Wort nich leicht von dir ;
 Hast du's gethan, so steh' dafür.

In the name of the most Holy Trinity.

THE GOLDEN A B C.

Newly set forth to enable every man to stand fast in honour.

*Howe'er employ'd, we ev'ry nerve should strain
 On all our works God's blessing to obtain.
 Whilst here on earth to labour we're ordain'd ;
 The lazy never yet God's blessing gain'd.*

*In all things strive a medium to procure ;
 Redundance never can success insure :
 This proverb will in all things be found true,
 That good itself should have its limits due.*

*Christian ! avoid revenge and strife,
 For anger tends to embitter life ;
 And he who readily forgives his foe,
 Ev'n here on earth true happiness shall know.*

*He who the promise he hath given denies,
 Will find the world most justly him despise ;
 Be cautious then how thou a promise make,
 But, having made it, ne'er that promise break.*

What, of late years, has shed great lustre upon Stras-
 bourg, has been the publication of the *Latin and Greek
 Classics* upon the plan of the Bipont society, now
 removed to this city. At least the types, with which
 those Classics were printed, are preserved here ; and

there has recently appeared a splendid proof of the use to which they have been put, in the Greek and Latin edition of *Herodotus* by the Elder Schweighæuser. Of this edition, there are copies upon fine vellum paper; and one, and ONE ONLY, UPON VELLUM — now in the establishment of the publishers, Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz, at London. I remember, when at Paris, seeing piles of this new edition — waiting the commands of the same publishers, for dispersion all over the Continent. But I must tell you that they take it here very ill — and naturally feel very sore — that this edition has been reprinted, page for page, by a London bookseller. I told the publishers that “it must be considered a great compliment paid to the editor” — “Very true, Sir,” replied they — “but neither editor nor publishers can get their bread by compliments alone: we must sell copies, as well as receive applause.”

DANNBACH is the printer of this *Herodotus*; and the Greek type of it (which I cannot however too much commend) is precisely that used in the *Bipont Thucydides* and *Plato*. The principal printers, for works in which the Greek type is not introduced, are LEVRAULT *Pere et Fils*: and I must say that, if even a fastidious author, a resident Strasbourgeois, — whose typographical taste had been formed upon the beautifully executed volumes of Bodoni, Didot, or Bulmer — chose to publish a fine book, he need not send it to *Paris* to be printed; for M. Levrault is both a skilful, intelligent, and very able printer and publisher. I visited him more than once. He has a considerable commercial establishment. His shop and warehouses are large and commodious; and Madame Levrault is both ac-

tive and knowing in aiding and abetting the concerns of her husband. I should consider their house to be a rich one. M. Levrault is also a very fair typographical antiquary. He talked of Fust and Jenson with earnestness, and a knowledge of their productions; and told me that he had, up stairs, a room full of old books, especially of those printed by *Aldus* — and begged I would walk up and inspect them. You will give me credit for having done so readily. But it was a “poor affair,”—for the fastidious taste of an Englishman. There was literally nothing in the way of temptation: and so I abstained, on my part, from tempting the possessor by the offer of napoleons or golden ducats. We had a long and pleasing interview; and I think he shewed me (not for the purpose of sale) a copy of the famous tract of St. Austin, called *De Arte prædicandi*, printed by *Fust* or by *Mentelin*; in which however, as the copy was imperfect, he was not thoroughly conversant. They are all proud at Strasbourg of their countryman Mentelin, and of course yet more so of Gutenberg; though this latter was a native of Mentz. M. Levrault concluded his conversation by urging me, in strong terms, to visit *Colmar* ere I crossed the Rhine; as that place abounded with “DES INCUNABULES TYPOGRAPHIQUES.” I told him that it was impossible: that I had a great deal on my hands to accomplish on the other side of the Rhine; and that my first great stroke, in the way of BOOK-ACQUISITIONS, must be struck at *Stuttgart*. M. Levrault seemed surprised — “for truly,” (added he) “there are no *old* books there, save in the *Public Library*.” I smiled, and wished him a good day.

Upon the whole, my dear friend, I have taken rather an affection for this place.* All classes of people are civil, kind, and communicative; but my obligations are due, in a more especial manner, to the younger Mr. Schweighæuser and to Madame Francs. I have passed several pleasant evenings with the former, and talked much of the literature of our own country with him and his newly married spouse: a lively, lady-like, and intelligent woman. She is warm in commendation of the *Mary Stuart* of SCHILLER; which, in reply to a question on my part, she considers to be the most impassioned of that Dramatist's performances. Of English she knows nothing; but her husband is well read in Thomson, Akenside, and Pope; and of course is sufficiently well acquainted with our language. A more amiable and zealous man, in the discharge of his duties as a teacher of youth, the town of Strasbourg does not possess. His little memoir of Koch has quite won my heart.

You have heard me mention the name of OHMACHT, a sculptor. He is much caressed by the gentry of this place. Madame Francs shewed me what I consider to be his best performance; a profile, in white marble, of her late daughter,† who died in childbed, in

* In the year 1792 appeared a volume, at Strasbourg, with the following title-page: "*Poems selected and printed by a Small Party of English, who made this amusement a substitute for Society, which the disturbed situation of the Country prevented their enjoying. At Strasbourg, In the month of February 1792.*" This selection consists of the *Deserted Village*, *Gray's Elegy*, *Shenstone's Pastorals*, *Rape of the Lock*, &c. &c. The type is perfectly Baskervillian.

† It was either her daughter, or daughter-in-law.

her twenty-first year. I think that was the age she mentioned. It is a sweet and tender production : executed upon the Greek model—and said to be a strong resemblance of the deceased. Madame Frances shewed it to me, and expatiated upon it with tears in her eyes : as she well might—for the *character* of the deceased was allowed to have been as attractive as her countenance. I will candidly confess that, in other respects, I am a very *qualified* admirer of the talents of Ohmacht. His head of Oberlin is good ; but it is only a profile. I visited his work-shop, and saw him busy upon a colossal head of Luther—in a close-grained, but coarse-tinted, stone. I liked it as little as I have always liked heads of that celebrated man. I want to see a resemblance of him in which vulgarity shall be lost in energy of expression. Never was there a countenance which bespoke greater intrepidity of heart. Luther was really (to make use of a technical, and perhaps rather slang phrase) “bottom” to the very last.

I am hastening to the close of this despatch, and to take leave of this place. My latter days have been rendered the more agreeable by the arrival of our travelling friend, Captain P., whom we had left at Nancy. We have generally assembled at five to dinner ; and, in the evening, taken chairs upon the bridge, which faces the hotel, to sit, linger, and gossip till eleven o'clock at night—when, were it not for the breeze which creeps along the surface of the stream, we should hardly be insensible of the heat of the passing day—so overwhelmingly hot has it been of late. Occasionally, a band of musicians comes to play in the square, or area of the hotel—and we have had several

delightful specimens of what we may expect, on the other side of the Rhine, from the great knowledge of music which the Germans are indisputably allowed to possess. The notes of this band sounded sweetly in the open air, as they seemed to be carried down by the stream ; while the full-orbed moon, rising in an opposite direction, made the evenings almost every thing we could wish them.

Through the interposition of Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz, I have hired a respectable servant, or laquais, to accompany me to Vienna, and back again to Mannheim. His name is *Rohfritsch* ; and he has twice visited the Austrian capital in the rear of Napoleon's army,—when he was only in his sixteenth or seventeenth year—as a page or attendant upon one of the Generals. He talks the French and German languages with equal fluency, but luckily knows not one word of English ; so that Mr. Lewis and myself can have our conversation to ourselves. He has been in a great bustle of late, to expedite our departure ; and pronounces a very favourable opinion of my *voiture de voyage*—after a long and attentive examination of every part of it. I asked him if we needed fire arms ; at which he smiled—as if wondering at my simplicity or ignorance. In truth, the question was a little precipitate ; for, the other evening, I saw two or three whiskered Bavarian travellers, starting hence for Munich, in an open, fourgon-shaped travelling carriage, with two benches across it : on the front bench sat the two gentlemen, wrapped round with clokes ; on the hinder bench, the servant took his station—not before he had thrown into the carriage two huge bags of *florins*,

as unconcernedly as if they had been bags of *pebbles*. They were to travel all night — without sabre, pistol, or carbine, for protection.

I own this gave me a very favourable opinion of the country I was about to visit ; and on recollecting it, had good reason to acquiesce in the propriety of the smiles of *Rohfritsch*. Every thing, therefore, is now settled : gold ducats and silver florins have been obtained from Madame Francs ; and to-morrow Mr. Lewis completes his graphic labours of every description. On the evening of the ensuing day we are positively to reach Baden : which, exclusively of its attractions for me at this moment—as being the residence of the famous SCHWEIGHÆUSER, senr.,—is described, by the son of that celebrated Greek scholar, as a place of romantic beauty ; and as visited by every Englishman who is alive to the charms of nature. There is no resisting such an argument or appeal—so to Baden we will go. My next will be from *Stuttgart*—where a “ deed of note” will, I trust, be accomplished. Fare you well.

LETTER XXXVII.

STRASBOURG TO STUTTGART. BADEN. THE ELDER
SCHWEIGHÆUSER. STUTTGART. THE FAUSTUS OF
GOETHE.

Stuttgart, Poste Royale, August 4, 1818.

WITHIN forty-eight hours of the conclusion of my last, I had passed the broad and rapidly-flowing Rhine. Having taken leave of all my hospitable acquaintances at Strasbourg, (among whom Madame Frances in particular was sure not to be forgotten) I left the *Hôtel de l'Esprit* between five and six in the afternoon, when the heat of the day had a little subsided, with a pair of large, sleek, post horses—one of which was bestrode by the postillion, in the red and yellow livery of the duchy of Baden. The man remonstrated hard about occupying the seat in front of the carriage, but Rohfritsch, my valet, had secured that place for his own comfort. We rolled slowly over the wooden bridge, facing the hotel, which crosses the river *Ill*; and quickly approached the Rhine—the banks of which, as I had observed from the platform of the cathedral of Strasbourg, were flat and low. The bridge was impassable towards the further end—owing to its having been burnt during the late war with Austria. A temporary flying bridge had been erected, and over that we passed.

Our first halting place, to change horses, was *Kehl*;

but we had not travelled a league on this side of the Rhine, ere we discovered a palpable difference in the general appearance of the country. There was more pasture-land. The houses were differently constructed, and were more generally surrounded by tall trees. The sun getting low, we were much refreshed—as our horses carried us somewhat fleetly along a good, broad, and well-conditioned road. Nothing particularly arrested our attention till we reached *Bischoffsheim*, à la haute monté; where the general use of the German language soon taught us the value of our laquais; who, from henceforth, will be often called by his baptismal name of Charles. A post, in Germany, is about four French leagues; and you pay one florin and a half per horse, for each post: a florin is worth about forty-two French sous: so that, upon the whole, including a florin to the post-boy, you travel rather somewhat cheaper than in France. At Bischoffsheim, while fresh horses were being put to, I went to look at the church; an humble edifice — but rather picturesquely situated. In my way thither I passed, with surprise, a great number of *Jews* of both sexes; loitering in all directions. I learnt that this place was the prescribed *limits* of their peregrinations; and that they were not suffered, by law, to travel beyond it: but whether this law restricted them from entering Suabia, or Bavaria, I could not learn. I approached the church, and with the aid of a good natured verger, who happened luckily to speak French, I was conducted all over the interior—which was sufficiently neat. But the object of my peculiar astonishment was, that Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, all flocked

alike, and frequently at the same time, to exercise their particular forms of worship within this church!—a circumstance, almost partaking of the felicity of an Utopian commonwealth. I observed, indeed, a small crucifix upon the altar, which confirmed me in the belief that the Lutheran worship, according to the form of the Augsburg confession, was practised here;—and the verger told me there was no other place of worship in the village. His information might be deceitful or erroneous; but it is to the honour of his character that I add, that, on offering him a half florin for his trouble in shewing me the church, he seemed to think it a point of conscience not to receive it. His refusal was mild but firm—and he concluded by saying, gently repelling the hand which held the money, “jamais, jamais!” Is it thus, thought I to myself, that “they order things in” Germany?

The sun had set, and the night was coming on apace, after we left Bischoffsheim, and turned from the high road on the left, leading to Rastadt to take the right, for *Baden*. For the advantage of a nearer cut, we again turned to the right—and passed through a forest of about a league in length. It was now quite dark and late: and if robbers were abroad, this surely was the hour and the place for a successful attack upon defenceless travellers. The postboy struck a light, to enjoy the comfort of his pipe, which he quickly put to his mouth, and of which the light and scent were equally cheering and pleasant. We were so completely hemmed in by trees, that their branches brushed strongly in our faces, as we rolled swiftly along. Every thing was enveloped in silence and darkness:

but the age of banditti, as well as of chivalry—at least in Germany—appears to be “gone.” We sallied forth from the wood unmolested; gained again the high road; and after discerning some lights at a distance, which our valet told us (to our great joy) were the lights of BADEN, we ascended and descended—till, at midnight, we entered the town. On passing a bridge, upon which I discerned a whole-length statue of *St. Francis*, (with the infant Christ in his arms) we stopped, to the right, at the principal hotel—of which I have forgotten the name; but of which, one Monsieur or Le Baron Cotta, a bookseller of this town, is said to be the proprietor.

The servants were yet stirring:—but the hotel was so crowded that it was impossible to receive us. We pushed on quickly to another, of which I have also forgotten the name—and found the principal street almost entirely filled by the carriages of visitors. Here again we were told there was no room for us. Had it not been for our valet, we must have slept in the open street; but he recollected a third inn, whither we went immediately, and to our joy found just accommodation sufficient. We saw the carriage safely put into the remise, and retired to rest. The next morning, upon looking out of window, every thing seemed to be faëry land. I had never before viewed so beautiful a spot. I found the town of Baden perfectly surrounded by six or seven lofty, fir-clad hills, of somewhat tapering forms, and of luxuriant verdure. Thus, although compared with such an encircling belt of hills, Baden may be said to lie in a hollow—it is nevertheless, of itself, upon elevated

ground; commanding views of lawns, intersected by gravel walks; of temples, rustic benches, and detached buildings of a variety of description. Every thing, in short, bespeaks nature improved by art; and every thing announced that I was in a place frequented by the rich, the fashionable, and the gay.

I was not long in finding out the learned and venerable SCHWEIGHÆUSER, who had retired here, for a few weeks, for the benefit of the waters—which flow from *hot* springs, and which are said to perform wonders. Rheumatism, debility, ague, and I know not what disorders, receive their respective and certain cures from bathing in these heated waters. I found the Professor in a lodging house, attached to the second hotel which we had visited on our arrival: for you are to know that Baden very much resembles Cheltenham in its public and private boarding houses: and, at the moment of my arrival, the town was absolutely full. I sent up my name to the Professor, with a letter of introduction which I had received from his son. I was made most welcome. In this celebrated Greek scholar, and editor of some of the most difficult ancient Greek authors, I beheld a figure advanced in years—somewhere about seventy-three—tall, slim, but upright, and firm upon his legs: with a thin, and at first view, severe countenance,—but, when animated by conversation, and accompanied by a clear and melodious voice, agreeable, and inviting to discourse. The Professor was accompanied by one of his daughters; strongly resembling her brother, who had shewn me so much kindness at Strasbourg. She told me her father was fast recovering strength; and the old gentleman, as well

as his daughter, strongly invited us to dinner; an invitation which we were compelled to decline.

I told the Professor, and told him truly, that my *principal* object in visiting Baden was, to pay my respects to HIMSELF—one, to whom every country, where ancient classical literature was cultivated, was ready to acknowledge its obligations—and my own was most forward in that number. But now, that I *found* him here—he must allow me to *carry him* away with me. He was startled at this proposition: but laughed heartily when I told him, in explanation, that my travelling companion was an excellent artist—and that it was absolutely necessary for the comfort of mind of all classical virtuosos in England, that he should permit his likeness to be taken. “You have been at much pains (replied he) for an insignificant object; and I should betray great affectation in refusing so harmless a request. Do as you please.” “This very day, Mr. Professor?” “With all my heart. Tell your artist to call at twelve—before which time I shall have arrayed myself in a garb more worthy of the high honour intended me.” It was not only settled that Mr. Lewis should call at twelve, but the Professor agreed to wait upon us at our auberge, after dinner, at six, to walk with us to a neighbouring convent—a short league from the town. He declined our invitation to dinner.

On leaving the Professor, I walked nearly all over the town, and its immediate environs: but my first object was the CHURCH, upon the top of the hill; from which the earliest (Protestant) congregation were about to depart—not before I arrived in time to hear

some excellently good vocal and instrumental music, from the front seat of a transverse gallery. There was much in this church which had an English air about it: but my attention was chiefly directed to some bronze monuments towards the eastern extremity, near the altar; and fenced off, if I remember rightly, by some rails from the nave and side aisles. Of these monuments, the earliest is that of *Frederick Bishop of Treves*. He died in 1517, in his 59th year. The figure of him is recumbent: with a mitre on its head, and a quilted mail for his apron. The body is also protected, in parts, with plate armour. He wears a ring upon each of the first three fingers of his right hand. It is an admirable piece of workmanship: firm, sharp, correct, and striking in all its component parts. Near this episcopal monument is another, also of bronze, of a more imposing character namely; — of *Leopold William Margrave or Duke of Baden*, who died in 1671, and of the Duchess, his wife. The figure of Leopold, evidently a strong portrait, is large, heavy, and ungracious; but that of his wife makes ample amends — for a more beautifully expressive and interesting bronze figure, has surely never been reared upon a monumental pedestal. She is kneeling, and her hands are closed — in the act of prayer. The head is gently turned aside, as well as inclined: the mouth is very beautiful, and has an uncommon sweetness of expression: the hair, behind, is singular but not inelegant. The following is a part of the inscription: “*Vivit post funera virtus. Numinis hinc pietas conjugis inde trahit.*” I would give half a dozen ducats out of the supplemental supply of Madame

Francs to have a fine and faithful copy of this very graceful and interesting monumental figure. As I left the church, the second (Catholic) congregation was entering for divine worship. On leaving it, and visiting the inn (the largest in the place) where we had at first stopped, I observed, to my surprise, that sundry tradesmen were busied in spreading their goods in fair array, upon certain counters, at the bottom of the great ball-room, where there was to be a dance in the evening. Behind these counters, people walked to and fro as in cloisters. The room itself was large and lofty. The whole of this—added to the preparation of the table-d'hôte for an early dinner for *two hundred* guests—had a very odd effect upon me, as it was *Sunday*. But the sabbath is here the gayest of all days. Meanwhile the heavens were covered with black clouds; after the morning, till eleven o'clock, had been insufferably hot; and a tremendous thunder storm—which threatened to deluge the whole place with rain—moved, in slow and sullen majesty, quite round and round the town, without producing any other effect than that of a few sharp flashes, and growling peals, at a distance. But the darkened and flitting shadows upon the fir trees, on the hills, during the slow wheeling of the threatening storm, had a magnificently picturesque appearance.

The walks, lawns, and rustic benches about Baden, are singularly pretty and convenient. Here was a play-house; there, a temple; yonder, a tavern, whither the *Badenois* resorted to enjoy their Sunday dinner. One of these taverns was unusually large and convenient. I entered, as a stranger, to look around me:

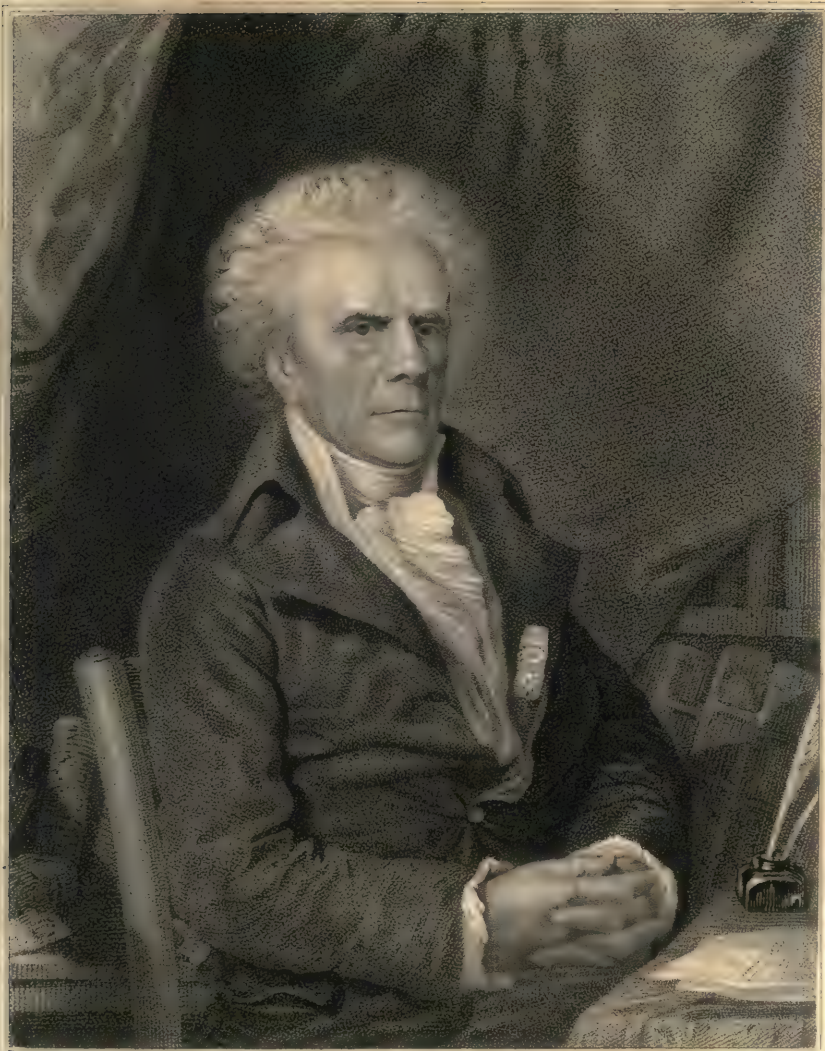
and was instantly struck by the notes of the deepest-toned bas voice I had ever heard — accompanied by some rapidly executed passages upon the harp. These ceased—and the softer strains of a young female voice succeeded. On walking forward, I saw—what I would give no small trifle for Mr. Lewis to have seen and copied—and which he would have done in a trice ! Yonder was a *master singer**—as I deemed him—somewhat stooping from age ; with white hairs, but with a countenance strongly characteristic of intellectual energy of *some* kind. He was sitting in a chair. By the side of him stood the young female, about fourteen, from whose voice the strains, just heard, had proceeded. They sang alternately, and afterwards together : the man holding down his head as he struck the chords of his harp with a bold and vigorous hand. I learnt that they were uncle and niece. They took their station at the entrance of an inner, and smaller room, where the company from the town were banquetting. I shall not readily forget the effect of these figures, or of the songs which they sang — especially the sonorous notes of the master-singer, or minstrel—for so I must call him. It was a voice of the most extraordinary compass I had ever heard. I quickly perceived that I was now in the land of music ; but the guests seemed to be better pleased with their food than with the songs of this old bard, for he had scarcely received a half florin since I noticed him. However I should not have reconciled it to my conscience, if, on quitting the room, I had not slipped a

* See page 92, ante.

piece of silver into the silken and extended purse of the niece—regretting, even to vexation of feeling, my inability to exchange one word either with her or her venerable relation : — from my utter ignorance of the German, and from their equally total ignorance of the French, language.

Meanwhile Mr. Lewis was occupied in taking the likeness of the venerable Professor ; and on returning to dinner, he shewed me the fruits of a close and long-continued sitting of nearly three hours. To my eye, the resemblance was perfect ; and considering that this would be the *only* sitting, he had succeeded to a miracle. You have it here enclosed* — for the gratification, not only of all true Roxburghers, but of all genuine lovers and cultivators of the literature of Greece and Rome in either of our Universities. It is, and is likely to be, the only resemblance extant. The amiable original came to visit us, true to the appointed hour of six, in order to have an evening stroll together as far as the convent before mentioned ; and which is considered to be the fashionable evening walk and ride of the place. I shall long have reason to remember this walk ; as well from the instructive discourse of our venerable and deeply learned guide, as from the beauty of the scenery and variety of the company. As the heat of the day had subsided, the company came from their tables in great crowds. The mall was full. Here was Eugene Beauharnois, drawn in a carriage by four black steeds, with traces of an unusual length between the leaders and wheel horses.

* See THE OPPOSITE PLATE.



Wright del.

T. Wright Sc.

JOHANNES SCHWEIGHÄUSER.

1750-1821.



He appeared very cheerful, and was certainly more composed and happy than when conducting a memorable retreat in a not less memorable Russian campaign. A grand Duke was parading to the right: to the left, a Marchioness was laughing *à pleine gorge*, in the midst of a train of attendants and admirers. Here walked a Count, and there rode a General. Bavarians, Austrians, French, and English — intermixed with the tradesmen of Baden, and the rustics of the adjacent country—all, glittering in their gayest sabbath-attires, mingled in the throng, and appeared to vie with each other in gaiety and loudness of talk.

We gained a more private walk, within a long avenue of trees ; where a small fountain, playing in the midst of a grove of elm and beech, attracted the attention, both of the Professor and ourselves. "It is here," observed the former—"where I love to come and read your favourite Thomson." He then mentioned Pope, and quoted some verses from the opening of his Essay on Man — and also declared his particular attachment to Young and Akenside. "But our Shakespeare and Milton, Sir—what think you of these?" "They are doubtless very great, and superior to either: but if I were to say that I understood them as well, I should say what would be an untruth: and nothing is more disgusting than an affectation of knowing what you have, comparatively, very little knowledge of." We continued our route towards the convent, at a pretty brisk pace ; with great surprise, on my part, at the firm and rapid movements of the Professor. Having reached the convent, we entered, and were admitted within the chapel. The nuns had just retired ; but we were

shewn the partition of wood which screens them most effectually from the inquisitive eyes of the rest of the congregation. We crossed a shallow, but rapidly running brook, over which was only one plank, of the ordinary width, to supply the place of a bridge. The venerable Professor led the way — tripping along so lightly, and yet so surely, as to excite our wonder. We then mounted the hill on the opposite side of the convent ; where there are spiral, and neatly trimmed, gravel walks, which afford the means of an easy and pleasant ascent — but not altogether free from a few sharp and steep turnings. From the summit of this hill, the Professor bade me look around, and view a valley which was the pride of the neighbourhood, and which was considered to have no superior in Suabia. It was certainly very beautiful—luxuriant in pasture and woodland scenery, and surrounded by hills crowned with interminable firs.

As we descended, the clock of the convent struck eight, which was succeeded by the tolling of the convent bell. After a day of oppressive heat, with a lowering atmosphere threatening instant tempest, it was equally grateful and refreshing to witness a calm blue sky, checquered by light fleecy clouds, which, as they seemed to be scarcely impelled along by the evening breeze, were fringed in succession by the hues of a golden sun-set. The darkening shadows of the trees added to the generally striking effect of the scene. As we neared the town, I perceived several of the common people, apparently female rustics, walking in couples, or in threes, with their arms round each others necks, joining in some of the popular airs of

their country. The off-hand and dexterous manner in which they managed the *second parts*, surprised and delighted me exceedingly. I expressed my gratification to M. Schweighæuser, who only smiled at my wondering simplicity. “If *these* delight you so much, what would you say to our *professors*?” — observed he. “Possibly, I might not like them quite so well,” replied I. The professor pardoned such apparent heresy; and we continued to approach the town. We were thirsty from our walk, and wished to enter the tea gardens to partake of refreshment. Our guide became here both our interpreter and best friend; for he insisted upon “standing treat.” We retired into a bocage, and partook of one of the most delicious bottles of white wine which I ever remember to have tasted. He was urgent for a second bottle; but I told him we were very sober Englishmen.

In our way home, the discourse fell upon literature, and I was anxious to obtain from our venerable companion an account of his early studies, and partialities for the texts of such Greek authors as he had edited. He told me that he was first put upon collations of Greek MSS. by our *Dr. Musgrave*, for his edition of *Euripides*; and that he dated, from that circumstance, his first and early love of classical research. This attachment had increased upon him as he became older — had “grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength” — and had induced him to grapple with the unsettled, and in parts difficult, texts of *Appian*, *Epictetus*, and *Athenæus*. He spoke with a modest confidence of his *Herodotus* — just published: said that he was even then meditating a *second* Latin version of it:

and observed that, for the more perfect execution of the one now before the public, he had prepared himself by a diligent perusal of the texts of the purer Latin historians. I knew his assistance had been solicited for the new *Greek Thesaurus*, publishing by Mr. Valpy, and I asked him how he liked the execution of that work? "Upon the whole, very well: it might have been less diffuse, but it was perhaps better to do too much, than too little, in undertakings of this kind. He wished it every imaginable success." We had now entered the town, and it was with regret that I was compelled to break off such interesting conversation. In spite of the lateness of the hour (ten o'clock) and the darkness of the evening, the worthy old Grecian would not suffer either of us to accompany him home—although the route to his house was devious, and in part precipitously steep, and the Professor's sight was not remarkably good. When we parted, it was agreed that we should breakfast with him on the morrow, at eight o'clock, as we intended to quit Baden at nine.

The next morning, I was true to the hour; but my companion, who had quitted his bed a little after five, was not to be found. Nevertheless we commenced breakfast—the Professor not partaking of any thing in the shape of a meal, which he said he always postponed till mid-day. However, he smoked his pipe, which was filled with a very gratefully smelling herb; looked cheerfully, and discoursed with animation. My companion now returned—with a countenance and expression which indicated great bodily fatigue—and almost overwhelming heat. We were alarmed:

but he told us “ he had only been on the neighbouring heights, making a drawing of an *old castle**—upon which he had cast a longing eye during the whole of the preceding day !” This castle was full two miles distant. The Professor wondered both at his temerity and enthusiasm ; and I own that I was a little alarmed about the probable physical results — for his countenance was flushed with a tint of deep and fever-looking crimson. However, the Professor’s excellent coffee, bread, butter, and eggs — furnished with so much propriety by Mademoiselle Schweighæuser—charmed away all sinister consequence. Having requested our valet to settle every thing at the inn, and bring the carriage and horses to the door of M. Schweighæuser by nine o’clock, I took a hearty leave of our amiable and venerable host, accompanied with mutual regrets at the shortness of the visit — and with a resolution to cultivate an acquaintance so heartily began. As we got into the carriage, I held up his portrait by Mr. L. and told him “ he would be neither out of *sight* nor out of *mind*.” He smiled graciously—waved his right hand from the balcony upon which he stood — and by

* The reader will not confound this castle with that of the *Castle of Baden*, built by the Margrave Philip II. in 1570, which overlooks the town, and the subterraneous caverns and dungeons of which, once not only afforded fertile themes for the imaginations of the master-singers, but were absolutely the scenes of misery and death to numberless captives. If I had had time, I would doubtless have explored every recess of these blood-stained regions—now the abode of bats and reptiles. The castle, drawn by Mr. Lewis, is on the heights, to the left — on entering the town. I should think it hardly older than three centuries. The drawing is a mere outline sketch.

half-past nine we found the town of Baden in our rear. I must say that I never left a place, which had so many attractions, with keener regret, and a more fixed determination to revisit it—at a “more convenient season.” That “season” may possibly never arrive; but I recommend all English travellers to spend a week, at the least, at Baden — called emphatically, *Baden-Baden*. The young may be gratified by the endless amusements of society, in many of its most polished forms—the old may be delighted by the contemplation of nature in one of her most picturesque aspects, as well as invigorated by the waters which gush in boiling streams from their rocky recesses.

I shall not detain you a minute upon the road from Baden to this place; although we were nearly twenty-four hours so detained. *Rastadt* and *Karlsruhe* are the only towns worth mentioning in the route. The former is chiefly distinguished for its huge and tasteless castle or palace—a sort of Versailles in miniature; and the latter is singularly pleasing to an Englishman’s eye, from the trim and neat appearance of the houses, walks, and streets; which latter have the foot-paths almost approaching to our pavement. You enter, and you quit the town, through an avenue of lofty and large-stemmed poplars, at least a mile long. The effect, although formal, is pleasing, because it gives you a notion that they here pay some little attention to what is conceived to be ornamental. These are the loftiest poplars, taken together, which I ever beheld. The churches, public buildings, gardens, and streets (of which *latter* the principal is a mile long) have all an air of tidiness and comfort; although the very sight

of them is sufficient to freeze the blood of an antiquary. There is nothing, apparently, more than ninety-nine years old! We dined at Karlsruhe, and slept at *Schweiberdingen*, one stage on this side of Stuttgart: but for two or three stages preceding Stuttgart, we were absolutely astonished at the multitude of apple-trees, laden, even to the breaking down of the branches, with goodly fruit, just beginning to ripen:—and therefore glittering in alternate hues of red and yellow—all along the road-side as well as in private gardens. The vine too was equally fruitful, and equally promising of an abundant harvest. The whole route hither—premising that, between Baden and Karlsruhe, we could only steal glimpses of portions of the black forest, and of the valley of Murg, but were sensible of the fertility, pleasantness, and excellence of road during the whole journey—was enough to put the saddest into good spirits, and even to banish the wearisomeness which had possessed me from two sleepless nights before our arrival.

There was a drizzling rain (such as accompanied our approach to Dieppe harbour)* when we entered this town. We passed the long range of royal stables to the right, and the royal palace to the left; the latter, with the exception of a preposterously large gilt crown placed upon the central part of a gilt cushion, in every respect worthy of a royal residence. On driving to the hotel of the *Roi d'Angleterre*, we found every bed and every room occupied; and were advised to go to the place from whence I now address you.

* See vol. i. page 7.

But the *Roman Emperor* is considered to be more fashionable : that is to say, the charges are more extravagant. Another time, however, I will visit neither the one nor the other ; but take up my quarters at the *King of Wirtemberg*—the neatest, cleanliest, and most comfortable hotel in Stuttgart. In *this* house there is too much noise and bustle for the shattered state of my nerves.

As a whole, *Stuttgart* is a thoroughly dull place. Its immediate environs are composed of vine-covered hills, which, at this season of the year, have an extremely picturesque appearance ; but, in winter, when nothing but a fallow-like looking earth is visible, the effect must be very dreary. This town is large, and the streets—especially the *Könings-Strasse*, or King-Street, —are broad and generally well paved. The population may be about twenty two thousand. He who looks for *antiquities*, will be cruelly disappointed—with the exception of the *Hôtel de Ville*, which is placed near a church, and more particularly of the *Crucifix*—the latter, in one of the larger but second-rate streets, but which is unprotected by rails. Mr. Lewis immediately eyed it with an artist-like feeling, and declared his intention of making a small pencil drawing of it—which two or three attacks, before breakfast, would easily accomplish. He has, I think, completely succeeded in his design—as the enclosed* will testify. The original

† See the OPPOSITE PLATE : which is of the size of the drawing—and in which Mr. Mitau, the Engraver, has produced, in the happiest manner, the effect of the pencil with which the original was executed.



CRUCIFIX AT STUTTGARD.



is of stone, of a rough grain, and sombre tint ; and the figures are of the size of life. They are, as you observe, partly mutilated ; especially the right leg of our Saviour, and the nose of St. John. Yet you will not fail to distinguish, particularly from the folds of the drapery, that precise character of art which marked the productions both of the chisel and the pencil in the first half of the sixteenth century. The Christ is, throughout, even including the drapery, finely marked ; and the attitude of the Virgin, in looking up, has great expression. She embraces intensely the foot of the cross ; while her eyes and very soul seem to be as intensely rivetted upon her suffering and expiring Son. The form of the back of the head dress is singular, and very faithfully represented by Mr. Lewis. In short, I look upon this drawing as a gem of its kind.

On settling myself here, my first object was to write a note to M. LE BRET, the head librarian of the public library : and, in the interim of his reply, I sallied forth in quest of the shops of *Booksellers*, and *Boquinistes* : of which, however, there are absolutely none deserving of particular mention. Of the *latter*, there does not seem to be a vestige ; and therefore there are no hopes of uncut *Jensons* and unsoiled *Valdarfers*. The great, and almost only, bookseller here, is J. G. COTTA—a rich and respectable man, doubtless ; but withal a very consequential gentleman, inasmuch as he has been recently made a Baron, or has received some titular adjunct to his name. He is the proprietor of the principal hotel and bathing house at Baden, and is rarely visible for the purpose of busi-

ness The exterior of his house has rather an imposing air — and you could not gather from it the kind of business which is going on within. It is like a private house, painted white ; as are most of the houses in the town.

On entering the shop, I requested to see M. Engelhardt's intended publication respecting the splendid MS. in the public library at Strasbourg, of which a recent letter has made mention.* I was shewn only a few of the printed sheets, with some of the copper-plate fac-similes ; both of which impressed me with a very mean notion of the Baron Cotta's manner of "getting up things." Indeed his house is distinguished rather as a house of business, for the sale of common and useful publications, than for the splendor and costliness of its productions. He has another house at *Tubingen*, some twenty miles distant : and may be said to be the *Longman and Co.* of this part of the world. The young man, who shewed me M. Engelhardt's projected work, probably read the expression of disappointment in my countenance ; for he immediately placed before me the plates of the *FAUSTUS* of *GOETHE*—which had been published about eighteen months ago ; and of the designs of which *RETSCH* is the author. These designs are inimitable. I became rivetted by them. I had never before seen any thing more original and more exquisitely tender. I purchased them, and took both plates and text to my lodgings : and think I cannot do better than devote the remainder of this gossiping epistle to an account of them.

* See page 52, ante.

The work is called the TRAGEDY OF FAUSTUS. By the help of * * *, I am enabled to send you the following analysis of it, and at the same time portions of the plates which illustrate it, which I have cut out. The book is cheap enough (about ten shillings English) to justify such a measure. I prophesy however that it will become rather popular in England.* This dramatic fragment (for the play is incomplete) is preceded by a preface, in which it is attempted to vindicate the author from the imputation of licentiousness and impiety. Faustus is a young, virtuous, and hard-fagging student; but his peccant part—or rather that quality of the mind, upon which it is attempted to work his ruin—is his *curiosity*. He is anxious after knowledge of truth—connected both with the visible and invisible world; and he has a companion, or fellow-student, of the name of WAGNER, much disposed to listen to his opinions, and to receive them as oracular. The plot

* *become rather popular in England.*)—Since writing the above, the result has proved the truth of the prediction. A few copies of this work reached England in 1819, and were bought up with avidity; while the literary attention of the public was directed to it in one of the numbers of Mr. Baldwin's *London Magazine*—from the perusal of which no man could rise without wishing to read the text and to possess the plates. At this moment, the *Messrs. Boosey*, booksellers in Old Broad Street—long distinguished for their extensive business with the *other* side of the Rhine—published a spirited translation, with beautiful fac-similes of all the plates, xxvi. in number, at a very reasonable price. The plates are upon copper, and were executed by the skilful burin of Mr. Moses. The fac-similes, in the above text, are executed upon wood—by Mr. Byfield: and I think they have *rather* more tenderness of outline than those of Mr. Moses: but I may be wrong in this conclusion.

is altogether wild and preternatural. The devil, in the character of *Mephistopheles*, and in the shape of a human being, approaches the throne of the Almighty; and receives permission to tempt and ruin the philosophical Faustus.

He commences his attacks in the shape of a *black dog*, running round Faustus and Wagner, in giddy and slightly-fiery circles, as they are walking in the fields at eventide. The dog is taken home, kept in the library of Faustus, and during the studies of the latter, swells up to an enormous size, and betrays his diabolical origin, by assuming the form of a travelling student—which he preserves throughout the whole tragedy. In this form, his countenance is always preserved by the artist, RETSCH, as a compound of cunning, cruelty, and unrelenting malignity. Faustus, according to the stale joke in witchcraft, makes over his soul to Mephistopheles, or the devil, upon condition of the latter putting him in possession of whatsoever he wants. The first attempt made upon the virtue of Faustus, is by means of intoxication. He is conducted to a carousing party; and to shew his miracle-working powers, Mephistopheles commences by boring a hole in the table with a gimblet, and causing wine to spout from the aperture. He thus addresses Faustus* as his conjuration proceeds—and see how admirably well the subject has been represented by the ARTIST! Perhaps it is the best piece of grouping in the series.

* *thus addresses Faustus*) Since the above letter was written, I have procured literal, but most faithful metrical versions of the Original, from the pen of an English gentleman—whose diffidence will not allow of the mention of his name.



The Vine is graced with clusters red ;
 The Goat, with horns that crown his head.
 Wine is a most delicious juice ;
 But branches, which the grape produce,
 Seem arid wood. Look nature through
 With keener ken ! Your table too
 Shall learn from arid wood to give
 The generous juice. Now, wonder and believe !
 Well ! draw your corks : See, how it goes !

(They draw, and the wine runs into their glasses.)

ALL. Delicious Stream !—for us it flows !

Mephistopheles now conducts the intoxicated youth to the residence of an old witch ; who in turn, exhibits before him proofs of her powers of incantation, by conjuring up forms of the most horrible and loathsome kind. As a contrast, she conducts Faustus to a mirror, and shewshim, in this magic glass, the form of a beautiful young woman (MARGARET) sleeping upon a couch ; —in order to inflame his passions. Mephistopheles sits there—in the exquisite enjoyment of seeing how the charm operates upon his pupil ! Did you ever observe a more finished compound of cunning and malignity ?



We may easily guess at the result. Margaret has an old waiting maid, of the name of MARTHA—who is composed of very supple materials, and is therefore easily bribed by Mephistopheles. This demon leaves certain rich ornaments in Margaret's bed chamber. They are seized upon with avidity and joy by the unsuspecting maiden, who calls her old attendant in order to help her to adorn herself with them. This is the *xii*th plate of Retsch ; and the action of adorning is thus elegantly expressed by the pencil of the artist.



MARG. Ah, only see them ! I'm half wild.

MARTHA. Oh, thou art Fortune's favourite child !

Mephistopheles hastens the catastrophe of his pupil

and of the hitherto innocent Margaret. He calls off the attention of Martha, and brings the lovers thus together near a shady walk. Margaret plucks a flower, and tears off the leaves—to try her fortune with her young gallant, and exclaims as below :



He loves me——loves me not !

A more elegant piece of composition, on the part of the artist, could be scarcely devised. It is painful to pursue this horrible story ; but I will be as brief as possible. The lovers meet, and exchange their mutual vows of inviolable attachment. The unhappy Margaret can

live only in the presence of her lover. Her home, which was heretofore the scene of all her happiness:—her humble occupations, formerly the only means of laudably filling up her time—are become wearisome and almost disgusting. She sits thus, at her spinning wheel, with a heart of woe, expressing the dejection of her spirits. In this representation, Retsch has almost outdone himself.



MARGARET.

My heart is sad,
My peace is gone for ever;
I ne'er shall regain it,
Ah never, no never!

She becomes the dupe of her own sensibility, and the victim of Mephistopheles. She has now to sustain the goadings of conscience. She throws herself in ab-

ject humiliation before a statue of the *Mater Dolorosa*, but receives no comfort. She puts fresh flowers in the basket placed before the statue; but every thing is un-availing. A weight like lead, cold and oppressive, rests as it were upon her heart. This the artist has expressed by a distinct plate. The next or 18th plate represents her renewing her acts of devotion. While the congregation are occupied in prayer, and each appears to receive consolation, the wretched Margaret is almost swooning from the agony of despair. You see her, here, with her extended arms, and fixed countenance—within a pew, with a veil hanging down behind her—while the diabolical Mephistopheles whispers the subjoined words in her ear :



The sons of light
Turn from thee their countenances away.
The shuddering angels dare not hold
Their pure hands to save thee.
Ah, woe is thee !

Meanwhile her seducer is about to receive the merited reward of his iniquity. Having destroyed innocence, he is ripe for any other act of villainy. The brother of Margaret falls, in an encounter with swords, by the hand of her lover. The duel, and the crowd collected, are admirably delineated in two plates by Retsch. Of course a price is now set upon the head of Faustus, and Mephistopheles is his only friend to snatch him from the officers of justice. He takes him therefore through wilds, fastnesses and forests ; shews him flitting shadows, unseemly sights, promiscuous and profligate debaucheries ; skeletons suspended from the gallows, and others in the act of being decapitated. But this does not pass without mutual bickerings and upbraidings on the part of Faustus and his tutor. Meanwhile Margaret goes mad : is placed in a dungeon on straw—but is promised relief by her lover. At the very moment he comes to extricate her, Mephistopheles seizes upon him as his own victim. His period of servitude has expired, and his spirit is claimed as an inhabitant of hell.

This is a very rapid, and therefore probably imperfect, summary of the contents of the TRAGEDY of FAUSTUS—which Retsch has illustrated with a series of incomparable drawings in outline. These latter are more to my taste than the performance of GOETHE : for the whole composition is but a fragment, terminating abruptly ;—and seems to be written for no other

earthly purpose but that of shewing the capriciousness of an unregulated imagination, and the power of softening down the grossness of vice, by the aid of magic and conjuration. I can augur no good whatever from this publication. If the young man *must* be punished for the indulgence of a vain and idle curiosity, let him be so—without the sacrifice of the amiable and unsuspecting Margaret—“the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious”—as Dr. Johnson says of Ophelia. I have dwelt on the text cursorily, as I have purposely made it subservient to the decorations; of which you must acknowledge the foregoing to be very delightful specimens. And now, I cannot do better than conclude at the very moment when your imagination is occupied by the alternate loveliness and hideousness of Margaret and Mephistopheles.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

You may remember that, in my last, I made some slight mention of M. LE BRET; or rather, of having written him a note for the purpose of gaining admission to the Public Library. Well, my friend, M. Le Bret and myself have not only met, but met frequently and cordially. Each interview only increased the desire for a repetition of it: and the worthy and well-informed Head Librarian has partaken of a trout and veal dinner with me, and shared in one bottle of *Fremder Wein*, and in another of *Ordinärer Wein*.* We have, in short, become quite sociable; and I will

* For the first time, my bill (which I invariably called for, and settled, every day) was presented to me in a printed form, in the *black letter*, within an ornamented border. It was entitled “*Rechnung von Gottlob Ernst Teichmann, zum Waldhorn in Stuttgart*.” The printed articles, against which blanks are left, to be filled up according to the quantity and quality of the fare, were these: *Frühstück, Mittag-Essen, Nacht-Essen, Fremder Wein, Ordinärer Wein, Verschiedenes, Logis, Feuerung, Bediente*.” I must be allowed to add, that the head waiter of the Waldhorn, or *Hunting Horn*, was one of the most respectably looking, and well-mannered, of his species. He spoke French fluently, but with the usual German accent. The master of the inn was coarse and bluff, but bustling and civil. He frequently devoted one of the best rooms in his house to large, roaring, singing parties—in which he took a decided lead, and kept it up till midnight.

begin by affirming, that, a more thoroughly competent, active, and honourable officer, for the situation which he occupies, his Majesty the King of Würtemberg does not possess in any nook, corner, or portion of his Suabian dominions. I will prove what I say at the point of—my pen. Yet more extraordinary intelligence. A “deed of note” has been performed; and, to make the mystery more mysterious, you are to know that I have paid my respects to the King, at his late levee; the first which has taken place since the accouchement of the Queen. And what should be the *object* of this courtly visit? Truly, nothing more or less than to agitate the question of possessing *two old editions of Virgil*, printed in the year 1471. But let me be methodical.

M. Le Bret answered my note in person. We had hardly exchanged the first civilities, ere he broke out in a sort of good-humoured tone of triumph, addressing me in the French language: “Well, Sir, you are come here to see *two editions of Virgil*, which your noble patron has long, but in vain, wanted to possess.” “That is very true” — quoth I — “but ere forty-eight hours shall have elapsed, his Lordship will have reason to consider them as his own.” “By my faith,” replied the Head Librarian, “you speak boldly.” “But openly, and honestly, I trust?” “Granted, granted: be only liberal in your proposals, and the thing is not to be despaired of” — was the rejoinder of M. Le Bret. I checked all demonstrations of inward satisfaction which this prompt and apparently hearty reply had excited. It was a breach gained in the outer walls; and it seemed that I had only to push on,

and carry the citadel by a vigorous assault. To drop all metaphor : When I parted from Lord S. on my “ Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour,” I was reminded by his Lordship of the second edition of the *Virgil* printed at Rome by *Sweynheym* and *Pannartz*, and of another edition, printed by *Adam*, in 1471, being both in the public library of this place:—but, rather with a desire, than any seriously-grounded hope, on his part, of possessing them. Now, when we were running down upon *Nancy*—as described in one of my more recent despatches *—I said to Mr. Lewis, on obtaining a view of what I supposed might be the Vosges, that, “ behind the Vosges was the *Rhine*, and on the other side of the Rhine was *Stuttgart* ; and it was at Stuttgart that I should play my first trump-card in the bibliographical pack which I carried about me.” But all this seemed mystery, or methodised madness, to my companion. However, I always bore his Lordship’s words in mind—and something as constantly told me, that I should gain possession of these long sought after treasures : but in fair and honourable combat :—such as beseemeth a true bibliographical Knight.

Having proposed to visit the public library on the morrow — and to renew the visit as often and as long as I pleased—I found, on my arrival, the worthy Head Librarian, seriously occupied in a careful estimate of the value of the *Virgils* in question — and holding up *Brunet’s Manuel du Libraire* in his right hand—“ Tenez, mon ami,” exclaimed he, “ vous voyez que

la seconde édition de Virgile, imprimée par vos amis Sweynheym et Pannartz, est encore plus rare que la première." I replied that "c'étoit la fantasie seule de l'auteur." However, he expressed himself ready to receive preliminaries, which would be submitted to the Minister of the Interior, and by him—to the King; for that the library was the exclusive property of his Majesty. It was agreed, in the first instance, that the amount of the pecuniary value of the two books should be given in modern books of our own country; and I must do M. Le Bret the justice to say, that, having agreed upon the probable pecuniary worth, he submitted a list of books, to be received in exchange, which did equal honour to his discernment and judgment. Our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Hamilton — who has always shewn me the most polite attention—volunteered his services as mediator upon the occasion: — and, in short, a plan was quickly digested to put the matter in train for the fiat of the King. As two or three days must necessarily elapse, before the wished-for consummation of the affair could take place, I went to work, in the interim, with making memoranda of a few of the more curious and early printed books in this immense farrago of volumes of all descriptions. Before however I enter upon these memoranda, I ought to say something about the outside, as well as the locale, of the building which contains them. The exterior of this building is repulsive on every account. It is frightful as to form, as well as unsafe as to condition. It looks as if the next high wind would level the whole with the market-place in which it is situated. Imagine two huge barns, placed one upon another,

without ornament or proportion—and you may hence form some notion of the exterior of the public library here. But it is due to the Government to state, that they meditate the erection of a new building—worthy, in every respect, of the treasures which it will contain: and I trust this will be speedily as well as effectually done. One half of the timber and brick work, which were devoted by the present King's father to the *royal stables*, would suffice for the Royal Library. Nor is the arrangement of the interior either pleasant or commodious. Each floor appears to groan beneath the weight of the shelves which contain the books; and in some parts, below, the shelves run in parallel lines, in the middle of the apartment, so as to form avenues, or *vistos* of books! On the first floor, the BIBLES are deposited; and a noble display they would make—were they placed against the walls, with a due portion of light upon the whole. On the upper floor, beneath a slanting roof — and presenting a most garret-like appearance — are volumes, of all sizes and descriptions, strewed upon the boards themselves. M. Le Bret heaved a heavy sigh as he shewed me this “rudis indigestaque moles” of the literature of all ages and nations.

I have said something about the *locale* of this Public Library, and of its being situated in the market-place. This market-place, or square, is in the centre of the town; and it is the only part, in the immediate vicinity of which the antiquarian's eye is cheered by a sight of the architecture of the sixteenth century. It is in this immediate vicinity, that the *Hôtel de Ville* is situated; a building, full of curious and inter-

esting relics of sculpture in wood and stone. Just before it, is a fountain of black marble, where the women come to fetch water, and the cattle to drink. Walking in a straight line with the front of the public library (which is at right angles with the Hôtel de Ville) you gain the best view of this Hotel, in conjunction with the open space, or market place, and of the churches in the distance. About this spot, Mr. Lewis fixed himself, with his pencil and paper in hand, and produced a drawing which it is barely possible for any artist to eclipse.* It has been—as well as the *Crucifix* sent with my last letter—the admiration of every one; and especially of the Countess of S * * * * and Lady B * * * P * * * *—who are resident here, and with whom I dined the other day. But to return to the Public Library.

You are to know therefore, that the public LIBRARY of STUTT GART contains, in the whole, about 130,000 volumes. Of these, there are not fewer than 8200 volumes relating to the SACRED TEXT: exclusively of duplicates. This library has been indeed long celebrated for

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. The building, to the right, is a portion of the *Public Library*; which may convey some notion of the homeliness of its exterior. The building to the left is the HÔTEL DE VILLE. The upper stories, or portions, of the *two churches* in the distance, are occupied by people who regularly live there. The corner of the street, running at right angles, just before the first church, contains a small stone statue of *St. Florian*—one of the most popular Saints of Germany—in the act, as usual, of extinguishing a house in flames with water poured from a bucket. I regretted that I did not bring away a drawing of this little spirited relic of the sculpture of the sixteenth century. The small turret of the Hotel de Ville is in the injured state in which Mr. L. has represented it.



London, Published by W. & A. G. Smith, 1841

J. Martin del.

HOTEL DE VILLE, AND MARKET PLACE,

STUTTGART.



its immense collection of *Bibles*. The late King of Würtemberg, but more particularly his father, was chiefly instrumental to this extraordinary biblical collection:—and yet, of the very earlier Latin impressions, they want the *Mazarine*, or the *Editio Princeps*; and the third volume of *Pfister's* edition. Indeed the first volume of their copy of the latter wants a leaf or two of prefatory matter. They have two copies of the first *German Bible*, by *Mentelin**—of which *one* should be disposed of, for the sake of contributing to the purchase of the earliest edition of the Latin series. Each copy is in the original binding; but they boast of having a *complete series of German Bibles* before the time of Luther; and of Luther's earliest impression of 1524, printed by Peypus, they have a fine copy UPON VELLUM, like that in the Althorp Library; but I think taller. Of Fust's Bible of 1462, there is but an indifferent and cropt copy, upon paper; but of the *Polish Bible* of 1563, there is a very fine one, in the first oaken binding. Yet the title is loose, and the leaves are in great want of being secured by rebinding. Of *English Bibles*, there is no

* In one of these copies is an undoubtedly coeval ms. memorandum, in red ink, thus: “*Explicit liber iste Anno domini Millesio quadringentesimo sexagesimosexto (1466) format^o arte imp̄ssoria p̄ venerabilem virū Johānē mentell in argentina,*” &c. I should add, that, previously to the words “*sexagesimosexto*” were those of *quīquagesimosexto*—which have been erased by the pen of the Scribe: but not so entirely as to be illegible. I am indebted to M. Le Bret for the information that this Bible by Mentelin is more ancient than the one, without date or place, &c. (see *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. i. p. 42, &c.) which has been usually considered to be anterior to it. M. Le Bret draws this conclusion from the comparative antiquity of the language of Mentelin's edition.

edition before that of 1541, of which the copy happens to be imperfect. They have a good large copy, in the original binding, of the Slavonian Bible of 1581. Yet let me not dismiss this series of earlier Bibles, printed in different languages, without noticing the copies of *Italian versions* of August and October 1471. Of the *August* impression, there is unluckily only the second volume; but such *another* second volume will not probably be found in any public or private library in Europe. It is just as if it had come fresh from the press of *Vindelin de Spira*, its printer. Some of the capital letters are illuminated in the sweetest manner possible. The leaves are white, unstained, and crackling; and the binding is of wood. They must despair of ever finding its fellow-volume in the like condition. Of the *October* impression, the copy is unequal: that is to say, the first volume is cruelly cut, but the second is fine and tall. It is in blue morocco binding. I must however add, in this biblical department, that they possess a copy of our *Walton's Polyglott* with the ORIGINAL DEDICATION to King Charles II.; of the extreme rarity of which M. Le Bret was ignorant.*

I now come to the CLASSICS. Of course the *two Virgil's* of 1471 were the first objects of my examination. They lay upon a sort of window-seat, upon their sides, quite detached—as if they had been the most indifferent books in the collection. The *Roman* edition was badly bound in red morocco; that

* This was the *second* copy, with the same original piece, which I had seen abroad; that in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris being the first. I have omitted to notice this, in my account of that Library, vol. ii. p. 323, &c.

of *Adam* was in its original binding of wood. When I opened the *latter*—(for a thorough-bred book-sportsman always flies at wooden, in preference to morocco, exteriors) it was impossible to conceal my gratification.—I turned to M. Le Bret, and then to the book—and to the Head Librarian, and to the book again and again—in alternate succession. “How now, Mons. Le Bibliographe?” (exclaimed the professor—for M. Le Bret is a Professor of belles-lettres), “I observe that you are perfectly enchanted with what is before you?” There was no denying the truth of the remark—and I could plainly discern that the worthy Head Librarian was secretly enjoying the attestations of my transport. “The more I look at these two volumes (replied I, very leisurely and gravely,) the more I am persuaded that they will become the property of Lord Spencer.” M. Le Bret laughed aloud at the strangeness of this reply. I proceeded to take a particular account of them; but as I have already described a copy of the Roman impression, in the royal library at Paris,* it is not necessary to trouble you with a repetition of a description of the same edition. The copy here, is sound, perfect, and clean; but can bear no comparison with that of the edition of Adam. As to this latter, it is printed in a handsome, round, and legible roman type, having 39 lines to a full page. It is without numerals, signatures, or catchwords; but I have numbered every leaf on the recto, and find that the *Bucolics* occupy the first 10 leaves, the *Georgics* beginning on the reverse of the 11th, and ending on the recto of the 40th. The *Æneid* succeeds; and the XIIth book ends on the

* See vol. ii. p. 269.

recto of the 170th leaf. The XIIIth book of the *Æneid* closes the volume, on the recto of the 179th and last leaf—without the *Priapeia*. Beneath the last line of the xiiiith book, is the date of M.CCCC.LXXI, and a colophon of ten hexameter verses. I transcribe the two last for you, which supply the name of the printer :

Nos igitur peperit patrem qui nomīe primum
Rettulit alter adam : formis quos pressit ahenis :*

Here is an imperfect copy of an edition of *TERENCE*, by *Reisinger*, in folio ; having only 130 leaves, and twenty-two lines in a full page.† It is the first and only copy of this edition which I ever saw ; and I am much deceived if it be exceeded by any edition of the same author in *rarity* : and when I say this, I am not unmindful of the *Editio Princeps* of it by *Mentelin*—which happens not to be here. There is, however, a beautifully white copy of this latter printer's *editio princeps* of *VALERIUS MAXIMUS* ; but not so tall as the largest of the two copies of this same edition which I saw at Strasbourg.‡ Of the *OFFICES* OF *CICERO*, of 1466, there is rather a fine tall copy (within a quarter of an inch of ten inches high) UPON VELLUM ; in the original wooden binding. The first two or three leaves have undergone a little martyrdom, by being scribbled upon. Of *J. de Spira's* edition of the *Epistles* of *Cicero*, of 1469 — having the colophon on the recto of

* This edition is fully described in the *Aed. Althorp*. vol. ii. p. 287-9.

† Lord Spencer has recently obtained a perfect copy of this most rare edition—by the purchase of the library of the Duke di Cassano, at Naples.

‡ See page 66, ante.

the last leaf—here is a fine, broad-margined copy, which however ought to be cleansed from the stains which disfigure it. I was grieved to see so indifferent a copy of the Edit. Prin. of TACITUS; but rejoiced at beholding so large and beautiful a one (in its original wooden binding) of the LUCAN of 1475, with the Commentary of Omnibonus; printed, as I conceive, by *I. de Colonia* and *M. de Gherretzem*.*

I must here mention a very valuable philological volume, in 4to. containing sundry grammatical disquisitions—as Datti *Elegantiolæ*: Laurentius de Valla, *de aspiratione, diphthongo, &c.*: and F. Maturatius “*de compositione versus Hexametri et Pentametri*.” Two other similar tracts ensue: one is entitled “*Elegantiarum viginti precepta*,” — and the other Omnibonus Leonicens, “*de arte metricâ*.” Of these two latter, the first is printed in a gothic type, perhaps of the date of 1490; and the latter, in a clumsy, inelegant, and loosely printed roman character. The tract of Dattus is printed by Martinus de Septem Arboribus, and to that of L. de Valla, there is no name of printer, place, or date subjoined: but it is clearly printed at Milan, Parma, or Venice. All these tracts are executed upon a thick, white paper, and their condition is most desirable. Of publications of this character, here is one, with which I cannot claim any previous acquaintance, but of which the author was a canon or precentor of the church of Tournay. It is entitled “*Repertorium Vocabulorum e[x]quisitorum oratorie poes' et historiarum &c. editum a doct. l̄rarum amatore Mag. conrado turi-*

* A very particular description of this rare edition will be found in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. ii. p. 141.

cens' ecclesie cantore. Et opletum anno domini m^o. cclxxiij." From the verses below this title,* we gather that *Bertoldus* printed the book at *Basle*. This book is executed in a gothic type, like that of Schoeffher in the Mentz Bible of 1462, and in the Jerom of 1470. It is a folio volume, in its original wooden binding.

Here is a Latin version of *Æsop*, printed by *V. de Villa* at Rome, in 1475, 4to. The volume which contains it has a few more tracts; among which is a beautiful copy of *Leonard Aretin* "*de Studiis & Litteris*," printed, apparently by Laver, at least not before the

* *the verses below the title.*]—They are these—on the reverse of the first leaf:

Vnde liber venerit presens si forte requiras
 Quid ve novi referat perlege quod sequitur
Bertoldus nitide huc impresserat in *basilea*
 Vtq; adeat doctos protinus ille iubet
 Ille quid abstrusum si diua poemata seruant
 Exponit. lector ingeniose scies
 Quid lacium teueri dignum quid *greca* gessit
 Preterea magnus que videt oceanus. (*sic*)
 Si libet interdum raris gaudere libellis
 Disperiam si non hic liber vnus erit.

Should it be inferred, from the last couplet, that the printer struck off but few copies? Perhaps the reader may desire a more particular description of this volume than is above given. Six leaves of prose follow these verses; but, between the fourth and fifth leaves, in this copy, there are two blank leaves. On the reverse of folio 6, begins some poetry under the following title:

Hic incipit genealogia super fabulas auctorum.

Thirteen pages: again two blank leaves in the middle of this tract. Then the Vocabulary, in alphabetical order. At the end: "*Deo Gracias.*"

year 1477; as that is the date of a preliminary epistle, by Antonius Fortunatus, to Andreas Ricasulanus — ending thus: “*Vale mi iocūdissime Andrea, et me semp[er] ama.*” I noticed another Latin edition of *Æsop*, without date, which is printed in a large, handsome, secretary gothic letter, and has several wood cuts, which appear to be very much in the style and spirit of those in I. Zeiner’s edition of Boccacio, *De Mulieribus Clarissimis*, printed at Ulm in 1473.* This edition, which is accompanied by other moral pieces, concludes on the reverse of q ten, in eights. Let me also just notice a marvellously fine copy of the *Disputationes De Saxoferrato* — in which are also the “*Aureæ Questiones*” printed by *Vindelin de Spira*, in 1472, folio. This copy is in its first binding of wood. Nor must I omit to mention as fine a book, in every particular — although of less portly dimensions — namely, “*Anthonii de Butrio Consilia*,” printed by that rare artist *Adam Rot*, in 1472, folio. This printer styles himself in the colophon “*Adā Rot Meten. dioċ clericus*” — “a clerk of the diocese of Metz.” But I had nearly forgotten to acquaint you with a remarkably fine, thick-leaved, crackling copy — yet perhaps somewhat cropt — of Cardinal Bessarion’s Epistles, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz at Rome in 1469. It is in old gilt edges, in a sort of binding of wood.

I now come to the notice of a few choice and rare *Italian books*: and first, for DANTE. Here is probably the rarest of all the earlier editions of this poet:

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iv. p. 580: in which account of the above work, there are fac-similes of some of the cuts.

that is to say, the edition *printed at Naples by Tuppo*, in two columns, having forty-two lines in a full column. At the end of the *Inferno*, we read “Gloria in excelsis Deo,” in the gothic letter; the text being uniformly roman. At the end of the *Purgatorio*:

SOLI DEO GLORIA.
Erubescat Iudeus Infelix.

At the end of the *Paradiso*: DEO GRATIAS—followed by Tuppo’s address to Honofrius Carazolus of Naples. A register is on the recto of the following and last leaf. This copy is large, but in a dreadfully loose, shattered, and dingy state—in the original wooden binding. So precious an edition should be instantly rebound—in morocco. Here is the Dante of 1478, with the *Commentary of Guido Terzago, printed at Milan in 1478, folio*. The text of the poet is in a fine, round, and legible roman type—that of the commentator, in a small and disagreeable gothic character. The colophon, in four lines, is at the end of Dante’s creed, and his notices of the seven Sacraments, Ten Commandments, &c.* This copy is wormed towards the end, but is in other respects sound and desirable. In modern binding.

* The colophon runs thus: “DIVA . BO . MA. cum dulcinato . IO . GZ . ducibus feliciss. ligurie ualida pace regnantibus. operi egregio manum supremam . LVD . & ALBER . pedemontani amico Ioue imposuerunt . Mediolani urbe illustri. Anno gratie . MCCCC LXXVIII. V. ID. F.

MP. N. N. CVM. GV. T. FA. CV.”

Who these natives of Piedmont, Lud. and Alber—who appear to have printed at Milan—were, I have at present no recollection.

PETRARCH shall follow. The rarest edition of him, which I have been able to put my hand upon, is that *printed at Bologna* in 1476, with the commentary of Franciscus Philelphus. Each sonnet is followed by its particular comment. The type is a small roman, not very unlike the smallest of Ulric Han, or Reisinger's usual type, and a full page contains forty-one lines. After the 108th Sonnet, is an address of Nicolaus Thomasoleus to Luphus Numaius—in which this commentary, and the general talents of Philelphus, are much praised. The address itself is full of grateful affection towards Numaius; who, it appears, had been very kind to the writer—"variis casibus iactatus." It concludes thus. "Vale mea spes: & si te his delectari intellexero: mox maiora expecta." On the reverse of this address is a register, in double columns, followed by the colophon, thus:

Imp̄ssuꝝ bononiæ āno dñi
M.cccc.lxxvi. ad instātiā
& petitioneꝝ Sigismundi
de libris.

With the exception of the bottom margin, at the commencement of this volume, — which is somewhat milked—this is a most desirable copy. The paper is of a creamy, rather than white tint. It is in its first binding of wood; but the last leaf, containing the colophon, is loose. This should be instantly rectified.

Of BOCCACCIO, here is *no Valdarfer* of 1471, nor *Adam de Michaelibus* of 1472; nor, in short, any thing that I could observe particularly worthy of description, save the very rare edition of the *Nimphale*

of 1477, printed by *Bruno Valla of Piedmont*, and *Thomaso of Alexandria*. A full page has thirty-two lines. The signatures run thus : *a* 8 : (including a blank leaf) *b* to *f*, inclusively, in eights : *g* 6 ; and *h* 5 leaves — on the recto of the fifth of which is the colophon. This is a desirable, sound copy, in parchment binding.*

I shall conclude the account of the rarer books, which it was my chance to examine in the Public Library of Stuttgart, with what ought perhaps, more correctly, to have formed the earliest articles in this partial catalogue :—I mean, the BLOCK BOOKS. Here is a remarkably beautiful, and uncoloured copy, of the first Latin edition of the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*. It has been bound—although it be now unbound, and has been unmercifully cut. As far as I can trust to my memory, the impressions of the cuts in this copy are sharper and clearer than any which I have seen. Of the *Apocalypse*, there is a copy of the second edition, wanting a leaf. It is sound and clean, but coloured and cut. Unbound, but formerly bound. Here is a late German edition of the *Ars Moriendi*, having thirty-four lines on the first page. Of the *Historia Beatæ Virginis*, here is a copy of what I should consider to be the second Latin edition ; precisely like a German edition of the *Biblia Pauperum*, with the express date of 1470,—which is also here. The similarity is in the style of art and character

* On the outside of the binding is the following written memorandum : “ *Il faut bien se donner de garde de confondre ce nimphale avec le nimphale d’Ameto comme a fait M. Debure. Ce sont deux ouvrages tout à fait différens. J’ai l’un & l’autre.*”

of the type, which latter has much of a *Bamberg* cast about it. But of the *Latin Biblia Pauperum* here is a copy of the first edition, very imperfect, and in wretched condition. And thus much, or rather thus little, for BLOCK BOOKS.

A word or two now for the MANUSCRIPTS — which, indeed, according to the order usually observed in these Letters, should have preceded the description of the printed books. The deviation here is not of very material consequence, as the account of these MSS. must be necessarily brief, and probably somewhat superficial. Yet are those, here to be described, well deserving the attention of the curious, if it be only on account of their antiquity. I will begin with a *Psalter*, in small folio, which I should have almost the hardihood to pronounce of the *tenth* — but certainly of the early part of the *eleventh*—century. The text is executed in lower-case roman letters, large, round, and similar to those of *St. Guthlac's Missal* in the Public Library at Rouen.* It abounds with illuminations, of about two inches in height, and six in length—running horizontally, and embedded as it were in the text. The figures are, therefore, necessarily small. Most of these illuminations have a greenish back-ground : in some few, it is purple. The armour is generally in the Roman fashion : the helmets being of a low conical form, and the shields having a large knob in the centre. The *decapitation of Goliah* is singularly curious. The Giant has scale armour ; and David performs the office of executioner with a pair of hands scarcely able

* See vol. i. p. 165-6, &c.

to lift the sword with which the deed is in part being performed. The whole ornaments have a prodigiously rude aspect ; but the embellishment, which would embody the sublime idea of the Almighty's " spreading out the heavens like a garment," is really magnificent in its conception, although feeble in its execution. This curious MS. is in a pretty sound, but tobacco-tinted, condition.

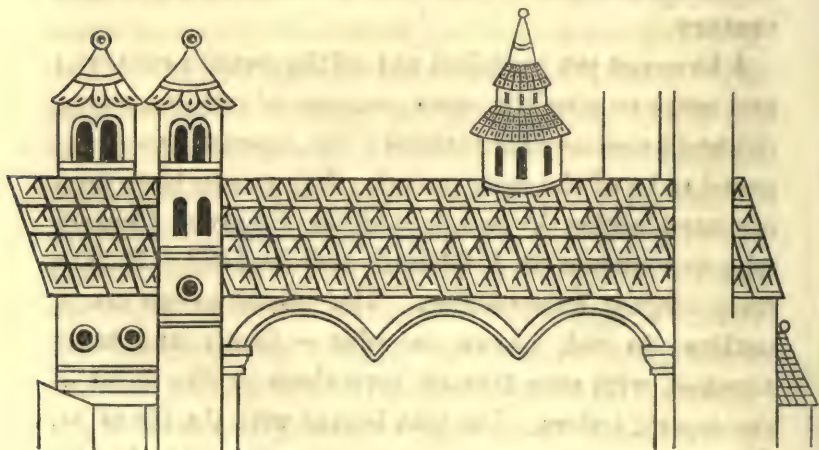
Next comes an *Evangelistarium* "seculo undecimo aut circa annum 1100 : — pertinuit ad Monasterium Gengensbachense in Germania, ut legitur in margine primi folii." The preceding memorandum is written at the beginning of the volume, but the inscription to which it alludes has been partly destroyed — owing to the tools of a modern book-binder. The scription of this old MS. is in a thick, lower case, roman letter. The illuminations are interesting : especially that of the Scribe, at the beginning, who is represented in a white and delicately ornamented gown, or roquelaure, with gold, red, and blue borders, and a broad black border at bottom. The robe should seem to be a monastic garment : but the figure is probably that of St. Jerom. It is standing before an opened book. The head is shaved at top ; an azure glory is round the head. The back-ground of the whole is gold, with an arabesque border. I wish I could have spared time to make a fac-simile of it. There are also figures of the four Evangelists, in the usual style of art of this period ; the whole in fine preservation. The capital initials are capricious, but tasteful. We observe birds, beasts, dragons, &c. coiled up in a variety of whimsical forms. The L. at the beginning of the "Liber Generationis,"

is, as usual in highly executed works of art of this period, peculiarly elaborate and striking.

A *Psalter*, of probably a century later, next claims our attention. It is a small folio, executed in a large, bold, gothic character. The illuminations are entirely confined to the capital initials, which represent some very grotesque, and yet picturesque grouping of animals and human figures—all in a state of perfect preservation. The gold back-grounds are not much raised, but of a beautiful lustre. It is apparently imperfect at the end. The *binding* merits distinct notice. In the centre of one of the outside covers, is a figure of the Almighty, sitting; in that of the other, are the Virgin and Infant Christ, also sitting. Each subject is an illumination of the time of those in the volume itself; and each is surrounded by pencil-coloured ornaments, divided into squares, by pieces of tin, or lead soldered. A sheet of *horn* is placed over the whole of the exterior cover, to protect it from injury. This binding is uncommon, but I should apprehend it to be not earlier than the very commencement of the xvth century.

I have not yet travelled out of the twelfth century; and mean to give you some account of rather a splendid and precious MS. entitled *Vitæ Sanctorum* — supposed to be of the same period. It is said to have been executed under the auspices of the *Emperor Conrad*, who was chosen in 1169 and died in 1193. It is a truly elegant folio volume. The illuminations are in outline; in red, brown, or blue — firmly and truly touched, with very fanciful inventions in the forms of the capital letters. The text begins with the life of *St. Udalricus*, and ends with that of *St. Benedict*. It also

contains the life of the virgin and martyr *St. Odilia*, and *St. Willibrod* ; but I find no mention made of *St. Thomas a Becket*. Hence I conjecture its date to be of a period before the assassination of the English Archbishop. The initial letter prefixed to the account of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, is abundantly clever and whimsical ; while that prefixed to the Life of *St. Aurelius* has even an imposing air of magnificence, and is the most important in the volume. There is also a Life of *St. Remigius*. Yet I ought not to pass slightly over the embellishment which is prefixed to the Life of *St. Verena*. It is a female figure, with a pot or vessel in her left hand, and a ball in her right. The figure preceding the Life of *St. Egidius*, is much in the same style as has been given to the public from a MS. of *St. Paul's Epistles* in the library of Christ Church, Oxford.* At the end of the Life of *St. Magnus*, as well as before and after, there is a specimen of the architecture of the times. I had no tracing paper, and could therefore only copy it so as to give you a general idea of the structure of the roof—which was thus :



* *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. cvii.-viii.

The four parallel perpendicular lines terminate in spire-crowned towers. The small roof, at the right end, covers what I conceive to represent the Chapel of our Lady. The tiles, upon the roof of the nave and of the central tower, remind me somewhat of those upon the churches in Normandy. I should add that the text of this MS. is pretty much in the same character as that of the second article (or Evangelistarium) described in this list. The worthy Head Librarian has promised his aid to obtain the loan of this most curious MS. (numbered 58) for our excellent good friend E——P.

Here is a curious *History of the Bible, in German verse*, as I learn, by Rudolph, Count of Hohen Embs. Whether “curious” or not, I cannot tell; but I can affirm that, since opening the famous MS. of the Roman d’Alexandre, at Oxford, I have not met with a finer, or more genuine MS. than the present. It is a noble folio volume; highly, although in many places coarsely, adorned. The text is executed in a square, stiff, German letter, in double columns; and the work was written (as M. Le Bret informed me, and as warranted by the contents) “in obedience to the orders of the Emperor Conrad, son of the Emperor Frederick II: the greater part of it being composed after the chronicle of Geoffrey de Viterbe.” To specify the illuminations would be an endless task. The female figures round the border of the first page, are contrived to group very gracefully with the other ornaments, which are in the shape of leaves: there are some however of extreme rudeness — as that of *Esau hunting*,—but more especially that of *Samson slaying the Philistines* with the jaw-bone of an ass—which is at once gro-

tesque, bloody, and terrific. I know not, however, whether the last illumination but one, (on the last leaf but four) of *Elisha receiving the mantle of Elijah*, have not rather a grand and even sublime effect. The manner of managing the horses, which are faintly shaded, and galloping upon a red ground, studded with golden stars—while the charioteer of Elijah is applying the lash to their sides—justifies something like the foregoing inference. At the end of the MS. are the following colophonic verses :

Uf den fridag was sts Brictius
 Do nam diz buch ende alsus
 Nach godis geburten dusint jar
 Dar zu ccc dni vñ achtzig als eyn har.

the “ccc” are interlined, in red ink: but the whole inscription implies that the book was finished in 1381, on Friday, the day of St. Brictius. It follows therefore that it could not have been written during the life-time of Conrad IV. who was elected Emperor in 1250. This interesting MS. is in a most desirable condition.

There are two or three *Missals* deserving only of brief notice. One, of the xivth century, is executed in large gothic letter; having an exceedingly vivid and fresh illumination of a crucifixion, but in bad taste, opposite the well-known passage of “Te igitur clementissime,” &c. It is bound in red satin. Two missals of the xvth century—of which one presents only a few interesting prints connected with art. It is ornamented in a sort of bistre outline, preparatory to colouring—of which numerous examples may be seen in the Breviary of the Duke of Bedford in the Royal

Library at Paris.* But let me not omit distinctly to notice the *Flight into Egypt*, and the *Murder of the Innocents*—forming one picture—and very tenderly and skilfully managed. In the illumination of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, the gilt glories only are inserted, which may prove that the illuminators worked their colouring up to the gold. I examined half a dozen more Missals, which the kind activity of M. Le Bret had placed before me, and among them found nothing deserving of particular observation, — except a thick, short, octavo volume, in the German language, with characteristic and rather clever embellishments; especially in the borders.

The following demands a more minute examination. It is a folio volume entitled “*La Vie, Mort, et Miracles de St. Jerome.*” The first page of this MS. has rather an uncommon inscription,* which is executed in a large gothic character, of twice the size of the text. The first large illumination, which is prettily composed, is unluckily much injured in some parts. It represents the author kneeling, with his cap in his right hand, and a book bound in black, with gold clasps and knobs, in the other. A lady appears to receive this presentation-volume very graciously; but unfor-

* See vol. ii. p. 176.

† *an uncommon inscription.*) “Cy dessoubz est lintitulatiō de ce pñt liure. Sensuit la vie mort et miracles de Mons^r sainet hierosme Translatee et redigee de latin en francoys A la req̄ste dune bonne et noble dame. Et est vne euure singuliere et ml^t deuotieuse Car il est escript en sa vie que de iiij.^{xx}xvj ans q̄l vesquit il ne mengea que deux foys chose qui fust cuyte. Et ne print po^r. son lic^t aultre giste q̄ la terre. Et si na point estre imprime led^r liure.” It is probably therefore a curiosity of its kind.

unately her countenance is obliterated. Two female attendants are behind her: the whole, especially the author's patroness, being very gracefully composed. Beneath is the subjoined "Rondeau."*

The arms, at bottom, as well as on the sides are, quarterly, on a lozenge, 1st. argent; 2d. barry or and azure; 3d. gules; 4th. azure, three fleur de lis or. There are several large illuminations, but they have neither interest nor merit. The death of St. Jerom may however form an exception; for it contains some arabesque ornaments in the side borders, and which I had supposed not to have been used before the time of Francis the First. I take this MS. to be of the end of the xvth. century. There is a most desirable MS. of the *Roman de la Rose*—of the end of the xivth century; in double columns; with some of the illuminations, about two inches square, very sweet and interesting. That, on the recto of folio xiiij, is quite charming. The "testament" of the author, J. de Meun, follows; quietly decorated, within flowered borders. The last illumination but one, of our Saviour sitting upon a rainbow, is very singular. This MS. is in its old binding of wood.

A few *miscellaneous articles* may be here briefly noticed. First: a German metrical version of the Game of Chess, moralized, called *Der Schachzabel*. This is an extraordinary, and highly illuminated MS. upon paper; written in a sort of secretary gothic hand, in short rhyming verse, as I conceive about the year 1400, or 1450. The embellishments are large and droll,

* *subjoined rondeau.*]—Noble dame qui desirez scavoir

Combien de temps vertu faict les gens viure

Je vous suppli prenez en gre ce liure

Ou vous pourrez bonne doctrine voir.

and in several of them we distinguish that thick, and shining, but cracked coat of paint which is upon the old print of St. Bridget, in Lord Spencer's collection.* Among the more striking illuminations is the *Knight* on horseback, in silver armour, about nine inches high—a fine showy fellow ! His horse has silver plates over his head. Many of the pieces in the game are represented in a highly interesting manner, and the whole is invaluable to the antiquary. This MS. is in boards. Second : a German version of *Maundeville*, of the date of 1471, with curious, large, and grotesque illuminations, of the coarsest execution. It is written in double columns, in a secretary gothic hand, upon paper. The heads of the Polypheme tribe are ludicrously horrible. Third :—*Herren Duke of Brunswick*, or the *Chevalier au Lion*,—a MS. relating to this hero, of the date of 1470. A lion accompanies him everywhere. Among the embellishments, there is a good one of this animal leaping upon a tomb and licking it—as containing the mortal remains of his master. Fourth : a series of German stanzas, sung by birds, each bird being represented, in outline, before the stanza appropriated to it. In the whole, only three leaves.

The “last and not least” of the MSS. in the PUBLIC LIBRARY OF STUTTGART, which I deem it worthy to mention, is an highly illuminated one of *St. Austin upon the Psalms*. This was the *first* book which I remembered to have seen, upon the continent, from the library of the famous *Corvinus King of Hungary*, about which certain pages have discoursed largely.

* See *Ottley's History of Engraving*, vol. i. p. 86 ; where a fac-simile of this cut is given---which, in the large paper copies, is coloured.

But it was also an absolutely beautiful book—exhibiting one of the finest specimens of art of the latter end of the xvth century. This MS. contains the exposition of St. Austin as far as the 57th psalm—as we learn from the following inscription “*Hoc volumen continet Expositionem S. Augustini in Psalmos David: a primo usque in LVII.*” This inscription, which is on the reverse of the first leaf, is executed in capital letters of gold, upon an ultramarine ground, within circular borders of green, surrounded by a beautiful ornamental border of flowers—after nature. This first leaf is unfortunately, and I fear irreparably, crumpled in the middle. The commentary of the Saint begins on the recto of the ensuing leaf, within such a rich, lovely, and exquisitely executed border—as almost made me forget the embellishments in the *Sforziada* in the Royal Library of France—and eke that belonging to Mr. G. Hibbert.* Note well—I say, *almost*. But for the border in question—it is a union of pearls and arabesque ornaments quite standing out of the background . . which latter is laid on like velvet. The arms, below, are within a double border of pearls, each pair of pearls being within a gold circle upon an ultramarine ground. The heads and figures have not escaped injury, but other portions of this magical illumination have been rubbed or are partly obliterated.

A ms. note, prefixed by M. Le Bret, informs us, in the opinion of its writer, that this illumination was the work of one “*Actavantes de Actavantibus of Florence*,—who lived towards the end of the xvth century,” and who really seems to have done a great deal for Cor-

* See vol. ii. p. 290; and *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 176.

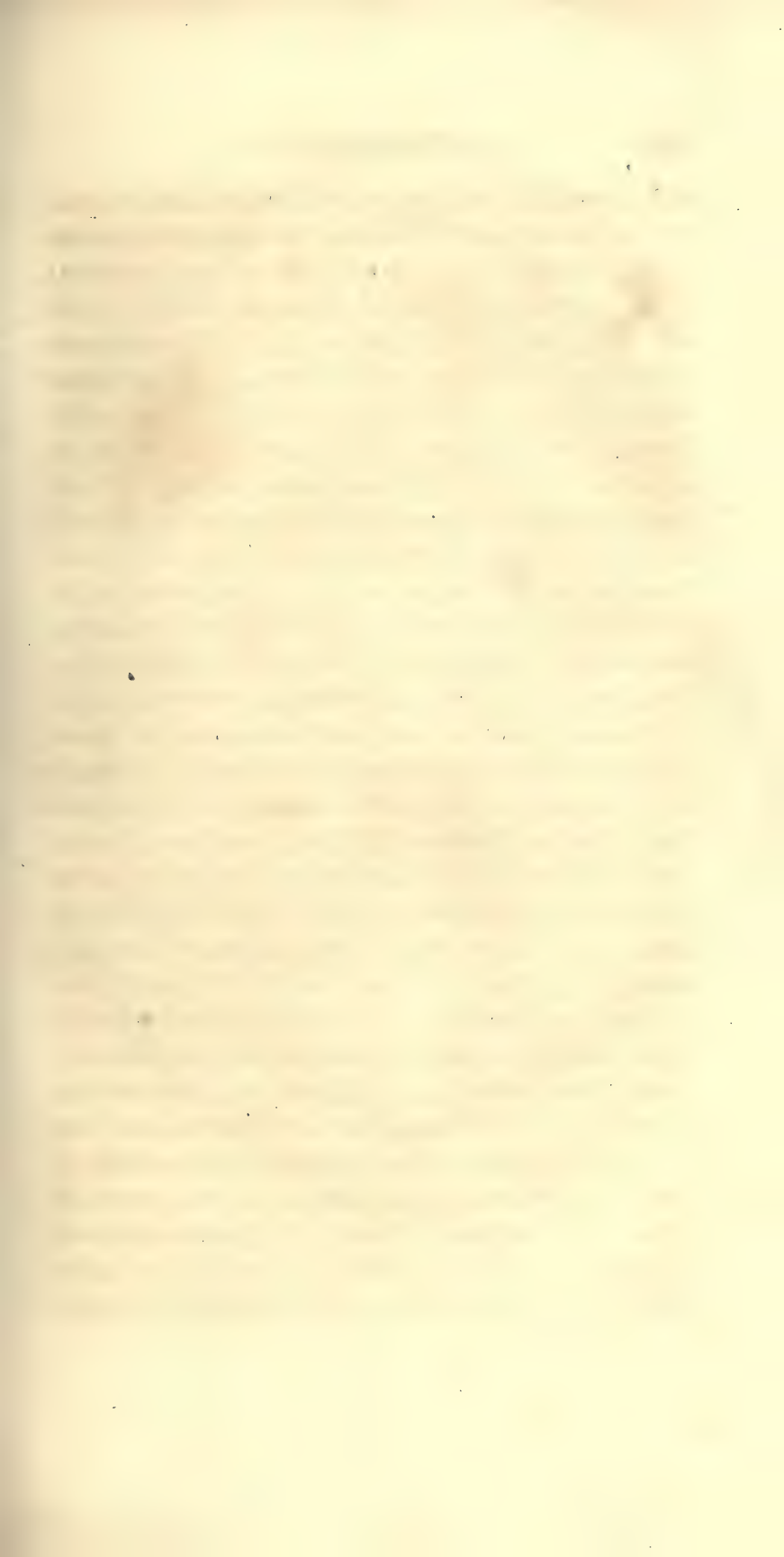
vinus. The initial letters, throughout this volume, delicately cross-barred in gold, with little flowers and arabesques, &c. precisely resemble those in the MS. of Mr. Hibbert above alluded to. Such a white, snowy page, as the one just in part described, can scarcely be imagined by the uninitiated in ancient illuminated MSS. The binding, in boards covered with leather, has the original ornaments, of the time of Corvinus, but is now much faded. The fore-edges of the leaves preserve their former gilt-stamped ornaments. Upon the whole—an almost matchless book!

Such, my good friend, are the treasures, both in MS. and in print, which a couple of morning's application, in the PUBLIC LIBRARY of Stuttgart, have enabled me to bring forward for your notice. I am well persuaded that the catalogue of these treasures might have been satisfactorily increased by the application of another morning or two: but I thought it better to select the foregoing than to observe a total silence—and what I here send you, should be considered only in the light of a provocative to further research. It will be all *new matter* to yourself and friends. A word or two, now, for the treasures of the ROYAL LIBRARY, and then for a little respite.

The Library of his Majesty is in one of the side wings, or rather appurtenances, of the Palace: to the right, on looking at the front. It is on the first floor—where *all* libraries should be placed—and consists of a circular and a parallelogram-shaped room: divided by a screen of Ionic pillars. A similar screen is also at the further end of the latter room. The circular apartment has a very elegant appearance, and contains

some beautiful books, chiefly of modern art. A round table is in the centre, covered with fine cloth, and the sides and pillars of the screen are painted wholly in white—as well as the room connected with it. A gallery goes along the latter, or parallelogram-shaped apartment; and there are, in the centre, two rows of book-cases, very tall, and completely filled with books. These, as well as the book-cases along the sides, are painted white. An elaborately painted ceiling, chiefly composed of human figures, forms the graphic ornament of the long library; but, unluckily, the central book-cases are so high as to cover a great portion of the painting—viewed almost in any direction. At the further end of the long library, facing the circular extremity, is a bust of the late King of Würtemberg, by Dannecker. It bears so strong a resemblance to that of our own venerable monarch, that I had considered it to be a representation of him—out of compliment to the Dowager Queen of Würtemberg, his daughter. The ceiling of this Library is undoubtedly too low for its length. But the circular extremity has something in it exceedingly attractive, and inviting to study.

Now for a brief notice of some of the contents of this SAME ROYAL LIBRARY. I shall correct the error committed in the account of the contents of the Public Library, by commencing here with the MANUSCRIPTS in preference to the Printed Books. These MSS. are by no means numerous, and are perhaps rather curious than intrinsically valuable. I shall begin with an account of a *Prayer-Book, or Psalter*, in a quarto form, undoubtedly of the latter end of the xiith cen-



tury. Its state of preservation, both for illumination and scription, is exquisite. It appears to have been expressly executed for Herman, and Sophia his wife, King and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia—who lived at the latter end of the twelfth century. The names of these royal patrons and owners of the volume are introduced at the end of the volume, in a sort of litany: accompanied with embellishments of the Mother of Christ, Saints and Martyrs, &c.: as thus: “*Sophia Regina Vngariæ, Regina Bohemiæ*”—“*Herman Lantgravius Turingie, Rex Vngariæ, Rex Bohemiæ.*” In the Litany, we read (of the *latter*) in the address to the Deity, “*Vt famulū tuū HERMANNŪ in tua misericordia confidentē confortare et regere digner:*” so that there is no doubt about the age of the MS. In the representations of the episcopal dresses, the tops of the mitres are depressed—another confirmation of the date of the book.

One prevailing and distinguishing feature in the illuminations, is, the countenance of the Almighty. It is pretty nearly the same in every representation of it. To give you a completely faithful notion of the cast or character of expression in this countenance, I transmit you a fac-simile, of *the Trinity** just executed by Mr. Lewis—in which the countenance of the Father is precisely the same as is every where observable; and from which we may infer that the complete series of illuminations was executed by one and the same artist. The draperies are red and blue: the background is gold, bright and unsullied; the whole being

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. The original occurs just before the list of the Saints at the end.

surrounded by a rainbow-coloured oval. This, as well as almost every other specimen of art, contained within the volume, is as fresh, vivid, and perfect, as if it had been but just executed by the illuminator. The initial letters, and especially the B before the Psalms, are at once elegant and elaborate. Among the subjects described, the *Descent into Hell*, or rather the Place of Torment, is singularly striking and extraordinary. The text of the ms. is written in a large bold gothic letter. This volume has been recently bound in red morocco, and cruelly cut in the binding.

Of course, here are some specimens of illuminated *Hours*, both in manuscript and print. In the former, I must make you acquainted with a truly beautiful volume, upon the fly leaf of which we read as follows: "I 3 F, RT, 1o *Fortitudo Eius Rhodum tenuit Amadeus Graffo Sauoia.*" Below, "*Biblioth: Sem: Mergerth:*" then, a long German note, of which I understood not one word, and as M. Le Bret was not near me, I could not obtain the solution of it. But although I do not understand one word of this note, I do understand that this is one of the very prettiest, and most singularly illuminated Missals, which any library can possess: broad margins—vellum, white as snow in colour, and soft as Lyonesse vellum in touch! The text is written in a tall, close, gothic character—between, as I should conceive, the years 1460 and 1480. The *drolleries* are delightfully introduced and executed. The initial letters are large and singular; the subject being executed within compartments of gothic architecture. The figures, of which these subjects are composed, are very small; generally darkly shaded, and

highly relieved. They are very numerous. Of these initial letters, the fifth to the ninth, inclusively, are very striking: the sixth being the most curious, and the ninth the most elaborate. I should add, that, on the page opposite the beginning of the Calendar of Saints, &c. there is an ancient illumination of the word *fe. rct* with a cherub's face in the interval of the second and third letters. Below, are the arms of a former owner, supported by lions rampant: but there is another heraldic embellishment, below the illumination of the Crucifixion, with greyhound supporters. The binding of this volume seems to be of the sixteenth century. This is as it should be.

But, more precious than either, or than both, or than three times as many of the preceding illuminated volumes — in the estimation of our friend * * * would be a MS. of which the title runs thus: “ *Libri Duo de Vitâ S. WILLIBROORDI Archiepiscopi autore humili de vita ALCUIN cum prefat. ad Beonradum Archiepiscopum. Liber secundus metricè scriptus est.*” * Then an old inscription, thus: “ *Althwinus de vita Willibrordi Epi.*” There can be no doubt of this MS. being at

* The prologue of this metrical life begins thus:

*Ecce tuis parui uotis uenerande sacerdos
Cor quia de v̄ro feruet amore mihi
Pontificis magni wilbroodi et psulis almus
Recurrrens titulis inclyta gesta tuis
Sit lux inferior strepitant cum murmure rauco
illius egregi⁹ sermo meus meritis*

This life consists of only 11 leaves, having 23 verses in a full page. It is printed in the *Lect. Antiq. of Canisius*, vol. ii. p. 463; and the prose life is printed by *Surius and by Mabillon*.

least as old as the eleventh century. It is written in double columns, in old lower-case roman letters, with very rude capital initials. The binding is in wood covered with parchment: the old title of "*Althwin's de uita.*" &c. being pasted on the outside. So much for the MSS. — which appeared to me to be deserving of particular inspection, either on the score of art or of antiquity.

The PRINTED BOOKS—at least the account of such as seemed to demand a more particular examination, will not occupy a very great share of your attention. I will begin with a pretty little VELLUM COPY of the well-known *Hortulus Animæ*, of the date of 1498, in 12mo., printed by *Wilhelmus Schaffener de Ropperswiler*, at *Strasbourg*. The vellum is excellent; and the wood cuts, rather plentifully sprinkled through the volume, happen fortunately to be well-coloured. This copy appears to have come from the "*Weingarth Monastery*," with the date of 1617 upon it—as that of its having been then purchased for the monastery. It is in its original wooden binding: wanting repair. Here are a few *Roman Classics*, which are more choice than those in the Public Library: as *Reisinger's Suetonius*, in 4to, but cropt, and half bound in red morocco, with yellow sprinkled edges to the leaves—a woful specimen of the general style of binding in this library. *Lucretius*, 1486: *Manilius*, 1474: both in one volume, bound in wood—and sound and desirable copies. *Eutropius* 1471; by Laver; a sound, desirable copy, in genuine condition. Of *Bibles*, here is the Greek Aldine folio of 1518, in frightful half binding, cropt to the quick: also an Hungarian impression of the two

Books of Samuel and of Kings, of 1565, in folio — beginning : AZ KET SAMVEL : colophon : *Debreckenbe*, &c. MDLXV : in wretched half binding. The small paper of the *Latin Bibles* of 1592, 1603. And of *Greek Testaments*, here are the first, second, fourth and fifth editions of Erasmus ; the first, containing both parts, is in one volume, in original boards or binding ; a sound and clean copy : written upon, but not in a *very* unpicturesque manner. The second edition is but an indifferent copy. I do not observe the third, of 1522 : generally the finest book of the whole series. Here is also the folio Greek Testament of the elder R. Stephen, of 1550—in barbarous half binding.

The following may be considered *Miscellaneous Articles*. I will begin with the earliest. *St. Austin de Singularitate Clericorum*, printed in a small quarto volume by *Ulric Zel*, in 1467 : a good, sound, but cropt copy, along with some opuscula of *Gerson and Chrysostom*, also printed by *Zel* : these, from the *Schönthal* monastery. At the end of this dull collection of old theology, are a few ms. opuscula, and among them one of the *Gesta Romanorum* — I should think of the xivth century. The *Wurtzburg Synod*, supposed to be printed by *Reyser*, towards the end of the fifteenth century ; and of which there is a copy in the Public Library, as well as another in that of *Strasbourg*. To the antiquary, this may be a curious book. I mention it again,* in order to notice the name and seal of “ *Iohannes Fabri*,” — clericus *Maguntiñ diocesz* pub-

* Before described in the *Bibl. Spenceriana* ; vol. iv. p. 508.

licus impiali auctoritate notarius, &c. Scriba iuratus"—which occur at about one fourth part of the work : as I am desirous of knowing whether this man be the same, or related to the, printer so called, who published the *Ethics of Cato* in 1477? — of which book I omitted to mention a copy in the Public Library here.* Bound up with this volume is Fyner's edition of *P. Niger contra perfidos Iudæos*, 1475, folio. Fyner lived at Eislingen, in the neighbourhood of this place, and it is natural to find specimens of his press here. The *Stella Meschiah* of 1477, as at Strasbourg,† is here cruelly cropt, and bound in the usually barbarous manner, with a mustard-coloured sprinkling upon the edges of the leaves. *Historie von der Melusina*: a singular volume, in the German language, printed without date, in a thin folio. It is a book perfectly *à la Douce*; full of whimsical and interesting wood cuts, which I do not remember to have seen in any other ancient volume. From the conclusion of the text, it appears to have been composed or finished in 1456, but I suspect the date of its typographical execution to be that of 1480 at the earliest.

I looked about sharply for fine, old, mellow-tint-

* The book in question has the following colophon:

Hoc opus exiguum perfecit rite iohannes

Fabri: cui seruat lingonis alta lares.

Ac uoluit formis ipsum fecisse casellis.

M.cccc.lxxvii. de mense maii.

The *s* is very singular, being smaller than the other letters, and having a broken effect. This copy, in the Public Library at Stuttgart, is not bound, but in excellent condition.

† See page 59, ante.

ed *Alduses* : — but to no purpose. Yet I must notice a pretty little Aldine *Petrarch* of 1521, 12mo. bound with *Sannazarius de partu Virginis*, by the same printer, in 1527, 12mo. : in old stamped binding—but somewhat cropt. The leaves of both copies crackle lustily on turning them over. These, also, from the Weingarthe monastery. I noticed a beautiful little *Petrarch* of 1546, 8vo. with the commentary of Velutellus; having a striking device of Neptune in the frontispiece: but no *membranaceous* articles, of this character and period, came across my survey.

I cannot, however, take leave of the Royal Library (a collection which I should think must hold at least 20,000 volumes) without expressing my obligations for the unrestricted privilege of examination afforded me by those who had the superintendence of it. Mr. Lewis and myself, in our respective occupations, found every accommodation which we could desire. But I begin to be wearied, and it is growing late. The account of the “court-levee,” and the winding up of other Stuttgart matters, must be reserved for tomorrow. The watchman has just commenced his rounds, by announcing, as usual, the hour of *ten*—which announce is succeeded by a long (and as I learn *metrical*) exhortation—for the good folks of Stuttgart to take care of their fires and candles. Good night.

LETTER XXXIX.

THE ROYAL PALACE. A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NEGOTIATION. DANNECKER THE SCULPTOR. ENVIRONS OF STUTTGART.

THE morrow is come; and as the morning is too rainy to stir abroad, I sit down to fulfil the promise of last night. This will be done with the greater cheerfulness and alacrity, as the evenings have been comparatively cooler, and my slumbers, in consequence, more sound and refreshing.

M. Le Bret—must be the first name mentioned upon this occasion. In other words, the negotiation about the *two Virgils*, through the zeal and good management of that active Head-Librarian, began quickly to assume a most decided form; and I received an intimation from Mr. Hamilton, our *Chargé d’Affaires*, that the King expected to see me upon the subject at the “circle”—last Sunday evening.

But before you go with me to court, I must make you acquainted with the place in which the Court is held: in other words, with the ROYAL PALACE of STUTTGART. Take away the gilt cushion and crown at the top of it, and the front façade has really the air of a royal residence. It is built of stone; massive and unpretending in its external decorations, and has two wings running at right angles with the principal front elevation. To my eye, it had, at first view, and still

continues to have, more of a Palace-like look than the long but slender structure of the Tuilleries. To the left, on looking at it—or rather behind the left wing—is a large, well-trimmed flower-garden, terminating in walks, and a carriage way. Just in front of this garden, before a large bason of water, and fixed upon a sort of parapet wall—is a very pleasing, colossal group of two female statues—*Pomona* and *Flora*, as I conceive—sculptured by Dannecker. Their forms are made to intertwine very gracefully; and they are cut in a coarse, but hard and pleasingly-tinted stone. For out-of-door figures, they are much superior, in my estimation, to the generality of unmeaning allegorical marble statues in the gardens of the Tuilleries.

The interior of the palace has portions, which may be said to verify what we have read, in boyish days, of the wonder-working powers of the lamp of Aladdin. Here are porphyry and granite, and rosewood, and satin-wood, porcelaine and or-molu ornaments, in all their varieties of unsullied splendor. A magnificent vestibule, and marble stair case; a concert room; an assembly-room; and chamber of audience: each particularly brilliant and appropriate; while, in the latter, you observe a throne, or chair of state, of antique form, but entirely covered with curious gilt carvings—rich, without being gaudy—and striking without being misplaced. You pass on—room after room—from the ceilings of which, lustres of increasing brilliance depend; but are not disposed to make any halt till you enter a small apartment with a cupola roof—within a niche of which stands the small statue of *Cupid*; with his head inclined, and one hand raised

to feel the supposed-blunted point of a dart which he holds in the other. This is called the Cupid-Room, out of compliment to DANNECKER the sculptor of the figure, and who is much patronised by the Queen. I will be free to confess that I have seen other specimens of Dannecker's chisel which I greatly prefer to this. The head seems too large, and the figure has nothing of the arch or sprightly air of the God of Love. The attitude is also heavy and dull. A statue or two by Canova, with a tolerable portion of Gobeleine tapestry, form the principal remaining moveable pieces of furniture. A minuter description may not be necessary: the interiors of all palaces being pretty much alike—if we put pictures and statues out of the question.

From the Palace, I must now conduct you to the "circle"—which I attended in it. Mr. Hamilton was so obliging as to convey me thither; and I here send you an account of what took place. The King paid his respects personally to each lady, and was followed by the Queen. The same order was observed with the circle of gentlemen. His Majesty was dressed in what seemed to be an English uniform, and wore the star of the Order of the Bath. His figure is perhaps under the middle size, but compact, well formed, and having a gentlemanly deportment. The Queen was, questionless, the most interesting female in the circle. To an Englishman, her long and popular residence in England, rendered her doubly an object of attraction. She was superbly dressed, and yet the whole had a simple, lady-like, appearance. She wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and large circular

diamond ear rings : but it was her *necklace*, composed of the largest and choicest of the same kind of precious stones, which flashed a radiance on the eyes of the beholder, that could scarcely be exceeded even in the court-circles of St. Petersburg. Her hair was quietly and most becomingly dressed ; and with a small white fan in her hand, which she occasionally opened and shut, she saluted, and discoursed with, each visitor, as gracefully and as naturally as if she had been accustomed to the ceremony from her earliest youth. Her dark eyes surveyed each figure, quickly, from head to foot—while . . .

“ *Favours to none, to all she smiles extends.*”

Among the gentlemen, I observed a young man of very prepossessing form and manners — having seven marks of distinction hanging from his button-holes. Every body seemed anxious to exchange a word with him ; and he might be at furthest in his thirtieth year. I could not learn his name, but I learnt that his *character* was quite in harmony with his *person* : that he was gay, brave, courteous and polite : that his courage knew no bounds : that he would storm a citadel, traverse a morass, or lead on to a charge, with equal coolness, courage, and intrepidity : that repose and inaction were painful to him—but that humanity to the unfortunate, and the most inflexible attachment to relations and friends, formed equally distinctive marks of his character. This intelligence quite won my heart in favour of the stranger, then standing and smiling immediately before me ; and I rejoiced that the chivalrous race of the *Peterboroughs* was not yet extinct,

had but taken root, and “ borne branch and flower,” in the soil of Suabia.

When it came to my turn to be addressed, the king at once asked—“ if I had not been much gratified with the books in the Public Library, and particularly with two *ancient editions* of Virgil ?” I merely indicated an assent to the truth of this remark, waiting for the conclusion to be drawn from the premises. “ There has been some mention made to me (resumed his Majesty) about a proposed exchange on the part of Lord S*, for these two ancient editions, which appear to be wanting in his Lordship’s own magnificent collection. For my part, I see no objection to the final arrangement of this business—if it can be settled upon terms satisfactory to all parties.” This was the very point to which I was so anxious to bring the conference. I replied, coolly and unhesitatingly, “ that it was precisely as his Majesty had observed ; that his own Collection was strong in *Bibles*, but comparatively weak in *Ancient Classics* : and that a diminution of the *latter* would not be of material consequence, if, in lieu of it, there could be an increase of the *former*—so as to carry it well nigh towards perfection ; that, in whatever way this exchange was effected, whether by money, or by books, in the first instance, it would doubtless be his Majesty’s desire to direct the application of the one or the other to the completion of his *Theological Collection*.”

The King replied “ he saw no objection whatever to the proposed exchange—and left the forms of carrying it into execution with his head librarian M. Le Bret.” Having gained my point, it only remained to make my bow. The King then passed on to the remainder

of the circle, and was quickly followed by the Queen. I heard her Majesty distinctly tell General Allan,* in the English language, that “she could never forget her reception in England; that the days spent there were among the happiest of her life, and that she hoped, before she died, again to visit our country.” She even expressed “gratitude for the cordial manner in which she had been received, and entertained in it.”

The heat had now become almost insupportable; as, for the reason before assigned, every window and door was shut. However, this inconvenience, if it was severe, was luckily of short duration. A little after nine, their Majesties retired towards the door by which they had entered: which, as it was re-opened, presented, in the background, the attendants waiting to receive them. The King and Queen then saluted the circle, and retired. In ten minutes we had all retreated, and were breathing the pure air of heaven. I preferred walking home, and called upon M. Le Bret in my way. It was about half past nine only, but that philosophical bibliographer was about retiring to rest. He received me, however, with a joyous welcome: re-trimmed his lamp; complimented me upon the success of the negotiation, and told me that I might now depart in peace from Stuttgart—for that “the affair might be considered as settled.†”

* Afterwards Sir Alexander Allan, Bart. I met him and Captain C***, of the Royal Navy, in their way to Inspruck. But Sir Alexander (than whom, I believe, a worthier or a braver man never entered the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament) scarcely survived the excursion two years.

† *the affair might be considered as settled.*] For the sake of juxtaposition, I will here mention the SEQUEL, as briefly as may be. The

I have mentioned to you, more than once, the name of DANNECKER the sculptor. It has been my good

“ affair” was far from being at that time “ settled.” But, on reaching Manheim, about to recross the Rhine, on my return to Paris—I found a long and circumstantial letter from my bibliographical correspondent at Stuttgart, which seemed to bring the matter to a final and desirable issue. “ So many thousand francs had been agreed upon—there only wanted a well bound copy of the Bibliographical Decameron to boot :—and the Virgils were to be considered as his Lordship’s property !” Mr. Hamilton, our Chargé d’Affaires, had authority to pay the money—and I . . . walked instantly to *Artaria’s*—purchased a copy of the work in question, (which happened to be there, in blue morocco binding,) and desired my valet to get ready to start the next morning, by three or four o’clock, to travel post to Stuttgart: from whence he was not to return without bringing the VIRGILS, in the same carriage which would convey him and the Decameronic volumes. Charles Rohfritsch immediately prepared to set out on his journey. He left Manheim at three in the morning; travelled without intermission to Stuttgart,—perhaps fourscore or ninety miles from thence—put up at his old quarters *zum Waldhorn* (see p. 13 ante.) waited upon M. Le Bret with a letter, and the morocco tomes—RECEIVED THE VIRGILS—and prepared for his return to Manheim—which place he reached by two on the following morning. I had told him (as Louvois told Chamilli, see p. 8, ante) that, at whatever hour he arrived, he was to make his way into my chamber. He did as he was desired. “ LES VOILA !”—exclaimed he, on placing the two volumes hastily upon the table.—“ Ma foi, Monsieur, c’est ceci une drôle d’affaire ; il y a je ne sçai pas combien de lieues que j’ai traversé pour deux anciens livres qui ne valent pas à mes yeux le tiers d’un Napoleon !” I readily forgave him all this saucy heresy—and almost hugged the volumes . . . on finding them upon my table. They were my constant travelling companions through France to Calais; and when I shewed the *Adam Virgil* to M. Van Praet, at Paris—“ Enfin (remarked he, as he turned over the broad-margined and loud-crackling leaves) voilà un livre dont j’ai beaucoup entendu parler, mais que je n’ai jamais vu !” These words sounded as sweet melody to my

fortune to visit him, and to converse with him much at large, several times. He is one of the most unaffected of the living Phidias-tribe ; resembling much, both in figure and conversation, and more especially in a pleasing simplicity of manners, our celebrated *Chantrey*. Indeed I should call Dannecker, on the score of art as well as of person, rather the Chantrey than the *Flaxman* or *Canova* of Suabia. He shewed me every part of his study ; and every cast of such originals as he had executed, or which he had it in contemplation to execute. Of those that had left him, I was compelled to be satisfied with the plaister of his famous *ARIADNE*, reclining upon the back of a passant leopard, each of the size of life. The original belongs to a banker at Frankfort, for whom it was executed for the sum of about one thousand pounds sterling. It must be an exquisite production ; for if the *plaister* be thus interesting, what must be the effect of the *marble* ? Dannecker told me that the most difficult parts of the group, as to detail, were the interior of the leopard's feet, and the foot and retired drapery of the female figure—which has one leg tucked under the other. The whole composition has an harmonious, joyous effect ; while health, animation, and beauty breathe in every limb and lineament of Ariadne.

But it was my good fortune to witness *one* original—of transcendent merit. I mean, the colossal head of *SCHILLER* ; who was the intimate friend, and a

ears ! But I will unfeignedly declare, that the joy which crowned the whole, was, when I delivered *both* the books . . . into the hands of their present NOBLE OWNER : with whom they will doubtless find their

townsman (Stuttgart) of this able sculptor. I never stood before so expressive a modern countenance. The forehead is high and wide, and the projections, over the eye-brows, are boldly, but finely and gradually, marked. The eye is rather full, but retired. The cheeks are considerably shrunk. The mouth is full of expression, and the chin somewhat elongated. The hair flows behind in a broad mass, and ends in a wavy curl upon the shoulders : not very unlike the professional wigs of the French barristers which I had seen at Paris. Upon the whole, I prefer this latter—for breadth and harmony—to the eternal conceit of the wig *à la grecque*. “It was so (said Dannecker) that Schiller wore his hair; and it was precisely with this physiognomical expression that he came out to me, dressed en roquelaure, from his inner apartment, when I saw him for the last time. I thought to myself—on so seeing him—(added the sculptor) that it is thus that I will chisel your bust in marble.” Dannecker then requested me to draw my hand gently over the forehead—and to observe by what careful, and almost imperceptible gradations, this boldness of front had been accomplished. I listened to every word that he said, about the extraordinary character then, as it were, before me, with an earnestness and pleasure which I can hardly describe; and walked round and round the bust with a gratification approaching to ecstasy. They may say what they please—at Rome or at London—but a *finer* specimen of art, in its very highest department, and of its particular kind, the chisel of *no living* Sculptor hath achieved. As a bust, it is perfect. It is the MAN; with all his MIND in his countenance; without the introduc-

tion of any sickly airs and graces, which are frequently the result of a predetermination to treat it—as *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* would have treated it ! It is worth a host of such figures as that of Marshal Saxe at Strasbourg.*

“ Would any sum induce you to part with it ? ”—said I, in an under tone, to the unsuspecting artist . . . be-
 thinking me, at the same time, of offering somewhere about 250 louis d’or—“ None : ” replied Dannecker. “ I loved the original too dearly to part with this copy of his countenance, in which I have done my utmost to render it worthy of my incomparable friend.” The latter remark was not necessary ; for *beyond* it the art of sculpture could not go. I think the artist said that the Queen had expressed a wish to possess it ;† but he

* See page 43, ante.

† *the Queen had expressed a wish to possess it.*] I must here add the melancholy epithet of the LATE Queen of Würtemberg. Her Majesty survived the levee, above described, only a few months. Her death was in consequence of over-maternal anxiety about her children, who were ill with the measles. The queen was suddenly called from her bed on a cold night in the month of January to the chamber where her children were seriously indisposed. Forgetful of herself, of the hour, and of the season, she caught a severe cold : a violent erysipelatous affection, terminating in apoplexy, was the fatal result—and she, who, but a few short-lived months before, had shone as the brightest star in the hemisphere of her own court ;—who was the patroness of art ;—and of two or three national schools, building, when I was at Stuttgart, at her own expense—was doomed to become the subject of general lamentation and woe. She was admired, respected, and beloved. It was pleasing, as it was quite natural, to see her (as I had often done) and the King, riding out in the same carriage, or phaeton, without any royal guard ; and all ranks of people heartily disposed to pay them the homage of their respect. In a letter from M. Le Bret, of the 8th of June 1819, I learnt that a magnificent cha-

was compelled to adhere religiously to his determination of keeping it for himself. Doubtless, however, he would execute a copy of it in marble ; perhaps of equal merit. Inspiration, in a case of this kind, is not extinguished with the embodying of one's first ideas. Dannecker then shewed me a plaister cast of his intended figure of CHRIST. It struck me as being of great simplicity of breadth, and majesty of expression ; but perhaps the form wanted fulness—and the drapery might be a little too sparing. I then saw several other busts, and subjects, which have already escaped my recollection ; but I could not but be struck with the quiet and unaffected manner in which this meritorious artist mentioned the approbation bestowed by CANOVA upon several of his performances. He is very much superior indeed to Ohmacht ; but comparisons have been long considered as uncourteous and invidious—and so I will only add, that, if ever Dannecker visits England — which he half threatens to do—he shall be fêted by a Commoner, and patronised by a Duke.

What can I tell you more about *Stuttgart* ? In truth, nothing deserving of very particular notice. The town is assuredly very dull, as I have before remarked ; but, at this season of the year, many of the Noblesse are at their *chateaux*, and the Dowager Queen is at her magnificent residence at *Ludwigsbourg*. I learn that this residence is most beautifully

pel, built after the Grecian model, was to contain the monument to be erected to her memory. Her funeral was attended by six hundred students from Tübingen, by torch light.

situated ; but there is no time to visit it. From hence I go direct to Ulm, Augsburg, and Munich. Yet it is right I should make you acquainted with a very pretty place, in the neighbourhood of this town, before I quit it—probably for ever. I mean CANSTADT. You may remember some mention made of a dress garden, belonging to the palace, at the hither end of which were the two statues of Pomona and Flora,* by Dannecker. That garden is called, I think, the *Silberbourg* ; but at any rate it runs in a straight line towards Canstadt, or you get out of it quickly, to the left, on the main road. There is a pretty inn, or small house of entertainment—quite in the English fashion—in the route to Canstadt. Here I bespoke a dinner for Mr. Lewis and myself ; ordering the carriage and a pair of horses to take us up at six o'clock, to conduct us to the place in question. We dined very comfortably, with an excellent bottle of old red wine, (of which I have forgotten the name) — for about four shillings a head, English money.

Canstadt is the fashionable lounge, or popular place of resort, for the inhabitants of Stuttgart ; who, on the summer evenings, resort to it in considerable numbers. The foot-paths and carriage roads thither are kept in excellent condition ; so that, whether mounted, or on foot, the visitor is sure to move on pleasantly. Our carriage rolled along as if the ground had been carpeted. We passed several of the gay throng whom I recognised as having been at court. To the left was a small country seat, (or maison de

* Page 97, ante.

plaisance) of the King; where their Majesties are in fact now residing. A fine river, divided into several channels, all uniting a little distance below, with a long rambling bridge, forms the fore part of the view of Canstadt. The town itself is mean, but there were one or two old-looking churches which I wished, but in vain, to have visited. You push on for the heights, where the springs are found, and where the waters are drank. The view from thence is charming; it being chiefly cultivated vine-scenery. At the moment we saw it, the whole was warmed by a fine sun-set, and animated by the different groups of people, young and old — stationary and in motion. I drank a large tumbler of water from one of the principal springs. It was mild but mawkish—and had no sensible effect of any kind upon me. I told the man (through my valet) that I drank it out of pure compliment to the pretty spot in which it was gushing forth; at which he stared, as if totally ignorant of what such a speech meant. Upon the whole, I am hardly able, just at this moment, to mention a spot, so near a large town, which has so many pleasing rural attractions as CANSTADT. It may be about three miles and half, or four, from Stuttgart. M. Meminger published a small duodecimo Guide, about four or five years ago, called "*Canstadt und seine Umgebungen*." If I get a copy of it, I will bring it home with me—for copies of "Guides" are, unaccountably enough, of the greatest possible degree of rarity upon the Continent. In Normandy, they suffer such places as Rouen and Caen to be without them.

We returned from Canstadt, as it began to grow dark, very much gratified by our rural tour, and

regretting that we could not make a more extensive one to Ludwigsbourg. And now—nothing remains but to put our baggage in order for a pretty long trip—ere we come to such *another* halt as that which has taken place *here*. That “halt” will probably be at AUGSBURG. But *Ulm* shall not be passed in a very negligent manner—as a letter to a bookish professor, at this latter place, is now lying upon my table. After what has taken place at Stuttgart, I think I have reason to quit it in the best possible spirits; and I begin already to have rather an attachment towards the Germans. But imagine not, I beseech you, that I can ever forget “dear Old England and all that it contains”! *

* See vol. i. page 201.

LETTER XL.

DEPARTURE FROM STUTTGART. ULM. AUGSBOURG.
THE PICTURE GALLERY AT AUGSBOURG.

Augsbourg, Hôtel des Trois Nègres ; Aug. 9, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND ;

I HAVE indeed been an active, as well as curious traveller, since I last addressed you ; and I sit down to compose rather a long despatch, which, upon the whole, will be probably interesting ; and which, moreover, is penned in one of the noblest hotels in Europe. The more I see of Germany, the more I like it. Of course I include the territories of Suabia, Bavaria, and Austria, under the general appellation of Germany. Behold me, then, in *Bavaria* ; within one of its most beautiful cities, and looking, from my window, upon a street called *Maximilian-Street* — which, for picturesque beauty, is exceeded only by the High-street of Oxford. A noble fountain of bronze figures, in the centre of it, is sending forth its clear and agitated waters into the air—only to fall, in pellucid drops, into a basin of capacious dimensions :—again to be carried upwards, and again to descend. 'Tis a magnificent fountain ; and I wish such a one were in the centre of the street above mentioned, or in that of the intended Waterloo Place. But to proceed with my Journal from Stuttgart.

I left that capital of the kingdom of Würtemberg about five in the afternoon, accompanied by my excellent friend M. Le Bret, who took a seat in the carriage as far as the boundaries of the city. His dry drollery, and frankness of communication, made me regret that he could not accompany us—at least as far as the first stage, *Plochingen*;—especially as the weather was beautiful, and the road excellent. However, the novelty of each surrounding object — (but . . shall I whisper a secret in your ear?—the probably successful result of the negotiation about the two ancient editions of Virgil — yet more than each surrounding object) put me in perfect good humour, as we continued to roll pleasantly on towards our resting-place for the night—either *Göppingen*, or *Geislingen*,—as time and inclination might serve. The sky was in a fine crimson glow with the approaching sun-set, which was reflected by a river of clear water, skirted in parts by poplar and birch, as we changed horses at *Plochingen*. It was, I think, *that* town, rather than *Göppingen*, (the next stage) which struck us, en passant, to be singularly curious and picturesque on the score of antiquity and street-scenery. Mr. Lewis was in one perpetual strain of exclamation from the beginning to the end of it. I own it was with reluctance that I passed through it in so rapid a manner. Necessity alone was our excuse.

We slept, and slept comfortably, at *Göppingen*. From thence to *Geislingen* are sweet views: in part luxuriant and cultivated, and in part bold and romantic. Here, were the humble and neatly-trimmed huts of cottagers; there, the lofty and castle-crowned

domains of the Baron. It was all pleasing and heart-cheering ; while the sky continued in one soft and silvery tint from the unusual transparency of the day. On entering *Geislingen*, our attention was quickly directed to other, and somewhat extraordinary, objects. In this town, there is a great manufactory of articles in *ivory* ; and we had hardly stopped to change horses—in other words, the postillion had not yet dismounted—ere we were assailed by some half dozen, ill-clad females, who crawled up the carriage, in all directions, with baskets of ivory toys in their hands, saluting us with loud screams and tones—which, of course, we understood to mean that their baskets might be lightened of their contents. Our valet here became the principal medium of explanation. Charles Rohfritsch raised himself up from his seat ; extended his hands, elevated his voice, stamped, seized upon one, and caught hold of another, assailant at the same time—threatening them with the vengeance of the police if they did not instantly desist from their rude assaults. It was indeed high time to be absolute ; for Mr. Lewis was surrounded by two, and I was myself honoured by a visit of three, of this gipsy tribe of ivory-venders : who had crawled over the dicky, and up the hinder wheels, into the body of the carriage.

There seemed to be no alternative but to purchase *something*. We took two or three boxes, containing crucifixes, toothpicks, and apple-scoops, and set the best face we could upon this strange adventure. Anger quickly subsided into good humour ; for the whole affair began to wear a very ridiculous appearance. Rohfritsch, at my particular desire, lowered

the tones of his voice, and softened the severity of his rebukes. The assailants, although supported by three times their number, gradually assumed a more tranquil manner, and descended from the carriage. Their comrades tried hard to obtain a few florins for themselves, but we were told that the least further compliance with their wishes would only end unpleasantly. Meanwhile, fresh horses were put to ; and the valet joked with the ivory vendors—having desired the postillion, (as he afterwards informed me) as soon as he was mounted, to make some bold flourishes with his whip, to stick his spurs into the sides of his horses, and disentangle himself from the surrounding female throng as speedily as he could. The postillion did as he was commanded ; and we darted off at almost a full gallop. A steep hill was before us, but the horses continued to keep their first pace, till a touch of humanity made our charioteer relax from his efforts. We had now left the town of Geislingen behind us, but yet saw the ivory vendors pointing towards the route we had taken. “ This has been a strange piece of business indeed, Sir,” (observed the valet). “ These women are a set of mad-caps ; but they are nevertheless women of character. They always act thus : especially when they see that the visitors are English—for they are vastly fond of your countrymen !”

We were now within about twenty English miles of ULM. Nothing particular occurred, either by way of anecdote or of scenery, till almost the immediate approach, or descent to that city — the last in the Suabian territories, and which is separated from Bavaria by the river Danube. I caught the first glance

of that celebrated river (here of comparatively trifling width) with no ordinary emotions of delight. It recalled to my memory the battle of *Blenheim* or of *Hochstedt* ; for you know that it was across this very river, and scarcely a score of miles from Ulm, that the victorious Marlborough chased the flying French and Bavarians—at the battle just mentioned. At the same moment, almost, I could not fail to contrast this glorious issue with the miserable surrender of the town before me—filled by a large and well-disciplined army, and commanded by that non-pareil of generals, J. G. MACK — into the power of Bonaparte . . almost without pulling a trigger on either side — the place itself being considered, at the time, one of the strongest towns in Europe. These things, I say, rushed upon my memory, when, on the immediate descent into Ulm, I caught the first view of the tower of the MINSTER . . which quickly put Marlborough, and Mack, and Bonaparte out of my recollection !

I had never, since quitting the beach at Brighton, beheld such an *English-like* looking cathedral — as a whole ; and particularly the tower. It is broad, bold ; and lofty ; but, like all edifices, seen from a neighbouring and perhaps loftier height, it loses, at first view, very much of the loftiness of its character. However, I looked with admiration, and longed to approach it. This object was accomplished in twenty minutes. We entered Ulm about two o'clock : drove to an excellent inn (the *White Stag*—which I strongly recommend to all fellow-travellers) and ordered our dinner to be got ready by five ; which, as the house was within a stone's cast of the cathedral, gave us every opportunity

of visiting it before hand. The day continued most beautiful: and we sallied forth in high spirits, to gaze at and admire every object of antiquity which should present itself.

You may remember my mentioning, towards the close of my last despatch, that a letter was lying upon the table, directed to one of the Professors of the University, or *gymnase*, of this place. The name of that Professor was VEESENMEYER; a very respectable, learned, and kind-hearted gentleman. I sought his house (close to the cathedral) the very first thing on quitting the hotel. The Professor was at home. On receiving my letter, by the hands of a pretty little girl, one of his daughters, M. Veessenmeyer made his appearance at the top of a short stair case, arrayed in a sort of woollen, quilted jacket, with a green cloth cap on, and a pipe in his mouth—which latter seemed to be full as tall as himself. I should think that neither the Professor nor his pipe could be more or less than five feet. His figure had an exceedingly droll appearance. His mode of pronouncing French was somewhat germanized; but I strained every nerve to understand him, as my valet was not with me, and as there would have been no alternative but to have talked Latin. I was desirous of seeing the library, attached to the cathedral. “Could the Professor facilitate that object?” “Most willingly—” was his reply — “I will write a note to * * the librarian: carry it to him, and he will shew you the library directly, if he be at home.” I did as he desired me; but found the number of the house very difficult to discover—as the houses are

numbered, consecutively, throughout the town—down one street and up another: so that, without knowing the order of the streets through which the numbers run, it is hardly possible for a stranger to know how to proceed.

Having sauntered round and round, and returned almost to the very spot whence I had set out, I at last found the residence of the librarian. On being admitted, I was introduced to a tall, sharp-visaged, and melancholy-complexioned gentleman, who seemed to rise six feet from the ground on receiving me. He read the Professor's note:—but alas! could not speak one word of French. “*Placetne tibi, Domine, sermone latino uti?*” I answered in the affirmative; but confessed that I was totally out of the habit of speaking it in England: and besides, that our *mode of pronunciation* was very different from that of other countries. The man of dark vestments and sombre countenance relaxed into a gentle smile, as I added the latter part of this remark: and I accompanied him quickly, but silently, to the library in question. Its situation is surely among the most whimsical in existence. It is placed up one pair of stairs, to the left of the choir; and you ascend up to it through a gloomy, and narrow stone staircase. If I remember rightly, the outward door, connecting with the stairs, is in the cathedral yard. The library itself is very small; and a print, being a portrait of its Donor, hangs up against the shelves—facing you as you enter. I had never seen this print before. It was an interesting portrait; and had, I think, a date of somewhere about 1584. The collection was chiefly theological; yet there were a few old

classics, but of very secondary value. The only book that I absolutely coveted, was a folio, somewhat charged with writing in the margins, of which the title and colophon are as follow : — for I obtained permission to make a memorandum of them. *Gūtheri Ligurini Poetæ clarissimi diui Frid. pri Decē libri foeliciter editi : imp̄ssi per industriū & ingeniosū Magistrū Erhardū Oeglin ciuem augustēsem Añō Sesquimillesimo & septimo mēse Aprilio.*" This edition contains M vj, in sixes. The preceding article is followed by six leaves, containing supplemental matter, with the following title : *Ligurini de gestis Imp. Cæsaris Friderici primi Augusti libri decē carmine Heroico conscripti n̄per* apud Francones in silua Hercynia & druydarum Ebernacensi cœnobio A Chunrado Celte reperti postliminis restituti.*

I asked my sable attendant, if this book could be parted with—either for money, or in exchange for other books? he replied, "that that point must be submitted to the consideration of a chapter: that this library was rarely or never visited; but that he considered it would not be proper to disturb its order, or to destroy its identity, since it was a *sacred legacy*." I told him that he reasoned well; but that, should the chapter change such a resolution, my address would be found at Vienna, poste restante, till the 20th of the following month. We parted in terms of formal politeness; being now and then a little checked in my discourse, by the reply, on his part, of "Non prorsus intelligo." I am glad, however, to have seen this

* Sic.

secluded cabinet of books ; which would have been the very place for the study of Anthony Wood or Thomas Hearne. It had quite an air of monastic seclusion, and it seemed as if scarcely six persons had trod the floor, or six volumes had been taken down from the shelves, since the day when the key was first turned upon the door which encloses the collection. After a few "*salves*," and one "*vale*," I returned to Mr. Lewis and our valet, who were beginning to wonder at my delay : and who were gazing with distended eyes upon the fine western front of the Minster.

The CATHEDRAL of ULM is doubtless among the most respectable of those upon the continent. It is large and wide, and of a massive and imposing style of architecture. The buttresses are bold, and very much after the English fashion. The tower is the chief exterior beauty. Before we mounted it, we begged the guide, who attended us, to conduct us all over the interior. This interior is very noble : and even superior, as a piece of architecture, to that of Strasbourg. I should think it even longer and wider—for the truth is, that the tower of *Strasbourg* Cathedral is as much too *tall*, as that of *Ulm* cathedral is too *short*, for its nave and choir. Not very long ago, they had covered the interior by a white wash ; and thus the mellow tint of probably about five centuries—in a spot where there are few immediately surrounding houses—and in a town of which the manufactories and population are comparatively small—the *latter* about 14,000—thus, I say, the mellow tint of these five centuries, (for I suppose the cathedral to have been finished

about the year 1320) has been cruelly changed for the staring and chilling effects of whitening.

The choir is interesting in a high degree. At the extremity of it, is an altar—indicative of the Lutheran form of worship* being carried on within the church—upon which are oil paintings upon wood, emblazoned with gilt backgrounds :—of the time of *Hans Burgmair*, and of others at the revival of the art of painting in Germany. These pictures turn upon hinges, so as to shut up, or be thrown open ; and are in the highest state of preservation. Their subjects are entirely scriptural ; and perhaps old *John Holbein*, the father of the famous Hans Holbein, might have had a share in some of them. Perhaps they may come down to the time of *Lucas Cranach*. Whenever, or by whomsoever executed, this series of paintings, upon the high altar of the cathedral of Ulm, cannot be viewed without considerable satisfaction. They were the first choice specimens of early art which I had seen on this side of the Rhine ; and I of course contemplated them with the *hungry* eye of an antiquary.

After a careful survey of the interior, the whole of which had quite the air of English cleanliness and order, we prepared to mount the famous tower. Our valet, Rohfritsch, led the way ; counting the steps as he mounted, and finding them to be about three hundred and seventy-eight in number. He was succeeded by the guide. Mr. L. and myself followed in a more lei-

* *the Lutheran form of worship*] The predominant religion is the Protestant. Indeed I may say that the number of Catholics is exceedingly limited indeed : perhaps, not an eighth part of the population of the town.

surely manner ; peeping through the interstices which presented themselves in the open fret work of the ornaments, and finding, as we continued to ascend, that the inhabitants and dwelling houses of Ulm diminished gradually in size. At length we gained the summit, which is surrounded by a parapet wall of some three or four feet in height. We paused a minute, to recover our breath, and to look at the prospect which surrounded us. The town, at our feet, looked like the metropolis of Laputa. Yet the high ground, by which we had descended into the town—and upon which Bonaparte's army was formerly encamped—seemed to be more lofty than the spot whereon we stood. On the opposite side flowed the *Danube* : not broad, nor, as I learnt very deep ; but rapid, and in a serpentine direction. The river here begins to be navigable for larger boats ; but there is little appearance of bustle or business upon the quays. Few or no white sails, floating down the stream, catch the morning or the evening sun-beam : no grove of masts ; no shouts of mariners : no commercial rivalry. But what then ? Close to the very spot where we stood, our attention was directed to a circumstance infinitely more interesting, to the whimsical fancy of an Antiquary, than a whole forest of masts. What might this be ? Listen.

“ Do you observe, here, gentlemen ? ” said the guide—pointing to the coping of the parapet wall, where the stone is a little rubbed, “ I do ”—(replied I,) “ What may this mean ? ” “ Look below, Sir, (resumed he) how fearfully deep it is. You would not like to tumble down from hence ? ” This remark could admit but of one answer—in the *negative* ; yet the man seemed



ULM CATHEDRAL.

to be preparing himself to announce some marvellous fact, and I continued mute. “Mark well, gentlemen; (continued he) it was here, on this identical spot, that our famous EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN stood upon one leg, and turned himself quite round, to the astonishment and trepidation of his attendants! He was a man of great bravery, and this was one of his pranks to shew his courage.” We confessed that we should not like to exhibit the same proof of our bravery, and wondered how his Majesty could have escaped being dashed to atoms. The guide continued: “This story, gentlemen, has descended to us for three centuries; and not long ago the example of the Emperor was attempted to be imitated by two officers,—one of whom failed, and the other succeeded. The first lost his balance, and was precipitated to the earth—dying the very instant he touched the ground; the second succeeded, and declared himself, in consequence, MAXIMILIAN the SECOND!” I should tell you, however, that these attempts were not made on the same day. The officers were Austrian.

The room, in the middle of the platform, and surmounted by a small spire as you will see in the accompanying lithographic print,* just published at Munich—does not appear to be used for any particular purpose. Having satisfied our curiosity, and in

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE; which is a reduction only of the material portion of the original large print. It is one of the most picturesque views of a foreign cathedral which I have met with: but I cannot suppress the confidence I feel that this pleasing architectural subject will never have thorough justice rendered it, till a *British* pencil and a *British* burin shall undertake its execution.

particular stretched our eyes “as far (to borrow Caxton’s language) as we well might”—in the direction of *Hochstedt*—we descended, extremely gratified; and sought the hotel and our dinner. Upon the whole, the cathedral of Ulm is a noble ecclesiastical edifice: uniting simplicity and purity with massiveness of composition. Few cathedrals are more uniform in the style of their architecture. It seems to be, to borrow technical language, all of a piece. Near it, forming the foreground of the Munich print, are a chapel and a house, surrounded by trees. The chapel is very small, and, as I learnt, not used for religious purposes. The house (so Professor Veesenmeyer informed me) is supposed to have been the residence and offices of business of JOHN ZEINER, the well known *printer*, who commenced his typographical labours about the year 1470,* and who uniformly printed at Ulm; while his brother GUNTHER as uniformly exercised his art in the city whence I am now addressing you. They were both natives of *Reutlingen*; a town of some note between Tübingen and Ulm.

Let no man, from henceforth, assert that *all* culinary refinement ceases when you cross the Rhine: at least,

* *about the year 1470.*] I presume this to be the earliest date which any of his books exhibit. His brother GUNTHER, or GINTHER (for the name is spelt both ways in his colophons) began to print in 1468. Lord Spencer possesses a beautiful copy (which I obtained from the library of St. Peter’s Monastery, at Salzbourg) of *Bonaventure’s Meditations upon the Life of Christ*, of the date of 1468, printed by G. Zainer, (or Zeiner) at Augsbourg; and considered to be the first effort of his press.

let him not do so till he has tasted the raspberry-flavoured soufflet of the *White Stag of Ulm*. It came on the table like unto a mountain of cream and eggs, spreading its extremities even to the very confines of the dish; but, when touched by the magic-working spoon, it collapsed, and concentrated into a dish of moderate and seemly proportions. In other words, this very soufflet—considered by some as the *crux* of refined cookery—was an exemplification of all the essential requisites of the culinary art: but without the *cotelette*, it would not have satisfied appetites which had been sharpened by the air of the summit of the tower of the cathedral. The inn itself is both comfortable and spacious. We dined at one corner of a ball-room, upon the first floor, looking upon a very pleasant garden. After dinner, I hastened to pay my respects to Professor Veesenmeyer, according to appointment. I found him, where all Professors rejoice to be found, in the centre of his library. He had doffed the first dress in which I had seen him; and the long pipe was reposing horizontally upon a table covered with green baize. We began a bibliographical conversation immediately; and he shewed me, with the exultation of a man who is conscious of possessing treasures for which few, comparatively, have any relish—his *early printed* volumes, upon the lower shelf of his collection.

Here were two copies of *Schuzler's Latin* edition of Josephus, of the date of 1470, differing slightly in their colophons, though both of the same year. One of them was a fine large copy. A German version of a portion of *St. Gregory's* works, of the date of 1483: an early

German version of the *Visions of Tundall*,* and a similar version of the *Quattuor Novissimorum*, of the date of 1473, in folio : also a similar version of *Patient Grisel*, which, from similarity of type, the Professor judged to have been printed at Ulm by Zeiner. It had wood-cuts, and consisted of eleven leaves. I looked at this scarce little tract with an almost envious eye. "Have you set your heart upon this trifling volume, Mr. Professor? It seems to be unworthy of the grave collection in which I find it. Cannot we make some exchange?" The Professor (as did Mr. Dahler at Strasbourg)† placed his hand upon my shoulder, and only drily replied ;—"ça reste à Ulm." But when I saw another, apparently similar, edition of the same work, but with the date of 1471, without cuts, I reiterated my proposal: when the hard-hearted Professor only reiterated his reply—"ça reste à Ulm." He told me, however, that it was a different version. He then relaxed somewhat from his severity, by begging I would place a duplicate copy of *Mancinellus, de Modo scribendi*,‡ printed at Ulm in 1499, 4to. in the Library of Lord Spencer, as a trifling mark of his respect for that nobleman's character. The Professor next directed my attention to a fair, good, sound copy of *Craston's Greek Lexicon* of 1481 : a similar copy of the first *Aldine Aristophanes* ; of *Girardingen's Terence* of 1479 ; and *Wicliffe's Dialogues* of 1525, in 4to. But it was in his early *German Bibles*, that he placed his

* Consult the *Bibl. Spencer*. vol. iv. p. 31, for some account of this wild and very curious performance.

† See page 70 ante. ‡ Described in the *Aed. Althorp*. vol. ii. p. 171.

greatest strength and boast. Of these, there was one without date, and another *printed at Augsbourg* in 1477—in large folio.

Evening was coming on, and the daylight began to be treacherous for a critical examination into the condition of old volumes. The Professor told me he would send me a note, the next morning, of what further he possessed in the department of early printing,* and

* *of what further he possessed in the department of early printing.*] The note, above mentioned, was written in Latin: the Professor telling me that he preferred that language to the French, as he thought he could write it more grammatically. A *Latin note* must be rather a curiosity to my readers: which, as it is purely bibliographical, and in other respects highly characteristic of the *bon-homme* of the writer, shall receive a place here. After mentioning the books above specified, the Professor goes on thus:

“Hæc paucula e pluribus notare libuit, quæ reliqua temporis angustia ostendere non permisit. Habeo enim alias, quas vocant, editiones principes, e. g. Diogenis Laertii, Bas. 1533-4. Josephi, Bas. 1544. fol. Jo. Chrysostomi *περὶ προνοίας*, Bas. 1526-8. Ej. *περὶ ἱερωσύνης* ib. 1525-8. Aliorum Græcorum et Patrum. Calpurnii et Nemesiani Eclogarum editionem, ab. do. Alex. Brassicano curatam editionem ad MS. antiquum factam et Argent. 1519. 4. impressam. Præterea aliquot Aldinas et Juntinas editiones, aliquot a Mich. Vascosano, Paris. factas, in quibus Thucydidis Libri III. priores, Paris. 1548. 4. cujus margini Lectt. Varr. e MSto adscriptæ sunt, non memoratæ in editione Bipontina. Æschylus, ex edit. Franc. Robortelli, Venet. 1552. 8. Idem ex ed. Henr. Stephani, ex offic. Henr. Stephani, 1557. 4. Dionysii Halic. Opera Rhet. ex. ed. Rob. Stephani, Par. 1547. Fol. Diodor. Sicul. ex edit. Henr. Stephani, 1559. Fol.

“Pauculos Codd. MSS. e. gr. Ciceronis de Officiis, Aratoris in Acta App. Fragmenta Liuii et Terentii ostendere tempus non concessit: præter eos habeo aliquot Ciceronis Orationes, Excerpta ex Liuiio, duos Historiæ Griseldis, et alios minoris pretii.

“Maximam collectionis, Bibliothecam appellare non fas est, meæ

begged, in the mean time, that he might take a walk with me in the town. I accepted his friendly offer willingly, and we strolled about together. There is nothing very interesting, on the score of antiquities, except it be the *Rath Haus*, or Town Hall; of which the

partem efficit magnus librorum et libellorum numerus ab Ao. 1500. usque ad 1550. editorum a Reformatoribus eorumque aduersariis, qui numerum sex millium superant, in quibus adsunt Serueti de Trinitatis erroribus, eiusdemque Dialogi, Tomi Pasquillorum, Henr. Corn. Agrippæ aliquot opera, Lemnii Epigrammata, aliquot libelli, Lutheri et Melanchthonis manu ornati; præterea alia Collectio Documentorum, quorum antiquissimum est ab. A. 1181 et Epistolarum *αὐτογράφων*, a viris doctis Sæculorum xv. xvi. xvii. xviii. conscriptarum, in quibus Henr. Steinhoevelii, Raym. Peraudi, Lutheri, Melanchthonis, Zwinglii, Gruteri, Casauboni, Ludolfi, Camerarii, Patris, Rittershusiorum, Piccarti, aliorumque.

“Sed nolo longiore enarratione molestus esse, ne vanus esse uidear, a quo vitio nemo me alienior est. Vt divina providentia iter prosperum esse iubeat, est, quod ex animo TIBI, VIR — precatur

G. VEESENMEYER, Prof.

Vlmæ,

Aug.

MDCCCXVIII.

P. S. Et TIBI præsentī, et superiora heri nocte et somno ingruente scribens referre omiseram, esse mihi ex XXII. libris, ab *Academia Veneta, della Fama dicta*, editis XV. Omnes adeo sunt rari, ut vel instructissimæ bibliothecæ vix aliquot eorum habeant. Addo *germanicam Sixti Papæ Bullæ datæ 1474, versionem*, sine dubio Vlmæ eodem anno impressam, et quinque foliis constantem; quam apud me vidisti.

The Professor, with the above note, was also so obliging as to present me with a copy of his “*Specimen Historico-Litterarium de Academia Veneta*. Qua Scholarchæ et Vniversum Gymnasii quod Ulmæ floret Consilium Mæcenates Paronos Fautores ejusdem Gymnasii ad Orationem aditalem A. D. xxiv. Febr. A. 1794, habendam officiose atque decenter invitant.”—A Latin brochure of twelve pages: “*Ulmæ ex Officina Wagneri, Patris.*”

greater part may be as old as the Cathedral. But the Professor was most earnest about the house, contiguous to the Chapel, near the Cathedral, being the residence of the far-famed John Zeiner of Reutlingen. I was unwilling to disbelieve it, and so did not attempt to shake or question the truth of the tradition : but “ what would I give for the statue or picture of that far-famed printer ? ”—said I to the Professor ! “ You may offer what you please ”—rejoined my learned guide—“ for it does not exist, and I believe never did exist.” This was a sober conclusion for one who believed in the identity of the house as being the residence of the same artist. The one seemed to be about as probable as the other.

On the following morning I left Ulm, well pleased to have visited the city—and, had the time allowed, much disposed to spend another twenty-four hours within its walls. But I had not quitted my bed (and it was between six and seven o’clock in the morning) before my good friend the Professor was announced : and in half a second was standing at the foot of it. He pulled off his green cloth cap, in which I had first seen him—and I pulled off my night cap, to return his salutation—raising myself in my bed. He apologised for such an early intrusion : but said “ the duties of his situation led him to be an early riser ; and that at seven, his business of instructing youth was to begin.” I thanked him heartily for his polite attentions—little expecting the honour of so early a visit. He then assumed a graver expression of countenance, and a deeper tone of voice ; and added, in the Latin language—“ May it please Providence, worthy Sir, to restore you safely,

(after you shall have examined the treasures in the imperial library of Vienna) to your wife and family. It will always gratify me to hear of your welfare." The Professor then bowed: shut the door quickly, and I saw him no more. I mention this little anecdote (putting myself out of the question as much as possible) merely to give you an idea of the extreme simplicity, and friendliness of disposition, (which I have already observed in more than this one instance) of the German character.

The day of my departure was market-day at Ulm. Having ordered the horses at ten o'clock, I took a stroll in the market-place, and saw the several sights which are exhibited on such occasions. Poultry, meat, vegetables, butter, eggs, and—about three stalls of modern books. These books were, necessarily, almost wholly, published in the German language; but as I am fond of reading the popular manuals of instruction of every country—whether these instructions be moral, historical, or facetious—I purchased a couple of copies of the *Almanac Historique nommé Le Messenger Boiteux*, &c.* a quarto publication, printed

* *Almanac Historique nommé Le Messenger Boiteux*.]—After the usual introductory parts of the Calendar, Eclipses, and agricultural instructions, there are historical and political pieces. Some of these are illustrated by wood cuts, not a little barbarous in their execution, but not wholly divested of merit in their composition. The account of the *Transactions in England* (in which the Luddites are particularly noticed) opens with the following not very inapposite reflections:

“ Un esprit extraordinaire règne dans la Grande-Bretagne; le roi, vieillard en démence, aveugle, sourd, renfermé dans ses appartemens, ne sait depuis longtems plus rien de son peuple. Cependant tout con-

in the sorriest chap-book manner, at Colmar, and of which the fictitious name of *Antoine Souci, Astronome et Hist.* stands in the title-page as the author. A wood-cut of an old fellow with a wooden leg, and a letter in his right hand, is *intended* to grace this title-page. "Do you believe (said I to the young woman, who sold me the book, and who could luckily stammer forth a few words of French) what the author of this work says?" "Yes, Sir, I believe even *more* than what he says—" was the instant reply of the credulous vendor of the tome. Every body around seemed to be in good health and good spirits; and a more cheerful opening of a market-day could not have been witnessed. Perhaps, to a stranger, there is no sight which makes him more solicitous to become acquainted with new faces, in a new country, than

tinue sa grande et puissante marche, sous la direction du prince-régent, de son conseil secret et du parlement.

"Depuis longtems la substance et l'existence de cet empire est un problème pour bien des hommes instruits. Après plus de vingt ans d'une guerre gigantesque et continuelle, elle a vaincu la France sa rivale; soutenu, avec reconnaissance, par son or, d'autres potentats de l'Europe, pour combattre avec elle, et laisse à peine appercevoir une indice de son propre épuisement, tandis que d'autres états du continent se reposent exténués. Elle entretient une armée de terre excellente et éprouvée, égale à la meillure qui existe dans tout autre empire de l'Europe, et en outre une immense marine, contre laquelle toutes les flottes réunies du monde ne pourraient lutter, ni par la force, ni par la manœuvre; et cependant il a été prédit dès longtems, que ces énormes efforts précipiteraient la Grande-Bretagne dans l'abîme. Elle repose sur la large fondation de sa dette publique, aussi ferme, aussi fière, aussi sûre, que peuvent l'être d'autres états sur leurs riches trésors." Sign D 3.

such a scene as this. All was hilarity and good humour : while, above, was a sky as bright and blue as ever was introduced into an illuminated copy of the devotional volumes printed by the father of the ULM PRESS ; to wit, *John Zeiner of Reutlingen*.

We crossed the Danube a little after ten o'clock, and entered the territories of the King of BAVARIA. Fresh liveries to the postillion — light blue, with white facings — a horn slung across the shoulders, to which the postillion applied his lips to blow a merry blast* — all animated us : as, upon paying the tax at the barriers, we sprung forward at a sharp trot towards Augsbourg. The morning continued fine, but the country was rather flat ; which enabled us, however, as we turned a frequent look behind, to keep the tower of the cathedral of Ulm in view even for some half dozen miles. The distance before us now became a little more hilly : and we began to have the first glimpse of those *forests of firs* which abound throughout Bavaria. They seem at times interminable. Meanwhile, the churches, thinly scattered here and there, had a sort of mosque or globular shaped summit, crowned by a short and slender spire ; while the villages appeared very humble, but with few or no beggars assailing you upon changing horses. We had scarcely reached *Günzburg*, the first stage, and about fourteen miles from Ulm, when we obtained

* *to blow a merry blast.*] — The postboys in the Duchy of Baden, and in the territories of Würtemberg, have also horns ; but I never could get any thing, in the likeness of a tune, performed by either of them. The moment you enter BAVARIA, you observe a greater elasticity of character.

a glimpse of what appeared to be some lofty mountains at the distance of forty or fifty miles. Upon enquiry, I found that they were a part of a chain of mountains connected with those in the Tyrol.

We reached Augsburg to a late dinner; the weather having become extremely sultry after we had quitted *Zusmarshausen*, the last stage on this side of it. The road also became more hilly; but the tops of the rising grounds were, as before, covered by fir trees, the dark foliage of which was refreshing to the eye. We also saw, afar off, to the left, what appeared to be a continuation of the chain of the same mountains, towards the Tyrol, which we had seen on quitting Ulm. Their summits seemed to be snow-capt, and tinged with a pinky hue; exhilarating to eyes which had not feasted upon Alpine scenery. There is a great traffic in pigs carried on in this country; as we were slowly gaining the summit of a high hill, we observed, between us and the horizon, a vast drove approaching us. There seemed to be no end to them, and I am persuaded that they extended very nearly half a mile in length. I learnt that they were intended for the Ulm market. On passing through a village I saw a sight which amused my companion as well as myself exceedingly; and which had even an unusual appearance to our valet and the postillion. A *diligence*—said to be from Stuttgart to Vienna—was halting to change horses. While the horses were being put to, the passengers got out to stretch their legs; for they had been travelling all night. Hot as the weather was, they were each (I think six or seven) cloaked; and each had a thick short pipe in his mouth, from which the

smoke issued in copious wreaths.' "What must be the effect of these conflicting volumes of smoke within the diligence?"—observed I to the valet. "Oh, Sir, (rejoined he) they are *used* to it—and, besides, it helps them to go to sleep." I own, when I sat in an open voiture of a different description, breathing the pure air of heaven, and looking upon every object I pleased, I could not but congratulate myself that—I was *not* a fellow-traveller in such a diligence.

It was about five o'clock when we reached Augsburg; and, on entering it, we could not but be struck with the *painted exteriors*, and elaborate style of architecture, of the houses. We noticed, with surprise not wholly divested of admiration, shepherds and shepherdesses, heroes and heroines, piazzas, palaces, cascades, and fountains—in colours rather gay than appropriate—depicted upon the exterior walls:—and it seemed as if the accidents of weather and of time had rarely visited these decorations. All was fresh, and gay, and imposing. But a word about our *Inn*, before I take you out of doors. It is very large; and, what is better, the owner of it is very civil. Your carriage drives into a covered gate way or vestibule, from whence the different stair-cases, or principal doors, lead to the several divisions of the house. The front of the house is rich and elegant. On admiring it, the waiter observed—"Yes, Sir, this front is worthy of the reputation which the *Hôtel of the Three Negroes* possesses throughout Europe." I admitted it was most respectable. Our bed rooms are superb—though, by preference, we always choose the upper suite of apartments. The *café* for dining, below, was

large and commodious; and I had hardly bespoke my first dinner, when the head-waiter put the *travelling book* into my hands: that is, a book, or *album*, in which the names and qualities of all the guests at that inn, from all parts of Europe, are duly registered. I saw the names of several of my countrymen whom I well knew; and inscribed my own name, and that of my companion, with the simplest adjuncts that could be devised. In doing so, I acted only according to precedent. But the boast and the glory of this Inn is its GALLERY OF PICTURES: for sale. The great ball-room, together with sundry corridors and cabinets adjoining, are full of these pictures; and, what renders the view of them more delectable, is, the *Catalogue*—printed in the *English language*, and of which a German is the reputed author.

My attention, upon first running over these pictures was, unluckily, much divided between them and the vehicle of their description. If I turned to the number, and to the description in the printed catalogue, the language of the latter was frequently so whimsical, that I could not refrain from downright laughter.* However, the substance must not be neglected for the shadow; and it is right that you should know,

* *could not resist from downright laughter.*]—The reader may try the effect of perusing the following articles—taken from this printed catalogue—upon his own muscles. The performance, as I suspect, is by a native of Augsburg,

“ 75. *Portrait of Justus Lipsius by Rembrand* . . This head of a singular verity shews of draughts of a man of science: the treatement of Clothing is most perfectful, the respiring of life, the hands all wonder-worthy to be admired. 208, *A hunting piece* of great beauty by Schneyders, the dogs seem to be alive, the wild-fowls, a hare, toils, just as in

in case you put your travelling scheme of visiting this country, next year, into execution, that the following observations may not be wholly without their use in directing your choice — as well as attention — should you be disposed to purchase. Here is *said* to be a portrait of *Arcolano Armafrodita*, a famous physician at Rome in the xvth century, by *Leonardo da Vinci*. Believe neither the one nor the other. There are some *Albert Durers*; one of the *Trinity*, of the date of 1523, and another of the *Doctors of the Church* dated 1494: the latter good, and a choice picture of the early time of the master. A portrait of an old man, kit-cat, *supposed* by *Morillo*. Two ancient pictures by *Holbein* (that is, the *Father* of Hans Holbein) of the *Fugger-family* — containing nine figures, portraits, of the size of life: dated 1517 and deserving of notice. An old woman veiled, half length, by *J. Levens*: very good.

nature. 341. *Queen Marie Christine of Sweden* represented in a very noble situation of body and tranquility of mind, of a fine verity and a high effect of clair-obscure. By Rembrand. 376. *Cromwell Olivier*, kit-cat the size of life, a Portrait of the finest carnation, who shews of a perfect likeness and verity, school of Vandyk, perhaps by himself. 398. Portrait of *Charles the first king of England* (so many Portraits of famous persons by Classick painters will very seldom be found into a privat collection) good picture by Janson van Mireveld. 399. A large and precious battle piece representing a scene of the famous victory by *Blindheim wonen by Marleborough* over the frensh 1704. We see here the portrait of this hero very resembling, he in a graceful attitude on horsebak, is just to order a movement; a many generals and attendance are arround him. The leaguer, the landscape, the groups, the fighting all with the greatest thruth, there is nothing that does not contribute to embellish this very remarcable picture, painted by a contemporary of the evenement and famous artist in battle pieces, George Philipp Rugendas."

Here are two *Lucas Cranachs*, which I should like to have bought ; but was fearful of dipping too deeply into Madame Francs's supplemental supply. One is a supposed portrait (it is a mere supposition) of *Erasmus* and his mistress ; the other is an old fellow caressing a girl. As specimens of colouring they are fine—for the master ; but I suspect they have had a few retouches. Here is what the catalogue calls “ *A fuddling-bout, beautiful small piece, by Rembrandt :*” n°. 188 : but it is any thing but a beautiful piece, and any thing but a Rembrandt.

There is a small picture, said to be by *Marchessini*, of “ Christ dragged to the place of execution.” It is full of spirit, and I think quite original. At first I mistook it for a *Rubens* ; and if *Marchessini*, and not *Otho Venius*, had been his master, this mistake would have been natural. This picture would suit the anti-room to your library (where you give your pleasant bibliographical breakfasts, cheered by the checquered light of stained glass in a bay window, temp. Eliz. Reg.) to a very hair : as would also one or two little pieces, by doubtful masters, of portraits of eminent men—celebrated in the pages of the *History of Charles V.* by our renowned *Robertson*. In short, I think I could cull a nosegay of a few vivid and fragrant flowers, from this graphic garden of plants of all colours and qualities. But I shrewdly suspect that they are in general the off-scourings of public or private collections ; and that a thick coat of varnish and a broad gilt frame will often lead the unwary astray.

While I am upon the subject of *paintings*, I must

take you with me to the TOWN HALL . . a noble structure ; of which the audience room, up one pair of stairs — and in which Charles V. received the deputies respecting the famous *Augsbourg Confession of Faith*, in 1530,* — is, to my taste, the most perfectly handsome room which I have ever seen. The wainscot or sides are walnut and chestnut wood, relieved by beautiful gilt ornaments. The ceiling is also of the same materials ; but marked and diversified by divisions of square, or parallelogram, or oval, or circular, forms. This ceiling is very lofty, for the size of the room ; but it is a fault (if it be one) on the right side. I should say, that this were a chamber worthy of the cause—and of the actors—in the scene alluded to. It is thoroughly imperial : grave, grand, and yet not preposterously gorgeous.

Above this magnificent room is the PICTURE GALLERY. It is said to receive the overflowings of the gallery of Munich ; which, in turn, has been indebted to the well known gallery of Dusseldorf for its principal treasures. However, as a receiver of cast-off apparel, this collection must be necessarily inferior to the parent wardrobe, yet I would strongly recommend every English antiquary—at all desirous of increasing

* Perhaps I may not be correct in the identity of this room. Reichard and Vosgien say it was in the *Episcopal Palace*—where this famous confession of faith was read. But the episcopal palace now no longer exists as such ; and our guide told us that the deputies were received in the room mentioned in the text. Reichard computes the measurement of this room at ninety-two by forty-eight feet. I should have thought it more of a square — and full forty feet high : but memory, in these matters, is very fallacious.

his knowledge, and improving his taste, in early German art—to pay due attention to this singular collection of pictures at Augsbourg. He will see here, for the first time in Bavaria—in his route from the capital of France — productions, quite new in character, and not less striking from boldness of conception and vigor of execution. Augsbourg may now be considered the soil of the *Elder Holbein*, *Hans Burgmair*, *Amsberger*, and *Lucas Cranach*. Here are things, of which Richardson never dreamt, and which Walpole would have parted with three fourths of his graphic embellishments at Strawberry Hill to have possessed. Here are also portraits of some of the early Reformers, of which an excellent Divine (in the vicinity of Hackney church) would leap with transport to possess copies, wherewith to adorn his admirable collection of English ecclesiastical history. Here, too, are capricious drolleries, full of character and singularity—throwing light upon past manners and customs—which the excellent PROSPERO would view with an almost coveting eye.

But to be more particular; and to begin with the notice of a curious performance of John, or the ELDER HOLBEIN. It is divided, like many of the pictures of the old German masters, into three compartments. The *Nativity* occupies one; the *Assumption* another; and the decapitation of *St. Dorothy* the third. In the Assumption, the Trinity, composed of three male figures, is introduced as sanctifying the Virgin — who is in front. Below this group is the church of “*Maria Maior*,” having two bells in the steeple; upon one of which, in the act of being tolled, is the date of

1499 : upon the other, in a quiescent state, are the words HANS HOLBEIN: with the initials L. B. to the right. To the left, at bottom, is the inscription HIE LITBE GR̄A ; to the right, below, on a piece of stone, the initial H. The third piece in this composition, the death of St. Dorothy, exhibits a sweetly-drawn and sweetly coloured countenance in that of the devoted Saint. She is kneeling, about to receive the uplifted sword of the executioner ; evincing a firmness, yet meekness of resignation, not unworthy the virgin martyrs of the pencils of Raphael or Guido. Her hair is long, and flows gracefully behind. A little boy, habited in a whimsical jacket, offers her a vase filled with flowers. The whole picture is rich and mellow in its colouring, and in a fine state of preservation.

Another piece, by the same uncommon artist, may be also worth particular notice. It is a miscellaneous performance, divided into three compartments ; having, in the upper part of the first, a representation of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. Our Saviour is placed in a very singular situation, within a rock. The comforting angel appears just above him. Below is the Pope, in full costume, in the character of St. Peter, with a key in his left hand, and in his right a scroll ; upon the latter of which is this inscription : “ *Auctoritate ap̄lica dimitto vob̄ om̄ia p̄cta.*”* The date of 1501 is below. This picture,

* This was no uncommon representation in the early period of art. “ In the church of St. Peter the Younger, at Strasbourg, about the year 1515, there was a kind of large printed placard, with figures on each side of it, suspended near a confessional. On one side, was a naked

which is exceedingly gorgeous, is in the highest state of preservation. Another compartment represents our Saviour and the Virgin surrounded by male and female martyrs. One man, with his arms over his head, and a nail driven through them into his skull, is very striking: the head being well drawn and coloured. To the left, are the Pope, Bishops, and a Cardinal between St. Christopher and a man in armour. One Bishop (*St. Erasmus*) carries a spit in his left hand, designating the instrument whereby he suffered death. This large picture is in a very fine state of preservation.

A third display of the graphic talents of the Elder Holbein (I should conceive, rather than of the son when young—as is generally believed) claims especial notice. This picture is a representation of the leading events in the *Life of St. Paul*; having, like most other performances of this period, many episodes or digressions. It is also divided into three compartments; of

Christ, removing the fire of purgatory with his cross, and sending all those, who came out of the fire, to the Pope — who was seated in his pontifical robes, having letters of indulgence before him. Before him, also, knelt emperors, kings, cardinals, bishops and others: behind him was a sack of silver, with many captives delivered from Mahometan slavery -- thanking the supreme Pontiff, and followed by clergymen paying the ransom money to the Turks. There might also be seen captives, at the bottom of a deep well, shut down by bars of iron; and men, women, and children, making all manner of horrible contortions." Those, says the chronicler Wencker, " who saw such a piteous sight, wept, and gave money liberally—for the possession of indulgences;—of which the money, raised by the sale, was supposed to be applied towards the ransom of Christian captives." HERMANN; *Notices Historiques, &c. de Strasbourg*; vol. ii. p. 434.

which the central one, as usual, is the most elevated. The first compartment, to the left, represents the conversion of St. Paul above, with his baptism by Ananias below. In this baptism is represented a glory round the head of St. Paul — such as we see round that of Christ. Before them stands a boy, with a lighted torch and a box: an old man is to the left, and another, with two children, to the right. This second old man's head is rather fine. To the left of the baptism, a little above, is St. Paul in prison, giving a letter to a messenger. The whole piece is, throughout, richly and warmly coloured, and in a fine state of preservation. The central piece has, above, [*“Basilica Sancti Pauli.”*] Christ crowned with thorns. The man, putting a sceptre in his hand, is most singularly and not inelegantly clothed; but one or two of the figures of the men behind, occupied in plating the crown of thorns, have a most extraordinary and original cast of countenance and of head-dress. They appear ferocious, but almost ludicrous, from bordering upon caricature; while the leaves, and bullrush-like ornaments of their head-dress, render them very singularly striking personages. To the right, Joseph of Arimathea is bargaining for the body of Jesus; the finger of one hand placed against the thumb of the other telling the nature of the action admirably.

Below this subject, in the centre, is St. Paul preaching at Athens. One of the figures, listening to the orator with folded arms, might have given the hint to Raphael for one of *his* figures, in a similar attitude, introduced into the famous cartoon of the same subject. Before St. Paul, below, a woman is sitting — looking

at him, and having her back turned to the spectator. The head-dress of this figure, which is white, is not ungraceful. I made a rude copy of it ; but if I had even coloured like * * * I could not have done justice to the neck and back ; which exhibited a tone of colour that seemed to unite all the warmth of Titian with all the freshness of Rubens. In the foreground of this picture, to the right, St. Peter and St. Paul are being led to execution. There is great vigour of conception and of touch (perhaps bordering somewhat upon caricature) in the countenances of the soldiers. One of them is shewing his teeth, with a savage grin, whilst he is goading on the Apostles to execution. The headless trunk of St. Paul, with blood spouting from it, lies to the left ; the executioner, having performed his office, is deliberately sheathing his sword. The colouring throughout may be considered perfect. We now come to the remaining, or third compartment. This exhibits the interment of St. Paul. There is a procession from a church, led on by the Pope, who carries the head of the Apostle upon a napkin. The same head is also represented as placed between the feet of the corpse, in the fore-ground. There is a clever figure, in profile, of a man kneeling in front : the colouring of the robe of a Bishop, also kneeling, is rich and harmonious. A man, with a glory round his head, is let down in a basket, as from prison, to witness the funeral. But let me not forget to notice the head of an old man, in the procession, (coming out of the church-door) and turning towards the left :—it is admirably well touched.*

* Among my memoranda, I find no particulars of the *sizes* of these

The preceding description will be probably sufficient to excite in you a desire to obtain a few choice specimens of the FATHER of the renowned HANS HOLBEIN. Doubtless, like Cranach, the elder Holbein painted the portraits of many celebrated Reformers—aye, peradventure that of JOHN GEYLER! But where does this latter, if ever executed, now exist? To leave conjecture for reality: I am now about to give you a notion of the talents of HANS BURGMAIR—a painter, as well as engraver, of first-rate abilities. I will begin with what I consider to be the most elaborate specimen of his pencil in this most curious gallery of pictures. The subject is serious, but miscellaneous: and of the date of 1501. It consists of Patriarchs, Evangelists, Martyrs, male and female, and Popes, &c. The Virgin and Christ are sitting, at top, in distinguished majesty. The countenances of the whole group are full of nature and expression: that of the Virgin is doubtless painted after a living subject. It exhibits the prevailing or favourite *mouth* of the artist; which happens however to be generally somewhat awry. The cherub, holding up a white crown, and thrusting his arm as it were towards the spot where it is to be fixed, is prettily conceived. Upon the whole, this picture contains some very fine heads.

Another picture of Hans Burgmair, worth especial attention, is dated 1504. It is, as usual, divided into three compartments; and the subject is that of *St. Ursula and her Virgins*. Although of less solid merit

pictures; or rather of the figures of which they are composed; but I should say, upon recollection, that none of the latter exceeded *half*, and few the *third*, of the height of the human form.

than the preceding, it is infinitely more striking ; being most singularly conceived and executed. The gold ornaments, and gold grounds, are throughout managed with a freedom and minuteness of touch which distinguish many of the most beautiful early missals. In the first compartment, or division, are a group of women round "*Sibila Ancyra Phrygiæ*." The dresses of these women, especially about the breast, are very curious. Some of their head dresses are not less striking, but more simple ; having what may be called a cushion of gold at the back of them. In the second compartment is the *Crucifixion*—in the warmest and richest (says my memorandum, taken on the very spot) glow of colour. Beneath, there is a singular composition. Before a church, is a group of pilgrims with staves and hats on ; a man, not in the attire of a pilgrim, heads them ; he is habited in green, and points backwards towards a woman, who is retreating ; a book is in his left hand. The attitudes of both are very natural. Further to the right, a man is retreating—going through an arch-way—with a badge (a pair of cross keys) upon his shoulder. The retreating woman has also the same badge. To the left, another pilgrim is sitting, apparently to watch ; further up, is a house, towards which all the pilgrims seem to be directing their steps to enter. A man and woman come out of this house to receive them with open arms. The third division continues the History of St. Ursula. Her attire, sitting in a vessel by the side of her husband Gutherus, is sumptuous in the extreme. I would have given four ducats for a copy of it, but Mr. Lewis was otherwise engaged. A Pope and Cardinal are to the right of

St. Ursula : the whole being in a perfect blaze of splendour. Below, they are dragging the female Saint and her virgin companions on shore, for the purpose of decapitation. An attitude of horror, in one of the virgins, is very striking.

There is a small picture by Burgmair of the *Virgin and Christ*, in the manner of the Italian masters, which is a palpable failure. The infant is wretchedly drawn; although, in other respects, prettily and tenderly coloured. Burgmair was out of his element in subjects of dignity, or rather of *repose*. Where the workings of the mind were not to be depicted by strong demarcations of countenance, he was generally unsuccessful. Hence it is, that in a subject of the greatest repose, but at the same time intensity of feeling—the *Crucifixion*—this master, in a picture here, of the date of 1519, has really outdone himself : and perhaps is not to be excelled by *any* artist of the same period. I could not take my eyes from this picture—of which the figures are about half the size of life. It is thus treated. Our Saviour has just breathed his dying exclamation—“ it is finished.” His head hangs down—cold, pale death being imprinted upon every feature of the face. It is perhaps a painfully-deadly countenance :—copied, I make no doubt, from nature. St. Anne, Mary, and St. John, are the only attendants. The former is quite absorbed in agony—her head is lowly inclined, and her arms are above it. (The pattern of the drapery is rather singular) Mary exhibits a more quiet expression : her resignation is calm and fixed, while her heart seems to be broken. But it is in the figure and countenance of *St. John*, that the artist has reached all

that an artist *could* reach in a delineation of the same subject. The beloved disciple simply looks upwards—upon the breathless corpse of his crucified master. In that look, the world appears to be for ever forgotten. His arms and hands are locked together, in the agony of his soul. There is the sublimest abstraction from every artificial and frivolous accompaniment—in the treatment of this subject—which you can possibly conceive. The background of the picture is worthy of its nobler parts. There is a sobriety of colouring about it which Annibal Caracci would not have disdained to own. I should add, that there is a folding compartment on each side of the principal subject, which, moving upon hinges, may be turned inwards, and shut the whole from view. Each of these compartments contains one of the two thieves who were crucified with Our Saviour. There is a figure of S. Lazarus's below one of them, which is very fine for colour and drawing.

The last, in the series of old pictures by German masters, which I have time to notice, is an exceedingly curious and valuable one by CHRISTOPHER AMBERGER. It represents *the Adoration of the Magi*. There are throughout very successful attempts at reflected light; but what should set this picture above all price, in my humble estimation, is a portrait—and the finest which I remember to have seen—of MELANCTHON:—executed when he was in the vigour of life, and in the full possession of physiognomical expression. He is introduced in the stable just over those near the Virgin, who are coming to pay their homage to the infant Christ; and is habited in black, with a black cap on. Mr. Lewis, although suffering

under extreme indisposition, made the following rough copy of the head in pencil. To the best of my recollection, there is *no engraving* of it—so that you will preserve the enclosed for me, for the purpose of having it executed upon copper, when I reach England. It is a countenance full of intellectual expression.



Of the supposed *Titians, Caraccis, Guidos, Cignanis, and Paolo Veroneses*, I will not presume to say one word; because I have great doubts about their genuineness, or, at any rate, integrity of condition. I looked about for *Albert Durer*, and *Lucas Cranach*, and saw with pleasure the portraits of my old friends *Maximilian I.* and *Charles V.* by the former—and a *Samson and Dalila* by the latter: but neither, I think, in the very first rate style of the artist.

There was a frightful, but expressive and well coloured, head of a Dwarf, or Fool, of which Mr. Lewis took a pencil-copy ; but it is not of sufficient importance to enclose in this despatch. But the EARLY GERMAN SCHOOL of Art is here the grand and almost exclusive feature of attraction—speaking in an antiquarian point of view. Reïchard estimates the number of these pictures at *twelve hundred*, but I should rather say *seven hundred*.

I find, however, that it will be impossible to compress all my *Augsbourg* intelligence in one epistle ; and so I reserve the remainder for another opportunity.

LETTER XLI.

AUGSBOURG. CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. POPULATION. TRADE. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

IN ancient times—that is to say, upwards of three centuries ago—the CITY OF AUGSBOURG was probably the most populous and consequential in the kingdom of Bavaria. It was the principal residence of the noblesse, and the great mart of commerce. Dukes, barons, nobles of every rank and degree, became domiciled here. A thousand blue and white flags streamed from the tops of castellated mansions, and fluttered along the then almost impregnable ramparts. It was also not less remarkable for the number and splendour of its religious establishments. Here was a cathedral, containing twenty-four chapels; and an abbey or monastery (of *Saints Vlrice and Afra*) which had no rival in Bavaria for the size of its structure and the wealth of its possessions. This latter contained a LIBRARY, both of MSS. and printed books, of which the recent work of Braun has luckily preserved a record;* and which, but for such record, would have

* *Braun has luckily preserved a record.*] His account of the PRINTED BOOKS in the XVth century, in the monastery above mentioned, was published in 1786, in 2 vols. 4to. That of the MANUSCRIPTS, in the same monastic library, was published in 1791, in 2 vols, or rather perhaps, six parts, 4to.

been unknown to after ages. The treasures of this Library are now entirely dispersed ; and Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is the grand repository of these and similar treasures. Augsbourg, in the first instance, was enriched by the dilapidations of numerous monasteries ; especially upon the suppression of the order of the Jesuits. The paintings, books, and relics, of every description, of such monasteries as were in the immediate vicinity of this city, were taken away to adorn the town hall, churches, chapels and libraries. Of this collection, (of which no inconsiderable portion, both for number and intrinsic value, came from the neighbouring monastery of Eichstadt.*) there has of course been a pruning ; and many flowers have been transplanted to Munich. Yet there are *graphic* treasures in Augsbourg well deserving the diligent search and critical examination of the English Antiquary. The church of the *Recollets* has an organ which is considered among the noblest, for dimensions and tone, in Europe : nor must I forget to notice the pulpit, by Eichlen, and some old pictures in the church of St. Anne.

The TOWN HALL in this city, which I mentioned in my last letter, is thought to be the finest in Germany. It was yet exceeded, as I learn, by the old EPISCOPAL

* Among the books in this monastery was an uncut copy of the famous edition of the *Meditationes J. de Turrecremata*, of the date of 1467 : which is now in the Library of Lord Spencer. In Hartmann Schedel's *Chronicon Norimbergense*, 1493, fol. CLXII, are portraits of the Founders of the Town and Monastery of Eichstadt, or EISTETT ; together with a large wood-cut view of the town. The monastery appears to have been situated on a commanding eminence.

PALACE, now dismembered of its ancient dimensions, and divided into public offices of government. The principal church, at the end of the *Maximilian Street*, is that which once formed the chief ornament of the famous Abbey of Sts. Ulric and Afra. I should think that there is no portion of the present building older than the fourteenth century; while it is evident that the upper part of the tower is of the middle of the sixteenth. It has a nearly globular or mosque-shaped termination—so common in the greater number of the Bavarian churches. It is frequented by congregations both of the Catholic and Protestant persuasion; and it was highly gratifying to see, as I saw, human beings assembled under the same roof, equally occupied in their different forms of adoration, in doing homage to their common Creator. There *was* a time, some two centuries and a half ago, when such a sight could not have been witnessed: when the contiguity of parties, of different religious persuasions, would have been attended with the most violent marks of outrage and even of bloodshed.* But those times—let us trust in God—are for ever gone by. It was pleasing, the other day, to witness, upon some high religious festival, the crowds of respectable and well-dressed people (chiefly females) who were issuing from the Church just above mentioned. It had quite an English Sunday appearance. I have said that these females were “well dressed:”—I should rather have said superbly dressed: for their head-ornaments—consisting of a cap, depressed at top, but terminating behind in a broad

* See the account of the Catholic and Protestant contentions at Strasbourg, p. 7, ante.

bow—are usually silk, of different colours, entirely covered with gold or silver gauze, and spangles. The hair appeared to be carefully combed and plaited, either turned up in a broad mass behind, or terminating in ringlets. I asked the price of one of the simplest of these caps—worn by the common order of servants—and found it to be little less than a guinea. But they last long, and the owners attach some importance to them.

Augsbourg was once distinguished for great learning and piety, as well as for political consequence ; and she boasts of a very splendid *martyrological roll*.* At the present day, all is comparatively dull and quiet ; but

* *boasts of a very splendid martyrological roll.*] In the *BAVARIA SANCTA* of *RADERUS*, 1615-27, 3 vols. folio, will be found a succession of martyrological details—adorned by a series of beautiful engravings by *Ralph Sadeler*. The text is in Latin, and the author has apparently availed himself of all the accessible authorities, in manuscript and print, which were likely to give interest and weight to his narrative : but it seems to have been composed rather for the sake of the *ENGRAVINGS*—which are generally most admirably executed. Great delicacy and truth of drawing, as well as elegance of grouping, are frequently discernible in them ; and throughout the whole of the compositions there is much of the air of *Parmegiano's* pencil ; especially in the females. *Sadeler* makes his monks and abbots quite *gentlemen* in their figures and deportment ; and some of his miracles are described with great singularity and force of effect. I will present the reader with a fac-simile (only a little reduced in size) of the vision of *B. GUILIELMUS PEREGRINUS*, appearing to Count Albert, as he is sleeping in his bed, and the *hand* of whom is designated in the surrounding glory. Such a representation is almost entirely new to me, although I think that I have seen it in an old painting of the early German School. After the death of *Peregrinus*, his form appears to the Count, telling him where he wishes his own body to be placed ; and a chapel to be built to commemorate the miracle wrought upon

you cannot fail to be struck with the magnificence of many of the houses, and the air of importance hence

the Count during his life-time, in restoring him to health. The artist, in the trifling reduction of the copy, has somewhat subdued the black tone of the original engraving.



“ This event (says the text) took place in a large monastery in Bavaria, called Winburg, which is delightfully situated on the other side of the Danube, looking upon Bohemia, near Poge ; of the origin of which monastery, copious mention is made from the MSS. of the same monastery and the inedited papers of Bruschius.” See vol. i. fol. 127-8. The martyrdoms and afflictions of many of these BAVARIAN Saints are sometimes described by the artist with a shuddering minuteness :

given to the streets; while the paintings upon the outer walls add much to the splendid effect of the whole. The population of Augsbourg is supposed to

torture by the sword, knife, rope, fire and water, being frequently introduced. But of the miracles connected with the *latter* mode of punishment, there is one, at the commencement of the first volume relating to S. QUIRINUS ILLYRICUS---Pope and Martyr---in the representation of which the effect is almost ludicrous. It exhibits the Pontiff thrown into a river, with a millstone about his neck, by order, and in the presence, of Galerius, the associate of Diocletian in the imperial government. Before the Martyr sinks from the weight of the stone, he intreats the Almighty that he may be spared to make an exhortation to the spectators. The subjoined fac-simile shews the manner in which he addresses the audience.



The account concludes with several stanzas ending thus :

Oranem simul halitus,
 Et vox deserit et calor,
 Scandit spiritus ardua :
 Fit pondus graue saxeum,
 Corpus suscipiunt aquæ. *Bavaria Sancta* ; vol. i. fol. 22-3.

amount to about thirty thousand. In the time of Maximilian, and Charles V. it was, I make no doubt, twice as numerous.

Of the TRADE of Augsbourg, I am not enabled to transmit any very flattering details. Silks, stuffs, dimity, (made here for the first time) and jewellery, are the chief commodities; but for the *latter*, connected with articles of dress, there is rather a brisk demand. The reputation of the manufactory of *Seethaler*, is deserving of mention. In the repository of this respectable tradesman you will find varieties of every description: rings, buckles, clasps, bracelets, and images of Saints, of peculiar and interesting forms. Yet they complain here of stagnation of commerce in

The city of AUGSBOURG had a great share in the production of these martyrs; as may be seen from the German work of *Stengelius*, called "*Imagines Sanctorum Augustanorum Vindelicorum, Æneis Tabulis expressæ*. 1620. folio. The drawings from which these plates were executed, are by *F. Sustris* and *T. Maurer*. Many of these cuts are striking, but they are less delicately executed than those of the preceding work. Subjoined to the copy of *Stengelius*, at present before me, is a work entitled "*MONASTERIOLOGIA, &c.*" exhibiting plates, or bird's eye views, of Monasteries of the order of St. Benedict, in Bavaria: published at Augsbourg in 1619, folio. As antiquarian relics, or as representations of buildings, of which the greater number are now perished, these plates are not divested of interest. The series begins with the famous monastery of *Sts. Udalricus* and *Afra*, above mentioned; which may afford some notion of the extent of its ancient locale. There appear to be two quadrangles, with flower gardens and orchard, &c. exclusively of the great church, and a noble chapel, with a cross before it—both of which latter exist no longer.

This *Bavarian Monasteriologia* is followed by another work (by the same author, *Stengelius*) containing the Benedictine monasteries in *Austria*; of which latter, hereafter.

almost every one of its branches : although they admit that the continuance of peace will bring things comfortably round again. The late war exhausted both the population and the treasury of Bavaria. They do a good stroke of business in the concerns of the bank : and this is considered rather a famous place for the management of letters and bills of exchange. With respect to the *latter*, some singular customs and privileges are, I understand, observed here : among others, if a bill become due on a *Wednesday*, eight days of grace are invariably allowed.

The fortifications have even yet an impregnable-looking aspect. The walls are broad and lofty ; and the fosse, although dry, has a sort of shuddering depth. It might be quickly filled, I presume, by a river which runs on one side of the city, and falls into the Danube at Donawerth ; but I believe all idea of regular defence against an invading army has been long since abandoned. Mr. Lewis and myself used, towards evening, to walk in the suburbs, on the other side of the ramparts, and watch the effect of sun-set upon the distant snow-clad mountains of which my last letter made mention. After the oppressive heat of the day, it was cheering even to *fancy* that one could bathe ones heated frame upon the sides and summits of these hills. Not a cloud streaked the sky ; a fiery-red sunset only told that the next day would be as hot as the preceding : while the immediate vicinity of the city was almost divested of every thing in the shape of picturesque beauty. There were skittle-gardens and bowling greens ; and a few heavily drawn carriages, and bold horsemen :

but nothing that could be said to be absolutely interesting or characteristic.

It was the thoughts of the PUBLIC LIBRARY alone that afforded comfort to the oppressed state of my spirits. What I might *do*, and at last, what I had *done*, within the precincts of that same library, was sure to be my greatest solace during the evening rambles near the ramparts. The good fortune which attended me at STUTTGART, has followed me to this place. Methinks I already observe the traits of impatience marked in your countenance:—but you have only to listen patiently to a very pleasant, and I trust not unprofitable, tale. Within two yards' length of me repose the first *Horace*, and the finest copy imaginable of the *Polish Protestant Bible* of Prince Radzivil—together with a *Latin Bible* of 1475, by *Frisner and Sensenschmidt*, in two enormous folio volumes, of an execution of almost unparalleled magnificence. These are no common stimulants to provoke appetite. It remains to see whether the banquet itself be composed of proportionably palatable ingredients.

On leaving Stuttgart, M. Le Bret told me that Messrs. BEYSLAG and MAY were the principal librarians or curators of the Public Library of this place; and that I should find them intelligent and pleasant gentlemen. Professor Veessenmeyer at Ulm confirmed this statement. I had a letter from the latter, to the Rector Beyschlag, which procured me an immediate entrance into the library. The Rector's coadjutor, Professor May, was also most prompt to shew me every rarity. In the countenance of the

latter, I saw, what you could not fail to call that of a handsome-looking English gentleman. I had never before so vehemently desired to speak the German language, or for my new acquaintance to speak my own. However, the French tongue was the happy medium of imparting my ideas and propositions to both the gentlemen in question ; and we had hardly exchanged half a dozen sentences, when I opened what I considered (and what eventually turned out) to be a well directed fire upon the ancient volumes by which I was at the time surrounded.

The exterior of this library has a monastic form. The building is low and unpretending, having an octangular tower, up the staircase of which you mount to the library. It is situated not far from my hotel, and within a stone's throw of the High Street. The interior of the library is not less unpretending than its exterior ; but in a closet, at the hither end, (to the left on entering) are preserved the more ancient, choice, and curious volumes. In one compartment of this cabinet-like retreat are contained the *books printed at Augsbourg* in the infancy of the press of this town :* a collection, extremely creditable in itself and in its object ; and from which, no consideration, whether of money or of exchange for other books, would induce the curators to withdraw a volume. Of course I speak not of *duplicates* of the early Augsbourg press. Two

* *books printed at Augsbourg in the infancy of the press of this town :*] Such is ZAPF's work entitled, *Annales Typographiæ Augustanæ*, 1778 ; 4to. republished with copious additions in 1786, two volumes 4to. The text of the *latter* is (unfortunately, for the unlearned) printed in the German language.

comparatively long rooms, running in parallel lines, contain the greater part of the volumes of the public library; and amongst them I witnessed so many genuine, fair, and original-conditioned copies of literary works, of the early period of the Reformation, that I almost sighed to possess them—except that I knew they could not possibly pay the expenses of conveyance.

But for the “well directed fire” above alluded to. It produced a *capitulation* respecting the following articles—which were selected by myself from the *boudoir* just mentioned, and about which neither mystery was observed nor secrecy enjoined. In fact, the contract of the vendors was to be submitted to, and sanctioned by, the supreme magistracy of the place. The Rector Beyschlag hath much of merriment and of wit in his composition. “Now, Sir,—observed he—bring those treasures forward which we can spare, and let us afterwards settle about their value: ourselves affixing a price.” I desired nothing better. In consequence forth came the *first* (quarto) *Horace*, without date or place, fair, sound, and perfect: the *Familiar Epistles of Cicero* of the date of 1469, by S. and Pannartz, in a condition perfectly unparallelled in every respect; the *Latin Bible of Fisner and Sensenschmidt* of 1475, in an equally desirable and pristine condition; the *Polish Protestant Bible* of 1563, with its first rough-edged margins and in wooden binding; *St. Jerom’s Epistles*, printed at *Parma*, by *A. de Portilia*—most captivating to the eye; with a curious black-letter broadside, in Latin sapphics, pasted in the interior of the cover; the *History of Bohemia*, by *Pope Pius II*, of 1475, as fresh and crackling as if it had just come from

the printer; *Schuzler's edition of the Hexameron of Ambrosius*, 1472; the *Hungarian Chronicle* of 1485 ... "Sed quo Musa tendis?"—"Ohe jam satis est . . ." for one bargain, at least,—methinks I hear you remark.

It may be so; but the measure must be fuller: "More, give me more" — as Polypheme said to Ulysses. Accordingly, after having shot off my great guns, I brought my petteraros into play. Then commenced a pleasant and not unprofitable parley respecting little grammatical tracts, devotional manuals, travels, philology, &c. When lo!—up sprung a delightful crop of *Lilies*, *Donatuses*, *Mandevilles*, *Turrecrematas*, *Brandts*, *Mathews of Cracow*—in vellum attires, white in colour, firm in substance, and most talkative in turning over their leaves. These were mere *florin* acquisitions: the preceding were paid for in heavy metal of a *golden* hue. It is not fair to betray all that took place upon this *Cockerian* transaction; but there may be no harm in mentioning that my purse was lightened by upwards of 100 louis d'or. My spirits were lightened in the same proportion. Neither vendors nor vendee grieved at the result. Professor May was most joyous; and although the Rector Beyschlag was sonorous in voice, restless in action, and determined in manner — about fixing an alarmingly high price upon the *first Horace* — yet, by degrees, he subsided into a softer note, and into a calmer action—and the Horace became *mine* by a sort of contre-projet proposition.

Nothing would please Professor May but that I must go home with him, and try my luck in purchasing a few similar rarities out of his *own* private collection. I did so. Madame Frances' supplemental supply be-

came gradually diminished, and I began to think that if I went on in this manner I should not only never reach *Vienna*, but not even *Munich*. This doubt was frankly stated to my book-guardians; and my *ducats* were immediately commuted into *paper*. The result will doubtless prove the honour of the purchaser; for I have drawn upon a quarter which I had exclusively in view when I made the bargain, and which was never known to fail me. "Surely," thought I to myself as I returned to my hotel, "Messrs. Beyschlag and May are among the most obliging and the most enlightened of their fraternity!"

I returned to the Public Library the next morning, as well to conclude a bargain for an exchange of books for certain recent bibliographical publications,*

* *Exchange of books for certain recent bibliographical publications.*—The following is a list of the books given in exchange for a copy of the Bibliotheca Spenceriana and Bibliographical Decameron. *Dyalogvs Pauli, &c. parvulis scholaribus*; printed by Sch^affer, at Ulm, 1493, 4to.: *Artificiosa Memoria Petri Ravenantis, &c.* Bernardinus de Chorⁱs de Cremona, Impressor delectus impressit; 1491, 4to. *Historia de Calumnia novercali*, printed by G. de Leeu, 1490—of which curious work a full explanation, with fac-similes of some of the wood cuts, appears in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, vol. ii. p. 147-50. *Opusculum scribendi Epistolas F. Nigri* 1490, 4to. *Brandt. Stultif. Navis.* 1498. *Decisiones Gregorii XI.* printed by Ulric Han in his large roman type; as fine a copy of it as can any where be seen: now in Lord Spencer's library. *St. Augustinus de Civitate Dei* with the commentary of *Nicolas Turetus*, each printed by Mentelin. At the end of the latter is the following ms. (coeval) note of the date of 1470. "In die sancti Britij confessoris per me Vlricū pfeffel de Eystania rubricati Nuremberge anno Dni 1470. Empt⁹ sedā die Augusti Anno 1470." But we know, from the account of a copy of it in the *Ædes Althorp.* vol. ii. p. 20, that this book was printed in the year 1468 at earliest.

as to take a list of a few of the more rare, fine, and curious volumes, in their own collection, which were destined *always* to retain their situations. A Latin version of *Aristoteles de Moribus*, in a large quarto volume, without date, struck me as a rare book—it being printed by *Nicolo dell' Almagna*—the printer of the *Dante* of 1481. A-propos: here is a magnificently-margined copy of this same *Dante*, with the XVIII. copper plates . . . *cut out*, and sent to Munich . . . as I conjecture. Cruel sight! Remorseless act of maiming and wounding! Here is a fine copy of the *Latin and German Boetius*, (FIRST EDITION) of 1473, in its pristine wooden covers, as large as possible, and as white as snow. This is always, when found in its *first* state, a magnificent volume—an almost unrivalled specimen of the press of that great printer, Anthony Koburger of Nuremberg. I remember the time when this book was of excessive rarity in our own country, and when the edition of 1476 was generally considered to be the first. The one is now become as common as the other; but the edition of 1473, when in fine state, may be worth nearer twelve than ten pounds. Here is rather an interesting book to the bibliographer: called *I. Astexani Summa*. It is a large folio volume, printed in

It may be worth slightly noticing, that Mr. John Payne, in his gallant bibliopolistic tour in Bavaria, in the year following my own, obtained, from the above library, a copy of the *second* edition of *Shakspeare*. It was surely a species of heresy to part with it—but much more delighted would the purchaser have been if the heresy had been of a greater magnitude—and the edition had been the “*first* instead of the second.”

double columns in the larger type of Mentelin. It wants at least a leaf at the beginning, and undoubtedly another at the end. It is in fine condition; and supposed to be of the date of 1469. Here are the four volumes, complete, of the *Speculum Historiale P. Bellovacensis*, printed by Mentelin in 1473. *Tractatus Maleficiorum* of *Angelus de Gambilionibus*, printed by *Adam de Michaelibus* at Mantua, in 1472. Would it were the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, by the same printer, of the same date?! I would try . . . but it is not: nor am I likely to find it . . . as a disposable article.

They have, very properly, the FIRST BOOK PRINTED AT AUGSBOURG: namely, *Aurbach's Meditations upon the Life of Christ*, of the date of 1468, printed by *Gunther Zainer*. But one of the most uncommon books examined by me was "*Augustinus Ypponensis Episcopus De Consensu Evangelistarum: In ciuitate Langingen. Impressus. anno a partu virginis salu-tifero . Millesimoquadringsesimoseptuagesimotercio. Pridie Idus. Aprilis.*" The type is very singular; half gothic and half roman. Of the printer and place I know nothing; except that I learnt from the librarians that "*Langingen*" is situated about ten leagues from Augsburg, upon the Danube. I made every effort—as well by the *ducat* as by the *exchange* method—to prevail upon them to part with this book; but to no purpose. The blood-freezing reply of Professor Veenmeyer* was here repeated: "*ça reste à Augs-bourg.*" This book is unbound. Another volume, of

the same equivocal but tempting description, was called “*Alcuinus de Trinitate*:—” IMPRESSUM IN UT-TĪPURRHA Monasterio Sāctoꝝ martyꝝ Alexādri: & Theodori. Ordīs Scti Bñdicti. Anno Sesquimillesimo Kl. septembris סרר.” It is printed in a rude gothic letter; and a kind of fly leaf contains a wood-cut portrait of Alcuin. The monastery, where this volume was printed, is now suppressed. A pretty little volume—“as fresh as a daisy” (so says my ms. note taken upon the spot) of the “*Hortulus Rosarum de valle lachrymarum*” (to which a Latin ode by S. Brandt is prefixed), printed by I. de Olpe, in 1499, in the original wooden binding—closed my researches among the volumes executed in the fifteenth century.

As I descended into the sixteenth century, the choice was less, although the variety was doubtless greater. A fine genuine copy of *Geyler's Navicula Fatuorum*, 1511, 4to. in its original binding, was quickly noted down, and as quickly secured. It was a duplicate, and a ducat made it my own. It is one of the commonest books upon the continent—although there *was* a time when certain bibliomaniacal madcaps, with us, pushed the bidding for this volume up to the monstrously insane sum of £42:—*—and all, because it was coated in a Grolier binding! Among the theological books, of especial curiosity, my guides directed my attention to the following: “*Altera hæc pars Testam^{ti}. veteris emendata est iuxta censuras Inquisitionis Hispanicæ anº 79. Nouũ testam. recusandũ omnino est; rejiciendũq. propter plurimos*

* *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 115.

errores qui illius scholiis sunt inserti." This was nothing else than the younger R. Stephen's edition of the vulgate Bible of 1556, folio, of which the *New Testament* was absolutely SEALED UP. It had belonged to the library of the Jesuits. There was a copy of Erasmus, "*Expurgatus iuxta censuram Academicæ Lovaniæ an° 79.*" The name of the printer—which in the preceding Bible had been tried to be *cancelled* — was here uniformly *erased*: but it was doubtless the Basil edition of Erasmus by good old honest Froben and his sons-in-law.*

Just as I had concluded the hasty list of the foregoing articles, the worthy rector Beyschlag called my attention to other, but not less interesting, objects. "What say you (exclaimed he) to some ancient wood-BLOCKS — such as they used to print with upwards of three centuries ago?" "Shew them to me—replied I—and I will not only "*say*" something to them, but *purchase* one if they are vendible articles." "Come and choose," replied the Rector—here are three at your service." I approached; saw; and instantly became a purchaser of one of them, which I conceived to be the most curious. Beyond all doubt, they were of the time mentioned by the Rector. Each block seemed to be made of *pear-tree*; and each had a *subject*, which had been evidently printed, (from the black appearance of the whole) cut upon *each* side of it. This was quite new to me. The subjects were composed of figures, apparently popular saints; and the impressions, I make no doubt, had been sold as *broadsides*.

* See the *Bibl. Decameron*; vol. ii. p. 170, &c.



· AMMUN · C



· AMMUN · C

· AMMUN · C



S. eutropia



S. nympha

Sant. Ulrichs. Zu 2



S. Diomedea.



S. Leonida.

gspurg. vñ sūm noch rñm



St. Thomas



St. Thomas

St. Thomas

The block, which I purchased, measures $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, by $13\frac{1}{4}$ in width. It is filled on either side, by twelve figures of male and female saints, heroes, and martyrs.* In the centre of the four outer edges (which are about two inches in thickness) is a hole, as if bored by a gimblet, and which seems to imply that the block had been originally used in such a manner as to throw off impressions, from both sides, at one and the same operation of the press. I was sufficiently pleased to purchase this curiosity for the sum of eight pounds of our money. But this was not the whole of the "curiosities" here inspected. What think you of undoubted proofs of STEREOTYPE PRINTING in the middle of the sixteenth century? It is even so. What adds to the whimsical puzzle is, that these pieces of metal, of which the surface is composed of types, fixed and immoveable, are sometimes inserted in wooden blocks, of dimensions as large as the foregoing, and introduced as titles, mottoes, or descriptions of the subjects cut upon the blocks. Professor May begged my acceptance of a specimen or two of the types, thus fixed upon plates of the same metal. They rarely exceeded the height of four or

* In the ACCOMPANYING WOOD-CUT will be seen the *four bottom figures* in this very block, which I purchased of the curators of the library in question. The block is now in the possession of Earl Spencer. Among these figures, here printed, it gives me pleasure to introduce that of *St. Afra*, one of the patronising Saints of the Monastery so often noticed in these latter pages to the notice of the reader. I make no doubt that this wooden block was *cut*, and printed, for the cathedral; designating, by the twenty-four cuts, the twenty-four chapels in the cathedral.

five lines of text, by about four or five inches in length. I carried away, with his permission, two proofs (not long ago pulled) of the same block* containing this intermixture of stereotype and block-wood printing.

I believe I have now told you all that appears worthy of being told, (as far as my own opportunities of observation have led me) of the CITY OF AUGSBOURG. I shall leave it (to-morrow) with regret; since a longer residence would, I am persuaded, have introduced me to very pleasant society, and made me acquainted with antiquities, of all kinds, well deserving of *some* record, however trivial. As it is, I must be content with what the shortness of my time, and the more immediately pressing nature of my pursuits, have brought me in contact. A sight of the *Crucifixion by Hans Burgmair*, and the possession of the most genuine copy of the *editio princeps of Horace*, have richly repaid all the toil and expense of the journey from Stuttgart. The Horace, and the Pro-

* *two proofs of the same block.*]—The subject is so motley and confused, as to be difficult to describe satisfactorily; but it must be observed, as a preliminary remark, that the right side, or edge of the subject, seems to terminate abruptly. Saints and Martyrs, with wreaths in their hands, are at top of the print. Below we read, in two lines, this inscription in stereotype printing: “Transiuimus per ignem & aquā & eduxisti nos in refrigeriū. Ps. 65.” Three more similar inscriptions are to the right; the two latter of which are under each other. Then a figure, apparently that of the Almighty, issuing from the clouds, pointing to the following inscription: “Lauda Jerusalem dominum, quoniā confortauit seras portarum tuarum, benedixit filiis tuis in te.” Ps. 1. 47. An army, below, is besieging a structure inscribed “Apotheca regis:”—at bottom are cannon between fascines.

testant Polish Bible of 1563, will be my travelling companions—at least as far as *Munich*—from whence my next despatch will be dated. I hope, indeed, to dine at that renowned city ere “the set of to-morrow’s sun.” In the mean while, adieu.

P. S. I have just room left to correct an error, which I think I committed in my last,* respecting the date of the completion of ULM CATHEDRAL. It should, I rather suspect, be full a century later; namely 1420 : although I do not speak from authority. Forgive me if, while upon this subject, I send you what I extracted from a copy of Hartmann Schedel’s *Chronicon Norimbergense*, 1493, fol. cxci, relating to this Minster—which, by mere chance, I found lying open upon the table in the public library here.

ecclesiam genitrici

Sacram diuine : cui uix equabilis orbe est.

Ampla quidem valde : grandis quoq; molis in altū

Sustentat laquearia magna : capaxq; frequētis

Turbe multa inibi festiuo milia sole

Conueniunt : hic magna Dei veneratio crebro est.

A large wood-cut of Ulm is placed below these, and many more, Latin verses. The singular tower, over the entrance gate-way, across the fosse, there rudely represented, exists no longer. I should conceive it to have been very picturesque in an architectural point of view.

* See pages 188-9, ante.

LETTER XLII.

MUNICH. CHURCHES. ROYAL PALACE. PICTURE GALLERY. PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Munich; Hôtel of the Black Eagle; Aug. 16, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

BEHOLD me, now, in the capital of Bavaria: in a city, remarkable for its bustle, compared with the other German cities which I have visited, and distinguished rather for the general creditable appearance of the houses and public buildings, than for any peculiar and commanding remains of antiquity. But ere I speak of the city, let me detain you for a few seconds only with an account of my journey thither; and of some few particulars which preceded my departure from Augsbourg.

It turned out as I predicted. "Ere the set of sun," ensuing my last despatch, I drove to the principal front of this large, comfortless, and dirty inn; and partook of a dinner, in the caffè, interrupted by the incessant vociferations of merchants and traders who had attended the market (it being market day when I arrived), and annoyed beyond measure by the countless swarms of flies, who chose to share my cutlet with me. On the day preceding our departure from Augsbourg, we fell in with the Rev. Mr. * * *: a gentleman well

known in our own country for his zeal in the conversion of "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics." He had passed the winter 'midst the snows of Russia, in the prosecution of his "high emprise," and had just returned from Vienna in the furtherance of the same object. The sight of a Jew operated like magic upon the sensitive state of his nerves; but I own, in the very amicable conversation which passed between us at the *table d'hôte*, that I preferred topics of literature, and discoursing about those whom we found to be common acquaintances, to the themes which were connected with his exertions in the Conversion of the Jews. This clergyman is a scholar, a man of fortune, and a founder of more than one place of Christian worship; but I must be permitted to marvel, how, eminently possessed as he is of this world's comforts—in which I include an amiable wife and family—he should be addicted to disport himself, as he doth, in schemes and journeyings for the recovery of what he may, very honestly and very laudably, no doubt, conceive to be "the lost tribe of Israel." Surely we have each work enough at home, without yielding to these chivalrous impulses connected with Breydenbach-pilgrimages "to the Holy Land."

On leaving Augsbourg, I shook hands with this worthy gentleman, as I got into the carriage—which was drawn up to the door, and which contained the *first Horace* in my portmanteau, and the *Polish Protestant Bible* standing between the legs of Mr. Lewis and myself. As we passed through the streets, I could not but think of the one, and contemplate the other, as honourable results of another BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NE-

GOTIATION. On taking a farewell look of this beautiful city, our eyes seemed to leave unwillingly those objects upon which we gazed. The Paintings, the Town Hall, the old monastery of Saints Ulric and Afra, all—as I turned round to catch a parting glance — seemed to have stronger claims than ever upon my attention, and to reproach me for the shortness of my visit. However, my fate was fixed—and I now only looked steadily forward to Munich; my imagination being warmed (you will say “inflamed”) with the thoughts of the countless folios, in manuscript and in print—including *block-books*, unheard and undreamt of—which had been described to me as reposing upon the shelves of the Royal or PUBLIC LIBRARY. In consequence, Hans Burgmair, Albert Durer, and the Elder Holbein were perfectly forgotten—after we had reached the first stage, and changed horses at *Merching*. From Augsburg to Munich is but a pleasant and easy drive of about forty-five English miles. The last stage, from *Fürstenfeldbruck* to this place, is chiefly interesting; while the two tall brick towers of the cathedral church of Nôtre Dame, kept constantly in view for the last seven or eight miles. A *chaussée*, bordered on each side by willows, poplars, and limes, brings you — in a tediously straight line, of four or five miles — up to the very gates of Munich.

Yet you ought to know that, to the right, within about seven or eight miles of the city, is the large and celebrated palace called *Schleissheim*, the residence of the worthy King—whom every body seems to love; and who goes every where by the denomination of “Le bon Roi.” This building is celebrated — not

for the exterior beauty of its architecture—for nothing can be more tasteless and flat—but for the very extraordinary COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS which it contains. At first view, Munich looks like a modern city. The streets are tolerably spacious, the houses are architectural, and the different little squares, or *places*, are pleasant and commodious. It is a city of business and bustle. Externally, there is not much grandeur of appearance, even in the palaces or public buildings, but the interiors of many of these edifices are rich in the productions of ancient art;—whether of sculpture, of painting, of sainted relics, or of mechanical wonders. Every body just now is from home; and I learn that the bronzes of the Prince Royal—which are considered to be the finest in Europe—are both out of order and out of view. This gallant Prince loves also pictures and books; and, of the latter, those more especially which were printed by the *Family of Aldus*.

Upon the whole, there is something very anglicised both in the appearance of this city and of its inhabitants. Of the latter, I have reason to speak in a manner the most favourable:—as you shall hear by and by. But let me now discourse (which I must do very briefly) of inanimate objects—or works of art—before I come to touch upon human beings . . . here in constant motion:—and, as it should seem—alternately animated by hope and influenced by curiosity. The population of Munich is estimated at about 50,000. Of course, as before, I paid my first visit to the CATHEDRAL, or mother church of NÔTRE DAME, upon the towers of which I had fixed my eyes for a whole hour on the approach to the city. Both the nave and towers,

which are of red brick, are frightful in the extreme ; without ornament : without general design : without either meaning or expression of any kind. The towers cannot be less than 350 feet in height : but the tops are mere pepper-boxes. No part of this church, or cathedral, either within or without, can be older than the middle of the fifteenth century.*

The interior has really nothing deserving of particular description. But I check myself in an instant : It *has* something—eminently worthy of distinct notice and the most unqualified praise. It has a monument of the EMPEROR LOUIS IV. which was erected by his great-grandson Maximilian I. Duke of Bavaria, in 1603-12. The designer of this superb mausoleum was *Candit* : the figures are in black marble, the ornaments are in bronze ; the latter executed by the famous *Krumpper*, of Weilheim. I am ignorant of the name of the sculptor. This monument stands in the centre of the choir, of which it occupies a great portion. It is of a square form, having, at each corner, a soldier, of the size of life, bending on one knee and weeping : supporting, at the same time, a small flag between his body and arm. These soldiers are supposed to guard the ashes of the dead. Between them are three figures, of which two stand back to back. Between these two, somewhat more elevated, is raised the figure of the Emperor Louis IV.—dressed in his full imperial costume. But the two figures, just mentioned, are absolutely incomparable. One of them is *Albert V.* in

* Both the nave and towers appear in Hartmann Schedel's view of Munich, in the *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493 : see fol. ccxxvi. The "pepper-box" terminations are, I conceive, of a later date.

armour, in his ducal attire :* the other is *William V.*, habited in the order of the golden fleece. This habit consists of a simple broad heavy garment, up to the neck. The wearer holds a drawn sword in his right hand, which is turned a little to the right. This figure may be full six feet and a half high. The head is uncovered ; and the breadth of the drapery, together with the erect position of the figure, and the extension of the sword, gives it one of the most commanding, and even appalling, airs imaginable. I stood before it, till I almost felt inclined to kneel and make obeisance. The entire monument is a noble and consummate specimen of art : and can hardly have any superior, of its kind, throughout Europe.

Perhaps I should add that the interior of this Church contains twenty-four large octagonal pillars, dividing the nave from the side aisles : and that around these latter and the choir, there are not fewer than twenty-four chapels, ornamented with the tombs of ancient families of distinction. This interior is about 350 English feet in length, by about 145 in width.

Of the other Churches, that of St. MICHAEL, attached to the *late College of the Jesuits*,—now forming the Public Academy or University, and containing the Public Library—is probably the most beautiful, for its simplicity of ornament and breadth of parts. Indeed at this moment I can recollect nothing to be put in competition with it, as a comparatively modern edifice. This interior is, as to *Roman* architecture,

* I take this to be the famous Albert who died in 1500 ; and who, in Schedel's time, kept lions for his disport—at Munich : “ qui sua magnificentia plures nutrit leones” *Chon. Norimb.* 1493. *ibid.*

what that of St. Ouen is as to *Gothic*: although the latter be of considerably greater extent. It is indeed the very charm of interior architecture: where all the parts, rendered visible by an equal distribution of light, meet the eye at the same time, and tell their own tale. The vaulted roof, full 300 English feet in length, has not a single column to support it. Pilasters of the Corinthian order run along each side of the interior, beneath slightly projecting galleries; which latter are again surmounted by rows of pilasters of the Doric order, terminating beneath the spring of the arched roof. The windows are below the galleries. Statues of prophets, apostles, and evangelists, grace the upper part of the choir—executed from the characteristic designs of Candit. The pulpit and the seats are beautifully carved. Opposite the former, are oratories sustained by columns of red marble: and the approach to the royal oratory is rendered more impressive by a flight of ten marble steps. The founder of this church was William V., who lies buried in a square vault below; near which is an altar, where they shew, on All Saints Day, the brass coffins containing the ashes of the Princes of Bavaria. The period of the completion of this church is quite at the end of the sixteenth century.* But ere I quit it, I must not fail to direct your attention to a bronze crucifix in the interior—which is in truth a masterpiece of art. My eye ran over the whole of this interior with increased delight at every survey; and while the ceremony of high mass was performing—and the censers emitted their clouds of frankincense—and the vocal and instrumental sounds

* The steeple fell down in the year 1599, and has never been rebuilt.

of a large congregation pervaded every portion of the edifice—it was with reluctance (but from necessity) that I sought the outward door, to close it upon such a combination of attractions!

Of the nine or ten remaining churches, it will not be necessary to notice any other than that of St. CAETAN, built by the Electress Adelaide, and finished about the year 1670. It was built in the accomplishment of a vow. The pious and liberal Adelaide endowed it with all the relics of art, and all the treasures of wealth which she could accumulate. It is doubtless one of the most beautiful churches in Bavaria:—quite of the Italian school of art, and seems to be a St. Peter's at Rome in miniature. The architect was Agostino Barella, of Bologna. This church is in the form of a cross. In the centre is a cupola, sustained by pillars of the Corinthian order. The light comes down from the windows of this cupola in a very mellow manner; but there was, when I saw it, rather a want of light. The nave is vaulted: and the principal altar is beneath the dome, separating the nave from the choir. The façade, or west front, is a building of yesterday, as it were: namely, of 1767; but it is beautiful and striking. This church is considered to be the richest in Munich for its collection of pictures; but nothing that I saw there made me forget, for one moment, the Crucifixion by Hans Burgmair!* I should say that the interior of this church is equally distinguished for the justness of its proportions, the propriety of its ornaments, and the neatness of its condition. It is an honour to the city of Munich.

There were, some half century ago, about a dozen

* See p. 214 ante.

more churches ;—but they have been since either destroyed or *deseccrated* :—a politer epistolographist would have said “ converted to civil purposes.” From the Churches, I must conduct you, but in a very rapid manner, to some of the public buildings ; reserving, as usual, my last and more leisurely description for the PUBLIC LIBRARY. Of these buildings, the *Hôtel de Ville*, *Theatres*, and *Royal Residence*, are necessarily the most imposing in size, and most attractive from their objects of public utility or amusement. The Royal Palace was built by Maximilian I.—a name as great in the annals of Bavaria, as the same name was in those of Austria about a century before. This palace is of about two centuries standing ; and its eastern façade measures 550 English feet in length. It abounds within and without, with specimens of bronze ornaments ; and two bronze lions (the work of Krumpper, after the designs of Caudit) which support the shields of the Electoral houses of Bavaria and Lorraine, have been considered superior to the Lion in the Place of St. Mark at Venice. This immense pile of building contains three courts. In that of “ the Fountain,” to the left, under an arch, is a huge black pebble stone, weighing nearly 400 Bavarian pounds. An old German inscription, of the date of 1489, tells you that a certain Bavarian Duke, called *Christopher the Leaper*, threw this same pebble stone to a considerable distance. Near it, you observe three large nails driven into the wall. The highest of them may be about twelve feet from the ground :—the mark which Christopher the Leaper reached in one of his frolicksome jumps. I find they are lovers of marvellous attainments, by human force or agility, in Bavaria :—witness, the supposed

feat of the great Emperor Maximilian upon the parapet wall at top of the cathedral of Ulm.*

To describe the fountains and bronze figures, in these three courts, would be endless ; but they strike you with a powerful degree of admiration—and a survey of every thing about you, is a convincing proof that you have entered a country where they shrink not from solidity and vastness, in their architectural achievements : while the lighter, or ornamental parts, are not less distinguished by the grace of their design and the vigour of their execution. Will you believe it—I have not visited, nor shall have an opportunity of visiting, the *Interior* ? An interior, in which I am told that there are such gems, jewels, and varieties—such miracles of nature and of art, as equally baffle description and set competition at defiance. As thus :—a chapel, of which the pavement is mosaic work, composed of amethysts, jaspers, and lapis lazuli : of which the interior of its cupola is composed of lapis lazuli, adorned with gilt bronze : wherein is to be seen a statue of the Virgin, in a drapery of solid gold, with a crown upon her head, composed of diamonds :—a massive golden crucifix, adorned with precious stones—and upon which there is an inscription cut upon an emerald an inch square : again, small altars, supported by columns of transparent amethyst, &c.

I will say nothing of two little caskets, studded with cameos and turquoises, in this chapel of fairy land — (built by Maximilian I.) of which one contains two precious pictures by Jean d'Aix la Chapelle—and the other (of massive gold, weighing twenty-four

* See page 191, ante.

pounds) a painting of the resurrection and of paradise, in enamel. Even the very organ is constructed of gold, silver, ebony, turquois and lapis lazuli ornaments ; of pearls and of coral. As to the huge altar of massive silver—adorned with cariatides, candelabra, statues, vases, and bouquets of the same metal—and especially the *pix*, lined with diamonds, rubies, and pearls—what shall I say of these—ALL the fruit of the munificent spirit of MAXIMILIAN ?” Truly, I would pass over the whole with an indifferent eye, to gaze upon a simple altar of pure gold—the sole ornament of the prison of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots ; which Pope Leo XI. gave to William V. Elector of Bavaria—and which bears the following inscription :

EXILII COMES ET CARCERIS IMAGO

HAEC MARIAE STUARDAE, SCOT. REG.

FUIT, FUISSET ET CAEDIS, SI VIXISSET.

Not less marvellous things are told of the *Jewellery* in this palace of wonders :—among which the BLUE DIAMOND . . . attached to the order of the Golden Fleece—which is set open, and which, opposed to the sun, emits rays of the most dazzling lustre,—is said to be the nonpareil of coloured precious stones. It weighs 36 carats and 144 grains. Of the *Pearls*, that called the PALATINAT, half white and half black, is considered the greatest curiosity ; but in a cabinet is preserved the choicest of all choice specimens of precious art and precious metals. It is a statue of *St. George and the Dragon*, of the height of about a foot and a half, in pure and solid gold : the horse is agate : the shield is of enamelled gold : the dragon is jasper :

the whole being thickly studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls—to the number of at least two thousand! Another cabinet contains the crowns of emperors, dukes and... But you are already dazzled and bewildered; and I must break off the description of this ENCHANTED PALACE.

What is of easy access is rarely visited. I asked several of my acquaintance here, whether this spectacle were worth seeing?—and they as frequently replied in the negative as in the affirmative. But the PICTURE GALLERY I *have* seen, and seen with attention;—although I am not likely to pay it a second visit. I noted down what I saw: and paid particular attention to the progress of art in the early German school of painting. I knew that this collection had long enjoyed a great celebrity: that it had been the unceasing object of several of the old Dukes of Bavaria to enrich it; and that the famous Theodore, equally the admirer of books and of pictures, had united to it the gallery of paintings collected by him at Manheim. It moreover contained the united collections of Deux-Ponts and Dusseldorf. This magnificent collection is arranged in seven large rooms on the same floor. Every facility of access is afforded; and you observe, although not so frequently as at Paris, artists at work in copying the treasures before them. In the entrance-hall, where there is a good collection of books upon the fine arts, are specimens by *Masaccio*, *Garofalo*, *Ghirlandaio*, *Perugino*, *Lucas de Leyden*, *Amberger*, *Wohlgemuth*, *Baldonetti*, *Aldegrave*, *Quinten Matsys*—with several others, by masters of the same

period, clearly denoting the order of time in which they are supposed to have been executed. I was well pleased, in this division of the old school, to recognise specimens of my old friends Hans Burgmair and the Elder Holbein ; and wished for no individual at my elbow, so much as our excellent friend W. Y. Ottley : a profound critic in works of ancient art—but more particularly in the early Italian and German Schools.

However, I eagerly exercised both my eyes and understanding upon the curious old objects which were before me ; and saw much which was admirable for design and colouring, rather than for composition ; and noticed many a golden glory round the head of a saint, and many back grounds of entire gold. The draperies exhibited the dry gothic style of art at the period of their execution ; but they frequently compensated, by firmness of touch, and almost incredible brightness of colour, for the angular severity of their foldings. The more I see of these fruits and flowers of the olden time, blooming upon wood or upon canvas, the more my suspicions are confirmed that the later painters, even of the Italian school, have stolen many a grace, and borrowed many a beauty, from their endless varieties. Of some of the pictures of the latter, it may be said, with great truth, in the words of Virgil—

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma!

To conduct you through all these apartments, or seven rooms, with the methodical precision of an experienced guide, is equally beyond my inclination and

ability. Much as I may admire one or two *Titians*, one or two of the *Caracci* school, the same number of *Veroneses*, and *Schidones*, and a partial sprinkling of indifferent *Raffaelles*, I should say that the boast of this collection are the pictures by *Rubens* and *Vandyké*. Of the former there are some excellent portraits; but his two easel pictures—the one, the *Fall of the Damned*, and the other the *Beatitude of the Good*—are marvellous specimens of art. The figures, extending from heaven to earth, in either picture, are linked, or grouped together, in that peculiarly bold and characteristic manner which distinguishes the pencil of the master. The colouring throughout is fresh, but mellow and harmonious. Among the larger pictures by this renowned artist, are *Susanna and the Elders*, and *the Death of Seneca*; the latter considered as a distinguished production. But some of the whole length portraits, by the same hand, pleased me better. The pictures of Rubens occupy more particularly the fourth room. Vandyke shines in the second, sixth, and seventh rooms; in which are some charming whole length portraits — combining, almost, the dignity of Titian with the colouring of Rembrandt: — and yet, more natural in expression, more elegant in attitude, and more beautiful in drawing, than you will find in the productions of either of these latter artists.

If the art, whether of sculpture or of painting, take not deep root, and send forth lusty branches laden with goodly fruit, at Munich—the fault can never be in the *soil*, but in the waywardness of the *plant*. There is encouragement from every quarter; as far as the contem-

plation of art, in all its varieties, and all its magnificence, can be said to be a stimulus to exertion. When the re-action of a few dozen years of peace shall have nearly obliterated the ravages and the remembrance of war—when commerce and civil competition shall have entirely succeeded to exaction and tyranny from a foreign force—(which it now holds forth so auspicious a promise of accomplishing—and when literature shall revert within its former fruitful channels of enlightening the ignorant, gratifying the learned, and restoring what is obscure among the treasures of former times—then I think Munich will be a proud and flourishing city indeed. But more of this subject on a future occasion.

You may remember that I made some slight mention of the Palace and Picture Gallery of *Schleissheim*—the country residence of the king—about seven miles from hence. How will you be astounded when I tell you—now we are upon the subject of pictures—that this enormous Collection contains full forty rooms crammed with the productions of the pencil! But you will, I think, be yet *more* astounded, when you learn that, out of the *fifteen hundred* paintings which these rooms are supposed to contain, there are (as I learn from an accurate reporter) scarcely fourscore of absolutely first-rate merit. I have not visited this palace, nor am I likely to do so: my stay here being comparatively short, and the objects of my visit having been, and yet being, of a very different, and more important character. But I almost heave a sigh when I think of the *Martin Schoens, John Holbeins, Altdorfers, Masaccios, Burgmairs*—and even *Giottos*.

and *Cimabues*—with which the walls of this gallery are said to be lined—and which I know it will be out of my power to visit.

Let us take a walk abroad—in the fields, or in the immediate vicinity of the town—for methinks we have both had sufficient in-door occupation of late. One of the principal places of resort, in the immediate vicinity of Munich, is a garden—laid out after the English fashion—and of which the late Count Rumford had the principal direction. It is really a very pleasing, and to my taste, successful effort of art—or rather adaptation of nature. A rapid river, or rivulet (a branch of the *Iser*) of which the colour is a hazy or misty blue, very peculiar—runs under a small bridge which you pass. The bed of the river has a considerable descent, and the water runs so rapidly, as to give you the idea that it would empty itself in a few hours. Yet—“*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*” I strolled frequently in the shady walks, and across the verdant lawns, of this pleasant garden ; wherein are also arbour-covered benches, and embowered retreats—haunts of meditation—where

... voices, through the void deep sounding, seize
Th' enthusiastic ear !

But SKELL must not be deprived of his share of praise in the construction of this interesting pleasure ground. He was the principal active superintendant ; and is considered to have had a thorough knowledge of *optical effect* in the construction of his vistas and lawns. A Chinese pagoda, a temple to Apollo — and a monu-

ment to Gessner, the pastoral poet—the two latter embosomed in a wood—are the chief objects of attraction on the score of art. But the whole is very beautiful, and much superior to any thing of the kind which I have seen since leaving England.

I witnessed, at the moment of quitting these pleasure grounds, a sight, which I shall not easily forget. It was connected with a thunder storm. The weather had been sultry and oppressive for several preceding days; and just as the sun was about to set, and an immense mass of black clouds had their edges fringed with crimson and gold, the wind arose: the leaves quivered upon the branches of the trees: the branches themselves bowed before the blast, which had now attained almost the fury of a hurricane. The thunder rolled in broken, but reverberating, sounds. The lightning darted from one extremity of the heavens to the other:—and the sun was now perfectly sunk below the horizon. Darkness was coming on—“*Vertitur interea cœlum*”—

(Meantime the rapid heavens rolled down the light,
And on the shaded *landscape* rushed the night.)

Terror seemed to possess every human being—whether on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage. Each man sought his own home . . in breathless expectation of a storm which might have levelled the towers of Nôtre Dame. But, as at Jumieges and Baden,* nothing serious ensued: nothing which could be even said to amount to

* See vol. i. page 202; and page 108, ante.

a common thunder storm. In less than half an hour every thing was clear, and calm, and inviting abroad: and the air had become so deliciously fresh in consequence of this agitation, that it seemed as if I had been transported from the heat of Asia to the temperature of my own country.

I told you, at the beginning of this letter, that it was market-day when we arrived here. Mr. Lewis, who loses no opportunity of adding to the stores of his sketch book, soon transferred a group of MARKET PEOPLE to his paper, of which you are here favoured with a highly finished copy. The countenances, as well as the dresses, are strongly indicative of the general character of the German women.



I was surprised to be told, the other day, that the city of Munich, although lying upon a flat, apparently of several miles in circumference, is nevertheless situated upon very lofty ground :— full twelve or thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea—and that the snow-charged blasts, from the Tyrolese mountains, towards the end of autumn, render it at times exceedingly cold and trying to the constitution. But I must now revert to the city, and proceed at once to an account of the most interesting of ALL the public edifices at Munich—in my very humble, and perhaps capricious, estimation. Of course you will instantly catch at what I mean. What, BUT the edifice which contains THE PUBLIC LIBRARY ?” ’Tis wisely conjectured ; and to this boundless region of books, of almost every age and description, and of all forms, character, and condition—let us instantly resort. But before we enter the building, we may as well pay our respects to the Directors and Librarians of the establishment. Of the former, the BARON VON-MOLL, and M. FREDERIC SCHLICHTEGROLL, are among the principal : of the latter, Messrs. SCHERER and BERNHARD have the chief superintendence : M. Bernhard being considered the Sub, and M. Schérer the Head, Librarian. Of all these gentlemen, more in my next letter from hence. At present, suffice it to say only, that I was constantly and kindly attended during my researches by M. Bernhard—who proved himself, in the frequent discussions and sometimes little controversies which we had together, to be one of the very best bibliographers I had met with upon the continent. In the bibliographical lore of the fifteenth century, he has scarcely a superior ;

and I only regretted my utter ignorance of the German language, which prevented my making myself acquainted with his treatises upon certain early Latin and German Bibles, written in that tongue. But it was his kindness—his diffidence—his affability, and unremitting attention—which called upon me for every demonstration of a sense of the obligations I was under. It will not be easy for me to forget, either the kind-hearted attentions or the bibliographical erudition of M. Bernhard . . .

“ Quæ me cunque vocant terræ.”

But let not the other Officers of this magnificent establishment be jealous of this “oratio parainetica”—pronounced upon the sub-librarian. They shall not be forgotten in the sequel: for I do assure you that I have found, in every one connected with the Public Library at Munich, such unceasing kindness and attention as could not possibly be exceeded either at Paris or at London.

Be it known to you therefore, my good friend, that the PUBLIC LIBRARY at MUNICH is attached to what was once the *College of Jesuits*; and to which the beautiful church, described in a few preceding pages,* belonged. On the suppression of the order of Jesuits, the present building was devoted to it by Charles Theodore in 1784: a man, who, in more than this one sense, has deserved well of his country. Would you believe it?—they tell me that there are at least *half a hundred* rooms filled by books and MSS. of one kind

* See page 243, ante.

or other—including duplicates—and that they suppose the library contains nearer *four*, than *three hundred thousand volumes* ! I scarcely know how to credit this ; although I can never forget the apparently interminable succession of apartments — in straight lines, and in angular lines, of succession : floor upon floor : even to the very summit of the building, beneath the slanting roofs—such as I had seen at Stuttgart. But *here* it should seem as if every monastery throughout Bavaria had emptied itself of its book-treasures . . to be poured into this enormous reservoir.

You are to know, however, that the more ancient Fathers, or FOUNDERS of this collection, were, *Duke Albert*, in the middle — and *William V.* towards the end—of the sixteenth century: while *Maximilian I.* kept up the bibliomaniacal spirit of his predecessors at the commencement of the following century. During these last fifty years, an embargo has been laid upon the libraries of all the Bavarian monasteries and convents — and the capital of the Empire is destined, by a law of the land, to be the chief repository of the wisdom of past ages. Doubtless, however, very many rare, curious, and intrinsically valuable volumes, have escaped the researches of those who were authorised by government to secure them for the metropolitan collection — otherwise, they *must* have had the *first Virgil*, the *first Horace*, and *first Lucretius*, as well as the *first Psalter*, and the *Meditations of J. de Turrecremata*, of 1467 : all of which are wanting here.

But I will now begin my labours in good earnest. An oblong, narrow, boudoir-sort of apartment, contains the more precious MSS., the block books, and

works printed upon vellum. This room is connected with another, at right angles, (if I remember well) which receives the more valuable works of the *fifteenth century*—the number of which latter, alone, are said to amount to nearly twenty thousand. In such a far-rago, there must necessarily be an abundance of trash. These, however, are now under a strict assortment, or classification; and I think that I saw not fewer than half a dozen assistants, under the direction of M. Bernhard, hard at work in the execution of this desirable task. As before, I will begin my *catalogue raisonné** with a brief account of such MANUSCRIPTS as I deemed more particularly deserving of attention.

LATIN MS. OF THE GOSPELS; in *small folio*. I have no hesitation in ascribing this MS. to the ninth century. It is replete with evidences of this, or even of an earlier, period. It is executed in capital letters of silver and gold, about a quarter of an inch in height, upon a purple ground: of course the MS. is upon vellum. The beginning of the text is entirely obliterated; but on the recto of the xvth leaf we read "*Ex̄pl̄t Breuiarium.*" The reverse is blank. The ensuing leaf is blank. Then eight leaves of a table, or canons of

* The curious reader is doubtless aware of the masterly *catalogue raisonné* of a great portion of these MSS. by the late IGNATIUS HARDT; under the following title — "*Catalogus Codicum Manuscriptorum Græcorum Bibliothecæ Regiæ Bavaricæ. Auctore Ignatio Hardt Ejusdem Bibliothecæ supræfecto. Monachii, 1806. 5 vol. 4to.*" This catalogue is handsomely printed, as well as ably executed; and was formerly considered to be of extreme rarity in this country — as only 270 copies were said to have been struck off. No well-formed library can be said to be perfect without it.

the several Evangelists : after which, just preceding St. Matthew's Gospel, is a single leaf of vellum, with a white ground, which has an illumination of several subjects, put together in the form of a cross, on each side of it. The subject, which forms the bottom portion of the perpendicular division of the cross, was thus traced in outline by Mr. Lewis. It gives a fair notion of the style of architecture and of the draperies—each evidently copied after Roman art :



On the reverse, seems to be a representation of the Slaughter of the Innocents. The next illumination,

similar to the foregoing, is that which precedes the Gospel of St. John: and of which the text is written in a large, lower-case character, uniformly of silver. From the recto of this illumination, I also selected the lower compartment — which thus represents the *Incredulity of St. Thomas*:



The draperies of these figures — but more especially of those on the reverse, which represent our *Saviour and the Disciples at Emaus*—are strongly indicative of art copied after Roman models. The colour of these draperies is usually white body colour. This MS. is, upon the whole, in a fine state of preservation; but I suspect that there was, formerly, a representation of each Evangelist before his particular text.

LATIN MS. of the GOSPELS ; in large folio. This is a more superb, but more recent, MS. than the preceding. Yet I suspect it to be not much later than the very early part of the eleventh century. It is executed in a very large, lower-case, roman letter : somewhat bordering upon the Gothic. But the binding, at the very outset, is too singular and too resplendent to be overlooked. The first side of it has the crucifixion, in a sort of parallelogram frame work—in the centre : surrounded by a double arabesque, or Greek border, of a most beautiful form. The whole is in ivory, of a minute and surprisingly curious workmanship. The draperies partake of the character of late Roman art. Round this central ivory piece of carving, is a square, brass border, with the following inscription ; which, from the character of the capital letters, (for it is wholly composed of such) is comparatively quite modern :

GRAMMATA QVI QVERIT COGNOSCERE VERE
 HOC MATHESIS PLENE QVADRATVM PLAVDAT HABERE
 EN QUI VERACES SOPHIE FULSERE SEQUACES
 ORNAT PERFECTAM REX HEINRICH STEMIMATE SECTAM.

In the outer border are precious stones, and portraits, with inscriptions in Greek capital letters. These portraits and inscriptions seem to me to be perfect, but barbarous, specimens of Byzantine art. Around the whole are the titles of the Four Gospels in coeval capital letters. The general effect of this first side of the book-cover, or binding, is perfect—for antiquarian genuineness and costliness. The other side of the binding contains representations of the Cardinal Virtues, in brass, with the lamb in the centre : but they

are comparatively modern. The interior of this book does not quite accord with its exterior. It is in pure condition, in every respect; but the art is rather feeble and barbarous. The titles to the Gospels are executed upon a purple ground. The larger subjects, throughout the illuminations, are executed with freedom, but the touch is heavy and the effect weak. The gold back grounds are rather sound than resplendent. Yet is this MS., upon the whole, a most costly and precious volume.

LATIN PSALTER. Probably of the latter part of the twelfth century. The text is executed in a lower-case gothic. In the Calendar of Saints are found the names of Edward the Martyr, Cuthbert, Guthlac, Etheldrith, and Thomas Becket. I think I am fully justified in calling this one of the richest, freshest, and most highly ornamented PSALTERS in existence. The illuminations are endless, and seem to comprise the whole history of the Bible. In the representations of armour, we observe the semicircular and slightly depressed helmet, and no nasels. In the fly leaf, opposite the first page of the Calendar, it is thus written: "*Redit Pius VI. Pont. Max. 30 Aprilis 1782 cum Vindoboná redux Monachii ageret. Steigenberger bibliothecarius.*" The preceding may probably suffice for specimens of the older MSS. containing the Sacred Text. I must now lay before you a MS. of a very different description—called

The ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTRANT;* in verse. This ms. is wholly in the German language; written in the

* The able editor of the Romance of Sir TRISTAM, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, appears to have been entirely ignorant of the existence of this highly curious and coeval German version. I regret that I am unable to give the reader a complete analysis of the whole;

xiiith century, and containing fifteen illuminations. M. Schérer, the Head Librarian, was so obliging as to furnish me with the following account of it; having himself translated, as literally as possible, the original text into our own language.

This poem is known by the German literati under the name of the "*Tristan des Gotfried von Strasburg*," and was first printed, but very carelessly, in the collection of *Myller, Berlin*, 1785. The following account is of the *first* of these miniatures, facing the eighth page. It represents the father of Tristrant, whose

—rehter name hiez Riwalin
Sin aname was Kanelengres

— true name was Riwalin
His surname was Kanelengres.

The poet calls him a
Herre in Parmenie—
Des libes schone vñ minnechlich,
Getriwe chone miltē vñ rich — —
Der reterschaft ein lere
Siner mage ein ere.

Sire in Parmenia,—
Fair of body and lively,
Loyal, daring, mild, and wealthy,
A pattern for the knighthood,
A glory to his kindred.

This Riwalin, having heard much talking about the

iünge Künch Marke
Der ere wuhse starke
Der hete do ze siner hant
Corneval vñ Engeland.

young King Mark,
Whose honour was much increasing,
Who kept in his hand
Cornwall and Engeland.

The same King Mark appears in the picture opposite to Riwalin, sitting under a tent, with crown and scepter. Now, during a great feast, given to his courtiers and vassals, Riwalin was smitten with Blancheflour, sister of the King, of whom the poet says,

si ne gesahe nie dehein lebende man
Mit innehmlichen ogen an,
Er ne minnete dar nach imer me
Wip ün tūgende baz dane e.

there was never a living man
Gazing on her with tender eyes,
But he loved ever more
Women and virtue better than before.

In the mean time, while there were seen

aūf der heide
Vil maniger man frechērn frot

on the heath
Good many a man stout and cheerful

but he will perceive, from what is here printed, that the leading incidents in both romances are essentially the same.

and others passing away the time in sporting and justing, gallant Riwalin sat lonely and apart :

*Wan ern wesse weder ir môt
Wider in waere vbel oder gôt*

Whereas he did not know if her mind
Towards him was bent for ill or good,

So all his thoughts were wavering :

*Wilén abe vñ wilent an—
Er tet wol an im selben schin
Daz der minnende môt
Reht als der vrie fogel tût
Der durch die friheit dier hat
Vf daz gelimde twi gestat
Als er des limes danne entsebet
Vnd er sieh vf ze fluhte hebet
So chlebet er mit den fôzzen an.*

One while above, and one while down,
He truly on himself made shew,
That an amorous mind behaves
Even as the bird in the open air,
Who, by the liberty he enjoys,
Slightly sits on the lime-twigg down ;
As soon as he the lime descrys,
And rises up to fly in haste,
His feet are clinging to the twigg.

This simile of the bird seems expressed in the illumination, of which the outline has been faithfully copied by Mr. Lewis :



In the same manner all Riwalin's thoughts and faculties clung to his Blancheflour, and he saw, and desired to see, no other object than

*Ir har ir stirne ir tinne
Ir wange ir münt ir chinne
Den fröde richen oster dach
Der lachende in ir ögen lach.*

Her golden hair, her front and temples,
Her cheeks, her mouth, her chin,
And the blithsome, pleasant easterday
Who smiling lays within her eyes.

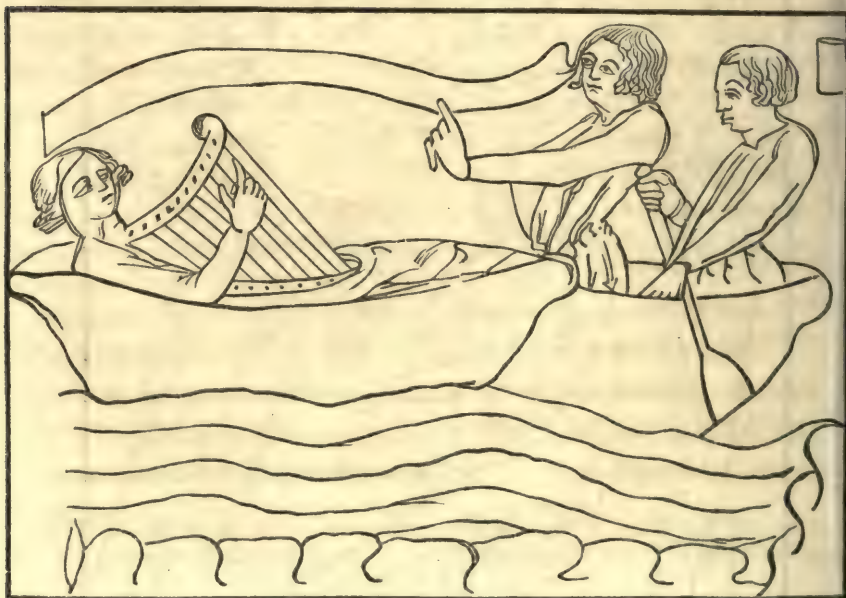
All other pleasures touched him not ; and he was quite indifferent to the fiddlers and dancers — likewise here represented in the illumination : one of whom seems to be shaking the castanets :

*Da zoch er sich mit alle von
Swigen v̄n wesen vnfro
Daz war sin meiste leben do.*

He drew himself from all this off,
Silence to keep, sadly to look,
Was then his life's greatest part.

But the most unquestionable token of his passion being met, was the subsequent birth of **TRISTRANT**, son to proud Riwalin and fair Blancheflour.

The second illumination, facing the forty-seventh page, exhibits *Tristrant* in a little bark, committed to the waves, and playing on the harp : thus—



For it is to be known that there was

*Von yrlante chomen
Morolt der Starke,
Vnd vorderte von Marke
Mit champhliehen handen
Den zins von beiden landen
Von curneval vn von Engellant.*

From Ireland come
Morolt the strong,
Of Mark requiring,
With warlike hands,
The feudal rent for either land,
For Cornwall and for Engellant.

The knights of King Mark's court not daring to fight this frightful champion, who was the King of Ireland's brother, and of course uncle to Ysotte, he was defyed and slain by Tristrant. But Tristrant, besides his having been severely wounded, was also, merely by description, fallen in love with

*Der weisen Ysot, der schonen Ysot
Die lichte also der morgen rot.*

The fair Ysotte, the prudent Ysotte,
Shining like the morning red.

He could not desist from carrying the desperate purpose into execution of going instantly to Ireland ;

*Hie mit besazt er sinen sin
Er wolte benamen dahin
Ez ergienge im swie got wolte*

* * * * *

*Vnd als es abend wart
Vn bereite man in zu zir vart
Ein bark vn em schiffelin
Vnde leit in vollen rat darin
An lipuare vn an spise ;*

He set himself on it at once,
He must go thither by all means,
May over him come what God pleases ;

* * * * *

And when the evening was near,
For his course they made ready
A bark and a little boat,
Storing them with provisions
Of sustenance and victuals.

But when they came

*Gein de hobstadt
Ze Develine*

Near the chief city
At Develine (Dublin ;)

Tristrant, in order to assume the character of a poor minstrel, put on

*Daz aller ermeste gewant
Daz man in der barken vant*

The oldest, oddest clothes,
That were to be found in the bark,

dismissed his companions, and there remained quite alone, as the label says.

*Tristrant der swebet vf
Dem wage ane gnad''
Mit jamer vn mit sorgen
Vnz an den lichten morgen.*

At this time

*Al se die von develine
Daz wise lose schiffelin
In dem wage ersahen.*

* * * *

*Nv si begunden nahen
Vn danoch niemen sahen
Nv gehortense al dort her
Suzze vn nach ir herzen ger
Eine suzze harphen chlingen
Vnd mit der harphen singen.*

And when

*Sin begonden nemen war
Vnde in so iamerlichen var
Vnd so getanen sahen
Nv begondez in vershamen.
Daz er daz wvnder chonde
Mit handen vn mit munde
Doch grözten sin als einen man
Der göten gröz verdienen chan,*

Tristan who floateth on
The waves merciless''
In grief and in affliction
Until the dawning day.

When those of Develine
The bark of steering bare
Beholded upon the waves.

* * * *

They come then near and nearer.
However none perceived,
But heard proceed from thence,
Sweet and their hearts rejoicing,
A harp's sweet pleasant sound,
With a singing to the harp.

They now perceived him,
And saw him in such a peril,
And in so pitiful a state,
They appeared somewhat vexed,
That he performed so wondrous things
With his hands and with his mouth,
Yet they greeted him like a man,
Who a good greeting may deserve,

and brought him to the town, where Tristan, unknown, and under the name of Tantris, (Tris-tan reversed) soon recovered from his wounds by the help of the Queen herself; and became the teacher of his beloved Ysotte.

I shall now put together a few miscellaneous notices, taken, like all the preceding, from the articles themselves—and which you will find to relate chiefly to books of Missals and Offices, &c. I shall begin, however, with a highly illuminated MS. called

THE TWELVE SIBYLS. This beautiful book is doubtless of the xvth century. It begins with a representation of the "*Sibila Persica*." The principal merit of these illuminations may, by some, be thought to consist in their *freshness*; but others will not fail to remark, that the accompaniments of these figures, such as the chairs on which they sit, and the pillars which form the frame work of the pieces, are designed and executed in a style of art worthy of the Florentine School of this period. Every Sibyl is succeeded by a scriptural subject. If the faces of these figures were a little more animated and intelligent, this book would be a charming specimen of art of the xvth century. The *Erythræan Sibyl* holds a white rose very prettily in her left hand. The *Agrippinian Sibyl* holds a whip in her left hand, and is said "to have prophesied xxx years concerning the flagellation of Christ." This volume is a thin quarto, in delightful condition; bound in yellow morocco, but a *sufferer* by the binding.

A CALENDAR. This is a pretty little duodecimo volume, containing also short prayers to Christ; and embellished by a representation of the several months in the calendar. Each illumination has a border, and its apposite characteristic subject attached to the month. Among the latter, those of October and November are vigorously touched and warmly finished. A picture of the Deluge follows December. The scription is in a neat roman character. This book is bound in lilac velvet, with silver clasps, and preserved in a yellow morocco case.

OFFICE OF THE VIRGIN. An exquisite little octavo, or rather duodecimo, bound in silver—with coloured

ornaments inlaid. The writing, in small roman, shews an Italian calligraphist. The vellum is white, and of the most beautiful quality. The text is surrounded by flowers, fruits, insects, animals, &c. The initial letters are sparkling, and ornamented in the arabesque manner. But the compositions, or scriptural subjects, are the most striking. They are as highly coloured, and as smoothly finished, as possible: like those in Sir M. Sykes's missal*—but on a smaller scale—and not perhaps quite so ably designed. Among the more beautiful specimens of high finishing, is the figure of Joseph—with the Virgin and Child—after the subject of the Circumcision. In the *last* subject, of a woman kneeling before the high priest, upon the steps of the temple, the Trajan column, in the back ground, is most happily finished. Upon the whole, the colours are probably too vivid. The subjects seem to be copies of larger paintings—and there is a good deal of French feeling and French taste in their composition. The rogue of a binder has shewn his love of cropping in this exquisite little volume. The date of 1574 is upon the binding.

MISSAL: beginning with the “*Oratio devota ad faciem dñi nostri ihu xpi*—A most exquisite volume in 8vo.: bound in black fish skin, with silver clasps of an exceedingly graceful form, washed with gold, and studded with rubies, emeralds, and other coloured stones. The head of Christ, with a globe in his hand, faces the beginning of the text. This figure has a short chin, like many similar heads which I have seen: but the colours are radiant, and the border, in which our Saviour is bearing his cross, below, is admirably executed. The

* *Bibl. Decameron*. vol. i. p. clxxvii.

beginning of St. John's Gospel follows. The principal subjects have borders, upon a gray or gold ground—on which flowers are most beautifully painted: and some of the subjects themselves, though evidently of Flemish composition, are most brilliantly executed. There is great nature, and vigour of touch, in the priests chanting, while others are performing the offices of religion. The *Annunciation* is full of tenderness and richness; and, in the *Christ in the manger*—from whose countenance, while lying upon the straw, the light emanates, and shines with such beauty upon the face of the Virgin—we see the origin perhaps of that effect which has conferred such celebrity upon the *NOTTE OF CORREGIO*. Some of the subjects have only half-lengths—but they are large—and some of them very powerfully coloured. What gives such a thorough charm to this book, is the grace, airiness, and truth of the flowers—scattered, as it were, upon the margins by the hand of a faëry. They have perhaps suffered somewhat by time: but they are truth and tenderness itself. Some of the smaller figures, and smaller subjects too, at the end of the volume, are entitled to equal praise. The writing is a large handsome square gothic.

OFFICE OF THE VIRGIN: bound in massive silver—highly ornamented, in the arabesque manner, and washed with gold. The back is most ingeniously contrived. But if the exterior be so attractive, the interior is not less so—for such a sweetly, and minutely ornamented, book, is hardly to be seen. The margins are very large and the text is very small: only about fifteen lines, by about one inch and three quarters wide. Upon seeing the margins, M. Schérer, the

head-librarian, exclaimed, "I hope that satisfies you!" But they are by no means disproportionate—and the extraordinary colour and quality of the vellum render them enchanting. We come now to the ornaments—though it should be observed that the text is roman, and I think of Venetian or Florentine execution. The ornaments are clusters of small flowers, strung in a pearl-like manner, and formed or grouped into the most pleasing and tasteful shapes. The figures are small, with a well indicated outline. How pretty are the little subjects at the foot of each month of the Calendar! And how totally different from the commonplace stiffness, and notorious dullness, of the generality of Flemish pieces of the same kind! There is scarcely any looking at the two pieces, which face each other, at the beginning of the text; so varied, rich, and splendid do they appear! The same may be said of the two pages, facing each other, a little onward—beginning "Placebo Domino." And yet perhaps, still more wonderfully elaborate, is that which is connected with the history of David's life—where he is praying and choosing one of the evils,—and where he is introduced, in a capital initial, with the head of Goliath in his hand! Nor should scarcely less praise be attached to the CRUCIFIXION, and to its opposite companion. Occasionally there is only a border ornament on the left side. This book has no superior of its kind in any library in Europe; and is worthy, on a small scale, of what we see in the superb folios of Matthias Corvinus.

A BOOK OF PRAYERS—almost entirely spoilt by damp and rottenness within. I should think, from the writing and illuminations, it was executed between the

years 1450 and 1480. The outside is here the principal attraction. It is a very ancient massive binding, in silver. On each side is a sacred subject; but on that, where the Crucifixion is represented, the figure to the right has considerable expression, as thus:



At the bottom of each compartment are the arms of Bavaria and of the Dukes of Milan. This is a precious treasure in its way.

The present is probably the proper place to notice the *principal gem*—in the department of illuminated books of devotion—preserved in the Royal Library at Munich:—I mean, what is called, ALBERT DURER'S PRAYER BOOK. This consists merely of a set of marginal embellishments in a small folio volume, of which the text, written in a very large lower-case gothic letter, forms the central part. These embellishments are said to be by the hand of ALBERT DURER: although, if I mistake not, there is a similar production, or continuation, by LUCAS CRANACH. They are executed in colours of bistre, green, purple, or pink; with a very small portion of shadow—and apparently with a reed pen.

Nothing can exceed the spirit of their conception, the vigour of their touch, and the truth both of their drawing and execution. They consist chiefly of *capriccios*, accompanied by the figure or figures of four Saints, &c. They afford one addition to the very many proofs, which I have already seen, of the surprising talents of Albert Durer : and, if I remember rightly, this very volume has been lithographised at Munich, and published in our own country.*

Descending lower in the chronological order of my researches, I now come to the notice of four very splendid and remarkable folio volumes, comprising only the text of the SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS : and which exhibit extraordinary proofs of the united skill of the *Scribe*, the *Musician*, the *Painter*, and the *Book Binder*—concerned in the execution of these volumes. Of each of these artists, there is a PORTRAIT ; but among them, none please my fancy so much as that of GASPAR RITTER, the book-binder.† All these portraits are executed in body colour, in a slight but bold manner, and appear to me to be much inferior to the general style of art in the smaller and historical compositions, illustrative of the text of the book. But Gaspar

* lithographised at Munich, and published in our own country.] It appeared in the year 1808, and was sold for 2l. 12s. 6d. But a blank space was left in the middle—which, in the original, is occupied by a heavy gothic text. The continuation by Lucas Cranach appeared in 1818.

† When at Vienna I shewed Mr. Lewis's faithful copy of it to M. Bartsch, who observed that he had never seen such a thing before—and that it was curious of its kind. The OPPOSITE PLATE will give the reader no very bad notion of the respectable physiognomy and attire of this said GASPAR RITTER.

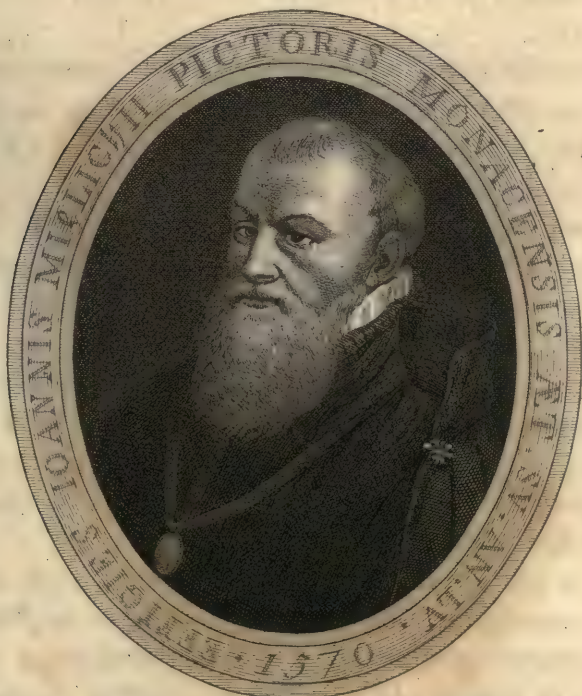


G. RITTER, BOOKBINDER.

*Fac Simile from the Original in the
Public Library at Munich.*



Ritter well merits a distinct notice; for these volumes display the most perfect style of binding, which I have yet seen, of the sixteenth century. They are in red morocco, variegated with colours, and secured by clasps. Every thing about them is firm, square, knowing, and complete. The artist, or painter, to whom these volumes are indebted for their chief attraction, was JOHN MIELICH; a name, of which I suspect very little is known in England. You have his portrait here, of the date of 1570, from the pencil of my graphic companion.



Looking fairly through these volumes—not for the sake of finding fault, or of detecting little lapses from accuracy of drawing, or harmony of composition—I do not hesitate one moment to pronounce the series of embellishments, which they contain, perfectly unrivalled—as the production of the same pencil. Their great merit consists in a prodigious freedom of touch, and boldness of composition. The colouring seems to be purposely made subordinate. Figures the most minute, and actions the most difficult to express, are executed in a ready off-hand manner, strongly indicative of the masterly powers of the artist. The subjects are almost interminable in number, and endless in variety.

I hardly now know what course to pursue ;—whether to take you directly to the PRINTED BOOKS, or whether this be not the fitter place to pause awhile—only to make you acquainted with some curious OLD PRINTS, from *copper plates*, which appear to be wholly unknown to our connoisseurs ; and of which neither Strutt, Bartsch, nor Ottley, have favoured us with any account. The enormous heaps of volumes, of a similar description, recently brought hither from the spoliation of monastic libraries, ever since the suppression of the Order of the Jesuits, is enough to awaken the curiosity, and call into action, the energies of the most indifferent observer of these things.

You must remember always to look sharply within the covers of old books, whether in ms. or in print, for the discovery of nearly coeval impressions of woodcuts, or copper-plates. Hence, directed by such an impulse, Heineken found the famous wood cut of *St.*





Christopher, of the date of 1423 — in the monastic library of Buxheim, which now confers so much celebrity upon the collection of Earl Spencer.* Talking of figures of this Saint, I beg leave to shew you one;† taken from those volumes of which I am now discoursing, and which belongs to a collection of similar productions, both in wood and copper—to the number of about two hundred—which Mr. Bernhard has most wisely preserved—having detached them from the great mass of MSS. and printed books in question. I suppose this wood cut of St. Christopher to be of a date somewhere about 1460.

Pursuing the chronological order, I must next put before you an impression, from a COPPER PLATE, of the undoubted date of 1462‡ — and possibly even before 1460. The subject is a *Dead Christ in the Lap of the Father*. This very singular production was pasted within the cover of one of the old books above mentioned; and, upon it is an inscription, which bears the date of 1462—so that it is quite clear the copper plate impression was *anterior* to the inscription; which latter

* *now confers so much celebrity upon the collection of Earl Spencer.*] See vol. ii. page 143, for some account of this impression, and of a supposed similar one in the Royal Library at Paris.

† See THE OPPOSITE FAC-SIMILE.

‡ *a copper plate of the undoubted date of 1462.*]—I am indebted to the venerable and worthy Mr. HESS, an eminent engraver, and a professor in the Fine Arts, at Munich, for the above facsimile—which is as exact as possible. The original—to make use of Mr. Hess's own words—(for he writes English with considerable ability) “is cut round, and carefully pasted upon another paper, on a wooden band of a book. The writing is over the outer lines, and upon the print itself.”

is in red—as you here have it—and undoubtedly executed with a pen.*

It was in the same collection of detached pieces—taken from these old folios—that I noticed another curious copper-plate subject, of a Christ, executed by that rare old artist, who chooses to put only the initials of his name E. S.: and some of whose works are supposed to be at least as early as 1466. I requested permission of the curators of the library to have a facsimile of this singular print, of which our friend Mr. Ottley appears to have been ignorant; and begged that Professor Hesse might be the artist to whose hands such a task should be assigned.† This was most willingly granted. So much for early copper-plate impressions; except that I should tell you that they possess a small old cut of this kind, with the date of 1466, representing a virgin and child. Also a large cut, but in wood, relating to the *Art of Chiromancy*, with the express date of 1466. A minute catalogue of these treasures would be invaluable in the way of furnishing curious details connected with the history of early art.

Before I touch upon **block books**—in which department of early printing the library of Munich has no rival in Europe—I must make you acquainted with a set of very old and barbarous prints, or wood cuts, which I found thrust into a German MS. of the *Dance of Death*; and which are meant to be an illustration of that subject. The present impression on my mind is;

* See the FIRST OPPOSITE FAC-SIMILE.

† The SECOND PLATE is an admirable specimen of the skill and fidelity displayed by Professor Hesse upon the occasion. It is absolutely as if viewing the original.

Frater conradus
Samburger de 1391.
1802.



*Two. Tomb of a Copper. Plate. Impression.
in the Public Library at Munich.*



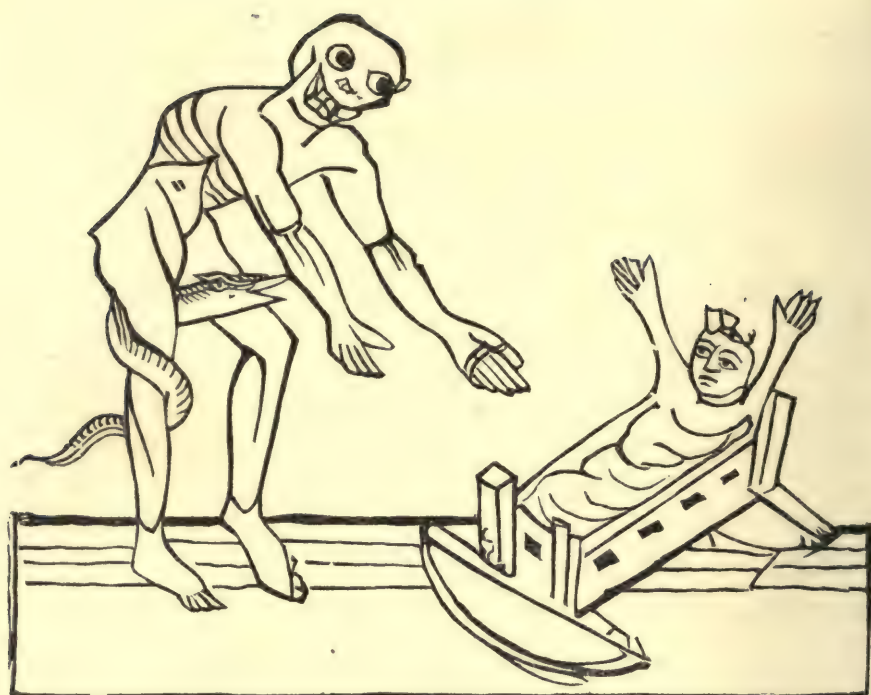
FAC SIMILE OF AN IMPRESSION,

Considered to be unique

From a very Ancient Engraving in the Royal Library at Munich.

See Ottley's Hist of Engraving Vol II p. 296.





that these cuts are indisputably the oldest of their kind extant. The MS. may be as old as the middle of the fifteenth century. Certainly it has a much older look than the supposed original depositions in the library of Strasbourg, relating to the law-suit of Gutenberg.* The first print, in this singular series, represents a man preaching to a Pope, an Emperor, a King, and a Duke, &c. The second and third cuts are according to the accompanying fac-similes of them;† and they appear to be from one and the same block. The female figure, in the second subject, is that of a nun.

Wherever death is introduced, a serpent is twisted round him. In the first cut, where he is represented before the Pope, he is playing upon a bagpipe. In the representation of a warrior, the visor is closed: and the armour appears to be plated. The last cut, which may be called a companion to the first, exhibits a figure in a pulpit, standing and leaning forward, (from which a scroll descends) and having twenty two human skulls beneath, upon four of which are the insignia or symbols of a Pope, an Emperor, a Duke, Bishop, &c. The whole has rather a terrific appearance.

I shall now proceed at once to an account of the xylographical productions, or of

BLOCK BOOKS

in the public library of this place; and shall begin with a work, of which (according to my present recollection) no writer hath yet taken notice. It is a *Life of Christ*, in small quarto, measuring scarcely five

* See page 53, ante.

† See the OPPOSITE FAC-SIMILES.

inches by four. The character of the type is between that of Pfister and the Mazarine Bible, although rather more resembling the latter. Each side of the leaf has text, or wood cut embellishments. The first eight pages contain fifteen lines in a page: the succeeding two pages only thirteen lines ; but the greater number of the pages have fourteen lines. A pretty correct notion may be formed of the character of these cuts, from the following fac-simile of that of *Judas betraying Christ*, and St. Peter cutting off the ear of one of the servants :



The garment of the wounded man was injured in the fac-simile, and should be more marked by dotting or cross hatchings. Now it is precisely this dotted ground, in the draperies, that impresses me with a notion of the antiquity of these cuts. Such a style of art is seen in all the earlier efforts of wood engraving, such as the *St. Bernardinus** belonging to M. Van-Praet, and the prints pasted within the covers of Mr. George Nicol's matchless copy of the Mazarine Bible, upon vellum, in its original binding. M. Bernhard also shewed me, from his extraordinary collection of early prints, taken from the old MS. volumes in this library, several of this precise character; and to which we may, perhaps with safety, assign the date of 1460 at the latest. They have generally dark backgrounds, upon which flowers or arabesque ornaments (like the preceding) are worked; but the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th cuts have greater portions of white in their back grounds. In the whole, there are twenty-eight wood-cuts; they being printed generally at the backs of each other. The text is uniformly in the German language, beginning thus:

Im nomen der heiligen vnd
vngetailten triualtikait he
ben sich an die sibben frewd :

Many pages begin with the words "*O maria em gutigi*;" and the work is entitled, in the binding, "*Sieben Freudē Mariae*," (Seven Joys of Mary) and "*Leiden Geschich Jesus*,"—the Passion of Jesus. I have been

* See vol. ii. p. 515.

thus particular in the account of this curious little volume, not so much because it is kept in a case, and considered to be unique, as because, to the best of my recollection, no account of it is to be found in any bibliographical publication.

EXHORTATION AGAINST THE TURKS, &c.: of the supposed date of 1455. This is the singular tract, of which Baron Aretin (the late head librarian of this establishment) published an entire fac-simile; and which, from the date of M.cccc.lv. appearing at the bottom line of the first page, was conceived to be of that period. M. Bernhard, however, — in an anonymous pamphlet—proved, from some local and political circumstances introduced, or referred to, in the month of *December*—in the Calendar attached to this exhortation — that the *genuine* date should rather be 1472. This brochure is also considered to be unique. It is a small quarto, of six leaves only, of which the first leaf is blank. The type is completely in the form of that of Pfister, and the paper is unusually thick. At the bottom of the first leaf it is observed, in ms. “*Liber eximie raritatis et inter cimelia bibliothecæ asservandus. F. Er.*”

ARS MEMORANDI, &c. Here are not fewer than *five* copies of this well known—and perhaps first—effort of block-book printing. These are of the earliest dates, yet with trifling variations. The plates in all the copies are coloured; some more heavily than others; and in one of them you observe, in the figure of St. Matthew, that red or crimson glossy wash, or colour, so common in the earliest prints — and which is here carried over the whole figure. One of these five copies is unbound.

ARS MORIENDI. Here are two editions, of which one copy is indisputably the most ancient—like that in Lord Spencer's library,*—but of a considerably larger size, in quarto. There can be no doubt of the whole of this production being xylographical. Unluckily this fine copy has the first and last pages of text in ms. The other pages, with blank reverses, are faintly impressed in brown ink: especially the first, which seems to be injured. A double-line border is round each page. This copy, which is bound in blue morocco, has also received injury from a stain. I consider the second copy, which is bound in red morocco, to be printed with moveable *metal* types. The ink is however of a palish brown. I never saw another copy of this latter impression.

BIBLIA PAUPERUM. *In Latin.* I doubt whether this be the first edition; but at any rate it is imperfect. *In German:* with the date of 1470. Here are two copies; of which I was anxious to obtain the duplicate (the largest and uncoloured,) for the library in St. James's Place; but the value fixed upon it was too high; indeed a little extravagant. This is the edition, of the date and device of which Heineken gives a fac-simile. Another German edition, with the date of 1471, on the *recto* of the last leaf. Another copy, of this latter impression, with the date on the *reverse* of the last leaf. The text is precisely the same; and the cause of this variety arises only from their having *begun* to print on the *recto* rather than the reverse of the first leaf. This second copy, of the date of 1471, has plenty

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. xv-xxiii. where fac-similes of some of the cuts will be found.

of that glossy crimson colour, in its tinted impressions, of which I have so frequently made mention ; so that this circumstance, *alone*, is not indicative of the high antiquity of the print.

THE APOSTLES CREED. *In German.* Only seven leaves, but pasted together—so that the work is an opistographised production. This is a very rare, and indeed unique volume ; and utterly unknown to bibliographers. I have obtained a fac-simile of one of the cuts representing the *Resurrection* :* which will give you a pretty correct notion of the style of art. Each cut is about the same size, and there are twelve in the whole. There is no other text but the barbarous letters introduced at the bottom of the cut ; and the only Latin line which I observe, is over the first cut—the Almighty, in the act of creating the world—“ *Ego sum alpha et. o.*” In the fly-leaf of this extraordinary performance, is the following ms. memorandum “ *Da gloriam deo.* V. W. 1471 ; but this seems to be beneath a list of tracts, supposed to have been originally in the volume, of which none but the Apostles Creed remains. It may be even doubted, whether this list had any reference to the present work.

MIRABILIA URBIS ROMÆ. Another generally unknown xylographic performance ; printed in the German language : being a small quarto. I have secured a duplicate of this singular volume, for Lord Spencer’s library, intending to describe it in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*.† You must now prepare to receive an account

* See the OPPOSITE FAC-SIMILE.

† Where it is fully described, in vol ii. p. 188, &c. with fac-similes of the type and ornaments. An entire page of it is given at p. 189.



Ich werd mein v o! k
 fieren auß dē grōn
 ʒrtend dē fleiſch





-dicit dñs pñs pñs pñs pñs
 pñs pñs pñs pñs pñs pñs
 pñs pñs pñs pñs pñs pñs



Wie redert man peter vnd rith-
 art lit vff dem rad vñ die rappen
 bußet si allzit vntz dz si sterbēt



The first part of the story is
 the story of the first
 part of the story is
 the story of the first



Hier fñrt man die mord^r vñ damie
 mñ wil schleiffe vñ reiren die rap
 pen volget alle zu hñ nach vñ
 stechet sy.

of another singular xylographical production—also before undescribed by bibliographers. It is an octavo volume, entitled

The LIFE OF ST. MEINRAT ; *in German*, in a series of wood-cut representations. This Saint was murdered by two men, whose christian names were Peter and Richard, and who were always afterwards haunted by a couple of crows. There is a German introduction of two pages, preceding the cuts. These cuts are forty-eight in number. At the thirtieth cut, the Saint is murdered ; the earlier series representing the leading events of his life. The thirty-first cut represents the murderers running away ; an angel being above them. In the thirty-second cut, they continue to be pursued. The thirty-third cut thus exhibits them ; the German and the version being as follow ; “ *Hie furt man die mord̄ vō dannē un wil schleissē vn redern die rappen volgēt alle zit hin nach vn stechēt sy.*” Here they bring the murderers, in order to drag them upon the hurdle to execution, and to break them upon the wheel. The crows follow and peck them.

In the thirty-fourth cut Peter and Richard are tied and dragged at the heels of a horse. In the thirty-fifth they are broken upon the wheel.*

It is not necessary to pursue this horrible story : only that the two following cuts represent these murderers burnt upon the wheel, and their ashes thrown

* See the opposite FAC-SIMILES. The text and version are as follow : “ *Hie redert man peter vnd richart lit vff dem rad vn die rappen bissēt si allzit vntz dz si sterbēt.* Here Peter is broken by the wheel, and Richard is upon the wheel, and the crows constantly peck them till they die.

into the river. The text then goes on with the history of the Saint after his resurrection; to the forty-eighth and last cut. Then thirteen pages—on the twelfth of which the Saint re-appears, with a club in his hand, and a crow on each side of the glory round his head. Here are also the Virgin and Infant. This latter part is very coarsely executed. Such is the account of this very singular performance; from which I leave you to derive what amusement you may. It may at least serve to shew that the *block-book* subject is not yet exhausted.

The *Calendar of Regiomontanus*—A decidedly xylographical production; the first date is 1475, the last 1525. A fine sound copy, but crompt. In a duplicate copy the name of the mathematician is given at the end.

CANTICA CANTICORUM. First edition. A beautiful copy; crompt, but clean. Sixteen cuts, uncoloured. The leaves have been evidently pasted together. Another copy, coloured; but of a later date. In fine preservation. A third copy; apparently the first edition; washed all over with a slight brown tint, and again coarsely coloured in parts. This copy, singularly enough, is intermixed with portions of the first edition (as I take it) of the *Apocalypse*: very clumsily coloured. A fourth copy, also, as I conceive of the first edition; rather heavily coloured. The back grounds are uncoloured. This is larger than the other copies.

DEFENSIO IMMACULATÆ CONCEPTIONIS B. M. V. *Without place; of the date of 1470.* This is a Latin treatise, having four cuts in each page, with the exception of the first two pages, which exhibit only

Saints Ambrose, Austin, Jerom and Gregory—At the bottom of the figure of St. Austin, second column, first page, it is thus written; “*f. w. 1470.*” In the whole, sixteen pages. The style of art is similar to that used in the Antichrist.* Of this tract, evidently xylographical, I never saw or heard of another copy.

The foregoing list may be said to comprise the *chief rarities* among the BLOCK BOOKS in the Public Library at Munich; and if I am not mistaken, they will afford, with their illustrations, no very unserviceable supplement to the celebrated work of Heineken upon the same subject. From this department in the art of printing, we descend naturally to that which is connected with metal types; and accordingly I proceed to lay before you another list of **Book-Rarities**—taken from the earlier *printed volumes* in this most extraordinary Library.

We will begin with the best and most ancient of all Books:—the BIBLE. They have a very singular copy of what is called the *Mazarine edition*: or rather the parent impression of the sacred text:—inasmuch as it contains (what, I believe, no other copy in Europe contains, and therefore M. Bernhard properly considers it as unique) *four printed leaves of a table*, as directions to the Rubricator. At the end of the Psalter is a ms. note, thus: “*Explicit Psalterium, 61.*” This copy is in other respects far from being desirable, for it is crompt, and in very ordinary calf binding. *Mentelin's German Bible*. Here are two copies of this first impression of the Bible in the German language: both of which have distinct claims to render them very

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. xxxi.

desirable. In the one is an inscription, in the German language, of which M. Bernhard supplied me with the following literal version: "*Hector Mulich and Otilia his wife; who bought this Bible in the year of Our Lord, 1466, on the twenty-seventh day of June, for twelve florins.*" Their arms are below. The whole is decidedly a coeval inscription. Here, therefore, is another testimony* of the printing of this Bible at least as early as the year 1466. At the end of the book of Jeremiah, in the same copy, is a ms. entry of 1467; "*sub Papa Paulo Secundo et sub Imperatore Frederico tertio.*" The second copy of this edition, preserved in the same library, has a German ms. memorandum, executed in red ink, stating that this edition is "*well translated, without the addition of a single word, faithful to the Latin: printed at Strasbourg with great care.*" This memorandum is doubtless of the time of the publication of the edition; and the Curators of the library very judiciously keep both copies.

A third, or triplicate copy, of Mentelin's edition—much finer than either of the preceding—and indeed abounding with rough edges—was purchased by me for the library in St. James's place; but it was not obtained for a sum beneath its *full* value.† The edition is however an essential article for the library in question; of which indeed the noble owner has long acknowledged the want—and I place the acquisition

* *another testimony*) A copy in the public library at Stuttgart has a ms. memorandum in which the same dominical date is entered. See note, at page 137, ante.

† It must be mentioned, however, that a fine copy of the *German* edition of *Breydenbach's Travels*, of 1486, was given into the bargain.

of *such* a copy of it among my luckiest *trouvailles*. Here is a copy of *Eggesteyn's Latin Bible*, containing forty-five lines in a full page, with the important date of "24th May, 1466"—in a coeval ms. memorandum. Thus, you see, here is a date two years earlier* than that in a copy of the same Bible in the Public Library at Strasbourg; and I think, from hence, we are well warranted in supposing that both Mentelin and Eggesteyn had their presses in full play at Strasbourg in 1466—if not earlier. This copy of Eggesteyn's first Bible, which is in its original binding of wood, is as fine and large as it is precious.

I shall continue, miscellaneously, with the earlier printed books. *T. Aquinas de Virtutibus et Vitiis*; printed by *Mentelin*, in his smallest character. At the end, there is the following inscription, in faded green ink; *Joannes Bamler de Augusta hui' libri Illuīator Anno 1468.*" Thus Bamler should seem to be an illuminator as well as printer†, and Panzer is wrong in supposing that Bamler *printed* this book. Of course Panzer formed his judgment from a copy which wanted

* *a date two years earlier*] In the *Bibl. Spencer*. vol. i. p. 38-9—where a fac-simile of the type of this edition is given—the impression is supposed to have been executed in "the year 1468 at latest." The inscription of 1468 in the Strasbourg copy (see p. 57 ante) should seem at least to justify the caution of this conclusion. But, from the above, we are as justified in assigning to it a date of at least two years earlier.

† *an illuminator as well as printer*] Lord Spencer possesses a copy of *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, with the Commentary of Trivetius, printed by Mentelin, which was also illuminated by Bamler in the same year as above—1468. The memorandum to this effect, by Bamler, is given in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*; vol. ii. p. 20.

such accidental attestation. *Ptolemy*, 1462 : with all the maps, coloured. *Livy* (1469) : very fine — in its original binding—full sixteen inches high. *Cæsar*, 1469 : very fine, in the original binding. *Lucan*, 1469 : equally fine, and coated in the same manner. *Apuleius*, 1469 : imperfect and dirty. The foregoing, you know, are all EDITIONES PRINCIPES. But judge of my surprise on finding neither the first edition of *Terence*, nor of *Valerius Maximus*, nor of *Virgil**—all by Mentelin. I enquired for the first *Roman* or *Bologna Ovid* : but in vain. It seemed that I was enquiring for “blue diamonds :”—so precious and rare are these two latter works.

Here are very fine copies of the *Philosophical works of Cicero*, printed by *Ulric Han*—with the exception of the *Tusculan Questions* and the *Treatise upon Oratory*, of the dates of 1468, 1469—which are unluckily wanting. M. Bernhard preserves *four* copies of the *Euclid* of 1482, because they have printed variations in the margins. One of these copies has the prefix, or preface of one page, printed in letters of gold. I saw another such copy at Paris. Here is the *Milan Horace* of 1474—the text only. The *Catholicon* by *Gutenberg*, of 1460 : UPON VELLUM : quite perfect as to the text, but much cropt, and many pieces sliced out of the margins—for purposes, which it were now idle to enquire after ; although I have heard of a *Durandus* of 1459 in our own country, which, in ancient times, had been so served, for the purpose of writing direc-

* I will not say *positively* that the *VIRGIL* is *not* there ; but I am pretty sure of the absence of the two preceding works. My authority was, of course, the obliging and well informed M. Bernhard.

tions on parcels of game, &c. *Catholicon* of 1469 by G. Zeiner ; also UPON VELLUM, and equally cropt—but, otherwise, sound and clean. This copy contains an ancient manuscript note which must be erroneous ; as it professes the first owner to have got possession of the book before it was *printed* : in other words, an *unit* was omitted in the date, and we should read 1469 for 1468. The inscription is this: “ *Anno dn̄i Millesimo cccc° lxxij°*. *Comparatus est iste Katholicon tpe Ioh̄s Hachinger h̄ ecclie p tunc īmeriti ppti. p. xlviij Aureis ₰ flor° taxatus p H xxi faciunt in moneta Vsuali xlvj t d.*” So that it seems a copy of this work, upon vellum, was worth at the time of its publication, *forty-six golden florins*.

Among the more precious ITALIAN BOOKS, is a remarkably fine copy of the old edition of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, called the *Deo Gracias* — which Lord Spencer purchased at the sale of the Borromeo library in London, last year. It is quite perfect, and in a fine, large condition. It was taken to Paris on a certain memorable occasion, and returned hither on an occasion equally memorable. It contains 253 leaves of text, and two of table ; and has red ms. prefixes. It came originally from the library of Petrus Victorius, from which indeed there are many books in this collection, and was bought by the King of Bavaria at Rome. What was curious, M. Bernhard shewed me a minute valuation of this very rare volume, which he had estimated at 1100 florins—somewhere about £20. below the price given by Lord Spencer for his copy, of which four leaves are supplied by ms. Here is a magnificent copy of the *Dante* of 1481, with xx cuts ;

the twentieth being precisely similar to that of which a fac-simile appears in the B. S. This copy was *demand*ed by the library at Paris, and xix. cuts only were specified in the demand; the twentieth cut was therefore secreted, from another copy—which other copy has a duplicate of the first cut, pasted at the end of the preface. The impressions of the cuts, in the copy under description, are worthy of the condition of the text and of the amplitude of the margins. It is a noble book, in every point of view.

I now come to the notice of books of a less generally interesting class, but some of the copies of which are singularly interesting to the bibliographical and typographical antiquary. *B. de Saxoferrato. Aureæ Quæstiones*: without name of printer or place, but with the date of 1470. A most extraordinary copy, and a very singular roman type. *Angelius de Arctis; lectura supra omnib. Institutionibus*. This book is executed by a printer, with whose name I was entirely unacquainted. It is the first specimen of his type which I remember to have seen. It is printed in a roman letter, in double columns, and has the following colophon, in four lines and a half: “*Finit hoc opus imp̄ssū papie p Ioānē de Sidriano Mediolanēsem huius artis p̄mū artificē q i urbe ticinēse huiusmodi notas imp̄sserit et istud p̄ p̄mo op̄e expleuit die. xxx. mēsis octobris 1474.**” The present is a very fine copy, in the original wooden binding. *Petri de Abano conciliator*: one of

* From this colophon, we gather that the above book was printed at Pavia, by J. de Sidrano, a native of Milan, the first artist who introduced printing into Pavia, and who completed the work, in October 1474.

the finest old folio volumes in existence, and executed by two rare typographical artists. The type is a small, neat roman. The colophon is thus :

LAVS.	DEO.	AMEN.
	FINIT.	CONCI.

*LIATOR. Lodouicus Carmelita primus
hoc opus aere ꝑrimi iussit Mantuae per Thomā
Septēcas hēsem de ciuitate Heomāni & Iohannē
Burster de Cāpidio socios. Anno uerbi ꝑcarnati*

MCCCCLXXII.

There is a repetition of the same date at the end of the seven leaves which follow this colophon. The first page of this most desirable copy is adorned by a beautiful illumination of the time. *S^{ti}. Augustini Epistolæ* ; by Mentelin — without date. Three copies of this edition are preserved, because each copy has a different, but coeval, ms. date ; one of 1471, another of 1472, and a third of 143. The book, in all probability, was printed in 1468. There is a fine copy of the same Father's work *De Civitate Dei*, printed in the same character, without any ms. addition.

Liber Prosperi : a very small quarto, in Latin prose and poetry ; in most beautiful condition, and, I apprehend, executed by *Hans Glein*, from the Gothic *d*, in the midst of a roman type. I besought M. Bernhard most vehemently to lay aside for me a duplicate of this rare book, if he found one ; as he rather led me to think that such duplicate was in the library. I never heard of the work before. *Strambotti del clar. poeta meser Pamphilo Saxa Modonese*. Only four leaves, in 4to. ; double columns ; in black letter, with a neat wood-

cut. *Donatus* :—here are doubtless two or three very old looking fragments, somewhat xylographical, of this most ancient of all printed grammatical treatises. One of them seems in the *Speculum* type—and another, like Lord Spencer's copy, resembling that of Pfister. *I de Turrecremata meditationes*—" *Cracis impssū*." Printed apparently in the type of G. Zeiner, and supposed to have been executed at *Cracow* ; but M. Bernhard, with his usual bibliographical acumen, (in a small German treatise upon the subject) more correctly conjectures it to have been printed at "*Crause in Suabia*." It is so excessively scarce, that only one other copy of it is known ; and for this copy upwards of 220 florins were given.

I was shewn rather a curiosity by this able bibliographer ; nothing less than a sheet, or *broadside*, containing *specimens of types from Ratdolt's press*. This sheet is in beautiful preservation, and is executed in double columns. The first ten specimens are in the gothic letter, with a gradually diminishing type. The last is thus ;

Hunc adeas mira quicumq; uolumina queris
 Arte uel ex animo pressa fuisse tuo
 Seruiet iste tibi : nobis (sic) iure sorores
 Incolumem seruiet usq; rogare licet.

This is succeeded by three gradually diminishing specimens of the printer's roman letter. Then, four lines of Greek, in the Jensonian or Venetian character : next, in large black letter, as below.*

* *Indicis characterum diversarum manerierū impressioni paratarū :
 Finis. Erhardi Ratdolt Augustensis viri solertissimi : preclaro ingenio*

But a still greater curiosity, in my estimation, was a small leaf, by way of *advertisement*, containing a list of publications issuing from the press of a printer, whose name has not yet been discovered, and attached apparently to a copy of the *Fortalitium Fidei*; in which it was found. Luckily there was a duplicate of this little broadside—or advertisement—and I prevailed upon the curators, or rather upon M. Bernhard (whose exclusive property it was) to part with this Sibylline leaf, containing only nineteen lines, for a copy of the *Ædes Althorpiæ* — as soon as that work should be published.* Of course, this is secured for the library in St. James's Place.

I am now hastening to the close of this catalogue of the Munich book-treasures. You remember my having mentioned a sort of oblong cabinet, where they keep the books PRINTED UPON VELLUM—together with block books, and a few of the more ancient and highly illuminated MSS. I visited this cabinet the first thing on entering—and the last thing on leaving—the

& mirifica arte : qua olim Venetijs excelluit celebratissimus. In imperiali nunc vrbe Auguste vindelicorum laudatissime impressioni dedit. Annoq ; salutis M.CCCC.LXXXXVI. Calē Aprilis Sidere felici compleuit.

* as soon as it should be published.]—An admirably executed facsimile of the above curious document appears in the work here referred to: vol. ii. p. 131—where the subject of its probable printer is gone into at considerable length. The presumption is in favour of *Mentelin*: but there can never be any absolute certainty in the conclusion, until the name of the printer himself (if he ever introduced it) be discovered. Certain it is, that of the nameless and dateless books found upon the continent, those, executed in the above type, are the most common.

Public Library. “Where are your *Vellum Alduses*, good Mr. Bernhard?” said I to my willing and instructive guide. “You shall see only *two* of them”—(rejoined he) but from these you must not judge of the remainder.” So saying, he put into my hands the *first editions of Horace and Virgil*, each of 1501, and bound in one volume, in old red morocco. They were gems—almost of the very first order: and—almost of their original magnitude: measuring six inches and three eighths, by three inches and seven eighths. I am now abundantly persuaded, from the numerous and exquisite vellum Alduses which I have seen, that the legitimate *octavo* measure of books of that description is six inches and a half, by full four inches. This, by the bye; and as a soft secret in your own ear. M. Bernhard spoke truly, when he said that I was not to judge of the remaining vellum Alduses by the foregoing; but these “foregoing” are indeed most covetable tomes. They are sound and clear; but the Virgil is not equal to Lord Spencer’s similar copy, in whiteness of colour, or beauty of illumination. Indeed the illuminations in the Munich copy are left in an unfinished state. In the ardour of the moment I talked of these two precious volumes being worth “120 louis d’or.” M. B. smiled gently, as he heard me, and deliberately returned the volumes to their stations—intimating, by his manner, that not thrice that sum should dispossess the library of such treasures. I have lost my memoranda as to the number of these vellum Alduses; but the impression upon my mind is, that they have not more than six.

Of course, I asked for a VELLUM *Tewerdanckhs* of 1517, and my guide forthwith placed *two* MEMBRANACEOUS copies of this impression before me :—adding, that almost every copy contained variations, more or less, in the text. Indeed I found M. B. “doctissimus” upon this work ; and I think he said that he had published upon it as well as Camus.* This is about the ninety-ninth time that I have most sensibly regretted my utter ignorance of that language—German—in which it pleaseth M. Bernhard to put forth his instructive bibliographical lucubrations. Of these two copies, one has the cuts coloured, and is very little cropt : the other has the cuts uncoloured, and is decidedly cropt.

With the *Tewerdanckhs*, I take my leave both of the public library of Munich and (for the present) of its obliging and well-informed Second Librarian. But I must not leave this WORLD OF BOOKS without imparting to you the satisfaction which I felt on witnessing half a dozen grave-looking scribes employed, chiefly under the direction of M. Bernhard, in making out a classed catalogue of *Fifteeners*—preparatory to the sale of their Duplicates. This catalogue will be important in many respects ; and I hope to see it in my own

* The reader, if he have leisure and inclination, may consult a long note in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 201, respecting the best authorities to be consulted upon the above very splendid and distinguished performance. Camus is included in the list of authorities referred to. Meanwhile it is pleasant to announce what may be, in its way, a curious fact : that my friend Mr. Cohen has absolutely read the *original* poem *through* ; with some fruit, it is to be hoped, which will one day be laid before the public.

country within two years from the date of the present epistle.*

And now methinks it is high time to put the concluding paragraph to this said epistle—so charged with bibliographical intelligence respecting the capital of Bavaria. You must give it more than *one* perusal if you wish to digest it thoroughly. My next, within forty-eight hours hereof, will leave me on the eve of departure from hence. In the meanwhile, prepare for some pleasant book tidings in my ensuing despatch.

P. S. When you visit Munich, I beseech you *not* to fix your quarters at the *Schwarzen Adler*, or Black Eagle. Although it have eleven goodly ornamented windows in front, and be five stories high—and although it be designated as the first hotel in the place—and the sheets of the bed be edged with lace, it is . . . *every* thing but what it *ought to be* ! Misery or happiness, you know, depends pretty much upon the force of contrast. Thus it is that, on thinking of the *Three Negroes at Augsbourg*, and then of *this Inn*—I am uncomfortable in consequence.

* Two years have elapsed since the above was written, but no CLASSED CATALOGUE of any portion of the Public Library of Munich has appeared in our country. Speaking of *duplicates*, not printed in the fifteenth century, it may be worth observing that they have at Munich not fewer than six copies (double the number of those at Strasbourg ; vide p. 73 ante.) of the ACTA SANCTORUM ; good handsome copies, in vellum binding.—

LETTER XLIII.

FURTHER BOOK-ACQUISITIONS. SOCIETY. THE ARTS.
LITHOGRAPHY.

THE bright bibliographical star, which shone upon me at Stuttgart, has continued to shine with the same benign and unclouded lustre at this place—in spite of the storm in the public garden, so particularly described in my last letter. “‘Εὐρηκα ‘Εὐρηκα” !—the scarcest and brightest of all the ALDINE GEMS has been found and secured by me: that gem, for which M. Renouard still continues to sigh and to rave, alternately, in despair of a *perfect* copy; and which has, only very recently, been placed among the most brilliant ornaments of the Royal Library at Paris. What may these strange exclamations and inuendos imply?—methinks I hear you say. You shall know in a trice—which just brings me to the very point with which my previous epistle concluded. Those “pleasant book-tidings,” referred to in my last, and postponed for the present opportunity, are “as hereafter follow.”

In my frequent conversations with the Guardians of the Public Library, I learnt that one STOEGER, a bookseller chiefly devoted to the purchase and sale of *Aldine* volumes, resided in this metropolis; that his abode was rather private than public; and that his magazine was lodged on the second or third floor, in a row of goodly houses, to the right, on entering the city. M.

Bernhard added, that Mr. Stoeger had even a copy of the first Aldine edition of *Greek Hours* (printed in 1497) — which is the very gem above alluded to; “but,”—observed my intelligent informant—as he accompanied me to the door of the bookseller in question—“he will not part with it: for both the Prince Royal and our Public Library have been incessant in their importunities to possess it. He sets an extravagant price upon it.” Having been instructed from early youth, “never to take that for *granted* which remained to be *proved*,” I thanked the worthy M. Bernhard for his intelligence; and, wishing him a good morning, entered the chamber of Mr. Stoeger.

I had previously heard (and think that I have before made mention)* of the eagerness with which the Prince Royal of Bavaria purchases *Alduses*; and own, that, had I chosen to reflect one little minute, I might have been sufficiently disheartened at any reasonable prospect of success, against two such formidable opponents as the Prince and the Public Library. However, in cases of emergency, 'tis better to think courageously and to act decisively. I entered therefore the chamber of this Aldine bookseller, resolved upon bearing away the prize—“*coute que coute*”—provided that prize were not absolutely destined for another. M. Stoeger saluted me formally but graciously. He is a short, spare man, with a sharp pair of dark eyes, and speaks French with tolerable fluency. We immediately commenced a warm bibliographical discussion; when Mr. Stoeger, all of a sudden, seemed to raise himself to the height of six feet—gave three strides across

* See page 241 ante.

the room—and exclaimed, “ Well, Sir ; the cabinet of my Lord * * * wants something which I possess in yonder drawer.” I told him that I knew what it was he alluded to ; and, with the same decision with which I seemed to bespeak the two Virgils at Stuttgart, I observed, that “ *that* want would soon cease ; for that ere I quitted the room, the book in question would doubtless become the property of the nobleman whom he had just mentioned.” Mr. Stoeger, for three seconds, was lost in astonishment : but instinctively, as it were, he approached the drawer ; opened it : and shewed me an unbound, sombre-looking, but sound and perfect, copy of the *first edition* of the GREEK HOURS, *printed by Aldus*.

As I had among my papers a collation of the perfect copy at Paris, I soon discovered that Mr. Stoeger's copy was also complete ; and . . in less than fifteen minutes I gained a complete victory over the Prince Royal of Bavaria and the corps bibliographique of Messrs. Von Moll, Schlichtegroll, Schérer, and Bernhard, &c. —the directors and guardians of the Public Library at Munich. In other words, this tiny book—measuring not quite four inches, by not quite three, was *secured*—for the cabinet in question—at the price of * * florins !! The vendor, as I shrewdly suspect, had bought it of a brother bookseller at Augsbourg, * of the name of KRANSFELDER (a worthy man ; whom I visited — but with whom I found nothing but untransportable Latin

* The copy in question had, in 1595, been the property of F. Gregorius, prior of the monastery of Sts. Ulric and Afra at Augsbourg : as that possessor's autograph denotes

and German folios) for . . peradventure only the *hundredth part* of the sum which he was now to receive. What shall we say ? The vendor is designated by Mr. Schlichtegroll, in the preface of the last sale catalogue of the duplicates of the Public Library (1815, 8vo.) at “*bibliopola honestissimus*”—and let us hope that he merits the epithet. Besides, books of this excessive rarity are objects of mere caprice and fancy. To the library for which it is destined, it is absolutely essential ; as a brilliant link in the chain of Aldine publications of the fifteenth century — and as the parent impression of the two succeeding editions, of the same work, in 1505—and 1521—* both in the same library. I then looked out a few more tempting articles, of the Aldine character,† and receiving one or two as a *douceur*, in the shape of a present, settled my account with Mr. Stoeger . . and returned to my lodging more and more confirmed in the truth of the position of “not taking that for granted which remained to be *proved*.”

* These books, with the whole of the ALDINE COLLECTION in the library above alluded to, will be particularly noticed in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*.

† *a few more tempting articles of the Aldine character.*] — The principal of these “tempting articles” were a fine first *Statius* of 1502, *Asconius Pedianus*, 1522. *Cicero de Officiis*, 1517, and *Leonicerus de Morbo Gallico*—with the leaf of errata: wanting in the copy in St James’s Place. But perhaps rarer than either, the *Laurentius Maoli* and *Averrois*, each of 1497—intended for *preserts*. But Mr. Stoeger had forgotten these intended presents—and *charged* them at a good round sum. I considered his word as his bond—and told him that honest Englishmen were always in the habit of so considering the words of honest Germans. I threatened him with the return of the whole cargo, including even the beloved *Greek Hours*. Mr. Stoeger seemed

The whole of this transaction was, if I may so speak, in the naughty vanity of my heart, a sort of *duodecimo* illustration of the “VENI, VIDI, VICI” of a certain illustrious character of antiquity.

Of a very different character from this *Aldine biblioplist* is a bookseller of the name of VON FISCHHEIM: the simplest, the merriest, the most artless of his fraternity. It was my good friend Mr. Hess (of whom I shall presently speak somewhat more at large) who gave me information of his residence. “You will find there (added he) all sorts of old books, old drawings, pictures, and curiosities.” What a provocative for an immediate and incessant attack! I took my valet with me — for I was told that Mr. Von Fischheim could not speak a word of French—and within twenty minutes of receiving the information, found myself in the dark and dreary premises of this same biblioplist. He lives on the first floor; but the way thither is almost perilous. Mr. Fischheim’s cabinet of curiosities was crammed even to suffocation; and it seemed as if a century had elapsed since a vent-hole had been opened for the circulation of fresh air. I requested the favour of a pinch of snuff from Mr. Fischheim’s box, to counteract all unpleasant sensations arising from effluvia of a variety of description — but I recommend English visitors in general to *smoke a segar* while they rummage among the curiosities of Mr. Fischheim’s

amazed: hesitated: relented: and adhered to his original position. Had he done otherwise, I should doubtless have erased the epithet “honestissimus,” in all the copies of the sale catalogue above alluded to, which might come within my notice, and placed a marginal emendation of “avidissimus.”

cabinet. Old Tom Hearne might here, in a few minutes, have fancied himself . . . any thing he pleased !

The owner of these miscellaneous treasures wore one unvarying smile upon his countenance during the whole time of my remaining with him. He saw me reject this, and select that ; cry “ pish ” upon one article, and “ bravo ” upon another ; — with the same settled complacency of expression. His responses were short and pithy, and I must add “ pleasant : ” for, having entirely given up all hopes of securing any thing in the shape of a good picture, a good bust, or a genuine illumination from a rich old MS., I confined myself strictly to printed books — and obtained some very rare, precious, and beautifully-conditioned volumes (I use “ the phrase ”) upon most reasonable and acceptable terms.* Having completed my purchase,

* *some very rare, precious, and beautifully-conditioned volumes upon most reasonable and acceptable terms.*]— It may be a novel, and perhaps gratifying, sight to the reader to throw his eye over a list (of a few out of the fifty articles) like the following: *Flor. Kreutz.*

<i>Liber Moralizat. Biblic. Ulm. 1474. Folio. Fine copy</i>	11	
<i>Biblia Vulg. Hist. Ital. Venet. Giunta 1492. Fol.</i>	8	
<i>Horatius. Venet. 1494. 4to. Fig. lig. incis.</i>	11	
<i>Cronica del rey don Iuan. Sevilla. 1563. 4to.</i>	11	
<i>Breviarium. Teutonicè. 4to. In MEMBRANIS. A most beautiful and spotless book. It contains only the pars hyemalis of the cathedral service</i>	11	
<i>Dictionarium Pauperum. Colon. 1504. 8vo.</i>	1	
<i>Pars quart. Ind. Orient. Francof. 1601.</i>	5	30
<i>Fabulæ Æsopicæ. Cura Brandt. 1501. Folio. Perhaps a matchless copy ; in original binding of wood. Full of cuts.</i>	55	
<i>Thirteen different opuscula, at one florin each ; many very curious and uncommon</i>	13	

the books were sent to the hotel by a shopman—attired in the sorriest possible garb — but who wore, nevertheless, a mark of military distinction in his button-hole. “There’s honour for you!”—as the Irish Captain says in the “*Poor Soldier!*” From henceforth I can neither think, nor speak, but with kindness of PAUL LUDWIG VON FISCHHEIM, “the simplest, the merriest, and most artless of his fraternity.”

The day following this adventure, I received a note informing me that a person, practising physic, but also a collector and seller of old books, would be glad to see me in an adjoining street. He had, in particular, some “rare old Bibles.” Another equally stimulant provocative! I went, saw, and returned . . . with scarcely a single trophy. Old Bibles there were—but all of too recent a date: and all in the *Latin* language. Yet I know not how it was, but I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to give some twenty florins for a doubtfully-printed *Avicenna*, and a *Biblia Historica Moralisata*. Had I yielded to further importunities, or listened to further information, I might have filled the large room in which I am now sitting—and which is by much the handsomest in the hotel—with oak-bound folios, vellum-clad quartos, and innumerable broadsides. But I resisted every entreaty: I had done sufficient—at least for the first visit to the capital of Bavaria.

The Lord’s Prayer and Creed—in the German language

—printed by “*Fricz Crewszner*,” in 1472: folio:

broadside. Perhaps unique 22

The florin, at the time of my residence at Munich, was about 1s. 9d.

And doubtless I have good reason to be satisfied with these Bavarian book-treasures. There they all lie ; within as many strides of me as Mr. Stoeger took across the room ; while, more immediately within reach, and eyed with a more frequent and anxious look, repose the *Greek Hours*, the *first Horace*, the *Mentelin German Bible*, and the *Polish Protestant Bible* ; all—ALL destined for the cabinet of which Mr. Stoeger made such enthusiastic mention. Good Mr. Nockher has undertaken to see the whole of these purchases (with the exception of a certain *Greek duodecimo*) packed off for England—and I shall pursue my journey quite easy upon the score of their safety.

A truce now to books, and a word or two about society. I arrived here at a season when Munich is considered to be perfectly empty. None of the noblesse ; no public gaieties ; no Chargé d'Affaires—all were flown, upon the wings of curiosity or of pleasure, towards the atmosphere of Italy. But as my business was rather with Books and bookmen, I sought chiefly the society of the latter, nor was I disappointed. I shall introduce them one by one. First therefore for the BARON VON MOLL ; one of the most vivacious and colloquial of gentlemen ; and who perhaps has had more to do with books than any one of his degree in Bavaria. I know not even if he have not had two or more monastic libraries to dispose of—which descended to him as ancestral property. I am sure he talked to me of more than one chateau, or country villa, completely filled with books ; of which he meditated the disposal by public or private sale. And this, too—after he had treated with the British Museum

through the negotiation of our friend Mr. * *, for two or three thousand pounds worth of books, comprehending, chiefly, a very valuable theological collection. The Baron talked of twenty thousand volumes being here and there, with as much sang-froid and certainty as Bonaparte used to talk of disposing of the same number of soldiers in certain directions.

The other Sunday afternoon I accompanied him to one of his villas, in the direct road from Munich—near which indeed I had passed in my route hither. Or rather, speaking more correctly, the Baron accompanied me:—as he bargained for my putting a pair of post-horses to my carriage. He wished me to see his books, and his rural domain. Mr. Lewis was of our party. The carriage and burden were equally light, and the road was level and hard. We therefore reached the place of our destination in a short hour. It was a very pleasant mansion, with a good garden, and several fertile fields of pasture and arable land. The Baron made it his summer residence. His books filled the largest room in the house. He invited me to look around, to select any volumes that I might fancy, provided they were not grammatical or lexicographical—for, in that department, he never wished his strength to be diminished, or his numbers to be lessened. I did as he desired me: culled a pretty book-posey;—not quite so blooming as that selected at *—and, as the sun was setting, devoted the remainder of the evening, till supper-time, to a walk with the Baron upon the neighbouring heights. In the meanwhile Mr. Lewis had taken his station, with pencil and sketch book in hand, about a hundred yards

below : where the ground was broken into more picturesque varieties.

The evening was fair and mild, and the Baron was communicative and instructive. His utterance is rapid and vehement ; but with a tone of voice and mode of action by no means uninteresting. We talked about the possession of Munich by the French forces, under the command of Moreau, and he narrated some particulars equally new and striking. Of Moreau, he spoke very handsomely ; declaring him to have been a modest, grave, and sensible man—putting his great military talents entirely out of the question. The Baron himself, like every respectable inhabitant of Munich, was put under military surveillance. Two grenadiers and a petty officer were quartered upon him. He told me a curious anecdote about Bonaparte and Marshal Lasnes—if I remember rightly, upon the authority of Moreau. It was during the crisis of some great battle in Austria, when the fate of the day was very doubtful, that Bonaparte ordered Lasnes to make a decisive movement with his cavalry. Lasnes seemed to hesitate. Bonaparte reiterated the order, and Lasnes appeared to hesitate again—as if doubting the propriety of the movement. Bonaparte eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt ; and added—almost fixing his teeth together, in a hissing but biting tone of sarcasm—“ *Est-ce que je t’ai fait trop riche ?*” Lasnes dashed his spurs into the sides of his charger, turned away, and prepared to put the command of his master into execution.

It was now getting dusk,—and we all three returned to the chateau ; where a well furnished table—flanked

by two bottles of red wine, of such vivid tint and such generous flavour as to extort the unqualified commendation of the Baron's visitors—was prepared to receive us. By ten we had finished our banquet, and got into the carriage to return to Munich. In our way thither, the Baron kept up one incessant strain of bibliographical conversation. He lauded the establishment of our British Museum; and spake of the Rev. Mr. Baber, at the head of the department of the printed books—and who had been tarrying with him about six weeks, in order to accomplish the negotiation just alluded to—in terms to which my own breast could not but return an instant echo. The epithets “brave, aimable, et fort instruit” were liberally showered down upon that deserving gentleman; and it seemed to me, as if the remembrance of the *issue* of that negotiation was most sweet and comfortable to the Baron Von Moll. He was now occupied, he told me, in preparing to pack off at least *twenty thousand printed volumes*, (including pamphlets, &c. from the books at his other chateau) for the public library at Moscow—by the command of the Emperor of Russia—to supply the losses occasioned by the conflagration of that city in the memorable campaign of Bonaparte. And sure enough—the next day—I called upon the Baron, and found him both arrayed and occupied, with his man-servant, like an alchemist in his laboratory; in heating the furnace, preparing the water, spreading his books before him, ready to extract stains, correct blemishes, complete imperfections, and supply deficiencies. It was the great “Moscow order” which he was thus hastening to carry into execution. I brought him my estimate

of the books which I had selected during my visit to the chateau of the preceding evening, and desired his impartial revision of it. He was pleased to approve of every particular.* Upon the whole, there is something very hearty, but very original, in the conduct of this enthusiastic bibliographical Baron. How he will reconcile it to his conscience that he did not *dine* with me, although he was pressed so to do more than once, is a matter . . . left entirely to his own consideration.

So much for the Baron Von Moll. The name of SCHLICHTEGROLL was frequently mentioned in my last

* His approbation was expressed in a note, in the following animated and characteristic manner—written after my own health had been a little shaken by the vicissitudes of the weather. “*Mon incomparable ami. Je vous ai prié de taxer vous même le peu de livres que vous avez trouvé de votre goût. J’ai ajouté, que je n’y ouvrirais pas la bouche. L’honnête homme tient sa parole. J’applaudis donc à votre taxation ; je l’accepte très volontiers. Gardez toujours les livres à ce prix convenu. Comme je suppose, que vous avez retenu la minute de votre évaluation, je garde votre billet. D’ailleurs je vous répète ce que je vous ai proposé à l’égard des livres incunabules et rares, encaissés à Bruk.*—Je regrette le malheur, qui m’a privé du plaisir de vous voir. Prenez-garde à vous. La température de l’atmosphère n’est pas favorable à l’état de votre santé. Une maladie faite, qui vous prendrait encore en chemin, vous donnerait un embarras terrible. Abandonnez plutôt l’idée du banquet des bibliomanes, que de faire empirer votre mal et de perdre votre tems, qui vous doit être si précieux. J’attends par mon homme, qui vous porte ce billet, des nouvelles à l’égard de votre santé. Je vous salue de cœur et d’âme. En cas, que vous n’eussiez pas le livret ci-joint, faites-moi le plaisir de garder cette doublette. Comme elle traite des livres rares, elle pourrait vous être agréable. Tout à vous. MOLL.*

Mille complimens à votre aimable compagnon Lewis.”

* The Baron’s other country residence—sweetly garnished with some thousands of volumes.

letter. It is fitting, therefore, that you should know something of the gentleman to whom this name appertains. Mr. F. Schlichtegroll is the Director in Chief of the Public Library at Munich. And a most zealous and pains-taking director he is. I was introduced to him in a room contiguous to that where they keep their models of public buildings—such as bridges, barriers, fortifications, &c. which are extremely beautiful and interesting. The director received me in the heartiest manner imaginable; and within five minutes of our first salutation, I found his arm within my own, as we walked up and down the room—discoursing about first editions, block-books, and works printed upon vellum. He was delighted to hear of my intention to make a vigorous attack, with pen, ink, and paper, upon the oblong cabinet of *Fifteeners* and precious MSS. of which my last letter made especial mention; and promised to afford me every facility which his official situation might command. His son, who had been a few years in England—in bibliographical training at the British Museum, under the Rev. Mr Baber—was, at that moment, on his route homewards to make his final settlement at Munich. The director mentioned his son's notice of the kind attentions paid him, in our country, with all the susceptibility of parental fondness. Unluckily for a more frequent intercourse between us, which was equally wished by both parties, the worthy Director was taken ill towards the latter part of my stay;*—not however before I had

* There is something so hearty and characteristic in the Director's last letter to me, that I hope to be pardoned if I here subjoin a brief extract from it. "M. Schérer vient me quitter, et m'annoncer que votre

visited him twice, and been his guest at an evening banquet attended by a numerous party.

Mr. SCHÉRER is the third figure upon this bibliographical piece of canvass, of which I deem it essential to give you a particular description. He is very hearty, very alert in the execution of his office, and is "all over English" in his general appearance and manner of conduct. He is learned in oriental literature; is a great reader of English Reviews; and writes our language with fluency and tolerable correctness. He readily volunteered his kind offices in translating the German ms. of *Sir Tristrem*, of which my last letter made mention—and I have been indebted to him upon every occasion, wherein I have solicited his aid, for much friendly and much effectual attention. He has, luckily for his own character, vouchsafed to *dine* with me; although it was with difficulty I could prevail upon him so to do, and for him to allow me to dine at the protracted hour of *four*. After dinner, it was with pleasure,—when, surrounded by all the book-treasures,

départ est fixé pour demain. Jamais maladie—auxquelles, heureusement, je suis très rarement exposé—m'est survenu aussi mal-à-propos qu'à cette fois-ci. J'avois compté de jouir encore au moins quelques jours, après mon rétablissement, de votre entretien, et jeter les fondemens d'une amitié collegiale pour la future. La nouvelle, que M. Schérer m'apporte, me désole. J'avois formé le plan de vous accompagner pour voir quelqu'uns de nos Institutions remarquables, principalement *La Lithographie*, "*Vana Somnia!*" Votre résolution de quitter Munich plutôt que je n'avois pensé, détruit mes esperances. N'est-ce-pas possible que vous passiez par Munich à votre retour de Vienne? Utinam! Combien de choses restent, sur lesquelles j'esperais de causer et de traiter avec vous! "I bono alite: pede fausto."

FREDERIC SCHLICHTEGROLL.

specified in the early part of this letter, and which were then lying in detached piles upon the floor—I heard Mr. Schérer expatiate upon the delight he felt in taking a trip, every summer or autumn, among the snow-capt mountains of the Tyrol; or of burying his cares, as well as changing his studies and residence, by an excursion along the lakes and mountains of Switzerland. “When that season arrives (added he—stretching forth both arms in a correspondently ardent manner) I fly away to these grand scenes of silence and solitude, and forget the works of man in the contemplation of those of nature!” As he spake thus, my heart went a good way with him: and I could not but express my regret that London was not situated like the capital of Bavaria.

Of Mr. BERNHARD, the sub-librarian, I have already spoken frequently; and in a manner, I trust, to shew that I can never be insensible either of his acquirements or his kindness. He has one of the meekest spirits—accompanied by the firmest decision—which ever marked the human character; and his unconsciousness both of the one and of the other renders his society the more delightful.

A temporary farewell to Bibliography, and to Bibliographers. You may remember that I introduced the name of HESS, in a former part of this letter; with an intention of bringing the character, to whom it belonged, at a future period before your notice. You will be gratified by the mention of some particulars connected with him. Mr. Hess has passed his grand climacteric; and is a Professor of Design, but more especially a very distinguished Engraver. His figure, his

manner of conversation, his connections, and his character, are all such—as to render it pleasing to find them combined with a man of real talent and worth. I had brought with me, from England, a drawing or copy of one of the original portraits at Althorp—supposed to be painted by Anthony More—with a view of getting it engraved abroad. It is very small, scarcely four inches square. I had shewn it at Paris to Lignon, who *modestly* said he would execute it in his very best manner, for 3000 francs! M. Hess saw it—and was in ecstasies. “Would I allow him to engrave it?” “Name your price,” “I should think about thirty-five guineas.” “I should think (replied I) that that sum would entitle me to your best efforts.” Certainly; and you shall have them”—rejoined he. I then told him of the extravagance of Lignon. He felt indignant at it. “Not (added he) that I shall execute it in *his* highly finished manner.” I immediately consigned the precious portrait into his hands—with a written agreement to receive the engraving of it next year, at the stipulated sum. At the same time, I called his attention to certain old copper plate engravings, shewn me by Mr. Bernhard, and which I have particularised in my last letter—requiring his assistance in the execution of fac-similes of them.* We agreed upon easy terms, and creditable I should hope to both parties.

* *requiring his assistance in the execution of them.*) On my return to England, it was necessary to keep up a correspondence with the amiable and intelligent character in question. I make no apology, either to the reader, or to the author of the entertainment here afforded him, for subjoining a copy of the better half of Mr. Hess's second Epistle to me, accompanied by proofs of the fac-similes of the old

Thus you see I have set Mr. Hess to work in my absence — when I quit Munich—which will be to-

prints above mentioned : and which are inserted in the preceding pages. There is something throughout this letter so hearty, and so original, that I am persuaded it will be perused with no ordinary gratification :

Munich, 17 May 1819.

Dear and Reverend Sir ;

I am a good old fellow, and a passable engraver ; but a very bad Correspondent. You are a . . . and minister of a religion which forgive all faults of mankind ; and so I hope that you will still pardon me the retardation of mine answer. I am now 65 years old, and have never had any sickness in mine life, but I have such an averseness against writing, that only the *sight* of an ink-horn, pen and paper, make me feeling all sort of fevers of the whole medicinal faculty ;—and so I pray that you would forgive me the brevity of mine letters. Following your order, I send you jointly the first proof prints of those plates still (already) finished. The plate of that beautiful head of an English artist, is not yet so far advanced ; but in about six weeks you will have it—and during this time, I expect your answer and direction to whom I shall deliver the whole. I wish and hope heartily that the fac-similes and portraits would be correspondent with your expectation.

I hold it for necessary and interesting, to give you a true copy of that old print—“ *Christ in the lap of God the Father.*” You’ll see that this print is cutten round, and carefully pasted upon another paper on a wooden band of a book : which proves not only a high respect for a precious antiquity, but likewise that this print is much older than the date of 1462—which is written in red ink, over the cutten outlines, of that antique print.* You may be entirely assured of the fidelity of both fac-similes. Now I pray you heartily to remember my name to our dear Mr. Lewis, with my friendliest compliments, and told him that the work on *Lithography* is now finished, and that he shall have it by the first occasion. In expectation of your honorable answer, I assure you of the highest consideration and respect of

Your most obedient humble Servant,

E. C. HESS.

* The reader will be pleased to turn back to page 278, and hence have a distinct notion of the accuracy of the above description.

morrow, or the following day at furthest. This worthy artist won upon me at every interview. His dress and address were truly gentlemanly ; and as he spoke the English language as well as he did the French, we were of course glad to renew our visits pretty frequently. His anxiety to promote my views, and to afford my companion every assistance in his power connected with the Fine Arts, will be long and gratefully remembered by us. But Mr. Nockher shall not be passed over “ sub silentio.” He is a banker ; and I found another FRANCS in the promptitude and liberality of his offers of pecuniary supply. He, together with Mr. Hess, has tasted the best red wine, at my humble table, that the *Schwartzten Adler* could afford ; and I have quaffed his souchong, in society in which I should like to have mingled again and again. The subjects of pictures and prints occupied every moment of our time, and almost every word of our discussion ; and Mr. Nockher shewed me his fine impression of the *Dresden Raphael*, in a manner that proved how perfectly well he was qualified to appreciate the merits of the graphic art. That print, you know, is considered to be the masterpiece of modern art ; and it is also said that the engraver—having entirely finished every portion of it—did NOT LIVE TO SEE A FINAL PROOF. Mr. Nockher bought it for some three or four napoleons, and had refused twenty for it. I own that, to my eye, this print has more power, expression, and I may say colouring, than almost any which I remember to have seen. The original is in the second, or darker style of colouring, of the master ; and this engraving of it is as perfect a copy of the manner of the original,

as that by Raphael Morghen, of the last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci—so celebrated all over Europe.

Mr. Nockher is both a good-natured man, and a man of business; and the facility and general correctness of his mode of speaking the English language, renders a communication with him very agreeable. He has undertaken to forward all my book-purchases to England—with the exception of a certain *little Greek duodecimo*, which has taken a marvellous fancy to be the travelling companion of its present master. Mr. Nockher also promises to forward all future book-purchases which I may make—and which may be directed for him at Munich—on to England. Thus, therefore—when I quit this place—I may indulge a pleasing anticipation of the future, without any anxieties respecting the past.

There is only one other subject which I deem it essential to notice; and to which, as you may remember, my last letter from Paris made some allusion.* I mean, the art of LITHOGRAPHY. I told you, that, when I reached Munich—which is considered to be the *cradle* of this art—I would inspect the different processes or operations connected with it. My suspicions, however, respecting the inferiority of this art at *Paris*, have been abundantly *confirmed* by an examination of what I have already seen here. Lithography, at Munich, aims at nobler subjects, and produces more beautiful effects. Among the principal specimens of it, with which the shops abound—are the heads of the *King and Queen of Bavaria*, and that of *Eugene Beauharnois*: all of the size of life—and, upon the whole,

* See vol. ii. p. 513-4.

excellent. When framed in an appropriate manner, these prints have a very pleasing effect as chamber ornaments.

More according with my taste, are the heads of *Vandyke* and *St. Francis*; about one third of the size of life—which I have purchased—as well as a very clever subject from *Murillo*—two beggar-boys eating grapes and melon in the street; all three by *PILOTI*.* I have also purchased the view of *Ulm Cathedral*; mentioned in my letter from that place.† Each of these is perfect, of its kind; and I hope to find them, with many other little similar productions, safely arrived in Old England on my return thither. The principal artists who have shone in this department of engraving are *PILOTI*, *QUAGLIO*, and *GARTNER*; although I do not presume to consider these as the *only* eminent ones. The introduction of *three colours* (which is the result of a process with *three stones*) gives, to the Munich specimens of Lithography, a very decided and superior effect. How this art will be managed in *England*,‡ as it will be

* *Piloti* has lately lithographised a magnificent head of *Albert Durer*, of the size of life:—full of character and expression: by no means unlike many of the earlier supposed heads of Christ.

† See page 191 ante; where a copy of a portion of the original plate is introduced. But since the publication of that plate, there has been one of the *Market-Place at Nuremberg*, another of the *Town Hall at Ulm*, and a third of the *Church of St. Martin's, at Landshut*, which are almost equally well executed. These prints, of a yellow, or slight fawn colour, tint, look like washed or crayon drawings.

‡ *how this art will be managed in England.*—It is at this moment, in the autumn of 1820, beginning to assume a very decided and very

doubtless introduced there within a year or two, I will not pretend to conjecture. . Certain it is, that we must begin with the help of foreign workmen.

As to the STONE, upon which the drawings are made, the grain is moderately hard, and the surface

popular character. Mr. Ackermann has published many slight and pleasing specimens of it ; but Mr. C. HULLMANDEL (in Great Marlborough-street) has completed an establishment, where not fewer than 1500 lithographic stones are deposited for the purpose of business; and several skilful workmen (one in particular from Paris) are employed in the prosecution of Mr. Hullmandel's extensive business. The proprietor himself both draws upon the stone, and superintends the process of printing, with equal skill and success. Some of *Major Cockburn's views in Italy*, are very pleasingly printed here; and two or three volumes, or parts, of *Architectural and Arabesque ornaments*, in outline, by A. Aglio—now residing in England—have almost disarmed my scepticism respecting the giving of sharp, angular, and rich terminations to the different forms of vases, friezes, and relieve ornaments. I recommend this elegant work most strongly to a place in every cabinet of taste. Those also, who are desirous of witnessing the process of the LITHOGRAPHIC ART, will do well to devote the best part of an hour to the repository of Mr. C. Hullmandel. I am, however, abundantly convinced that the performances at *Munich* are very much above our own; and the subjects, particularly mentioned in the above text, are greatly beyond any thing hitherto done at Paris or at London. At the same time it must not be forgotten that *Mr. Prout's little Sea Views*, printed by Romney and Forster in Rathbone Place—and more particularly *Mr. Hoiland's Landscape Scenery*, printed by Moser—afford delightful evidences of the rapid improvement of the art amongst us. But we must remember that ALOYS SENEFELDER, of Munich, is the INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY; and that his German work has been recently translated into French, and published by Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz in 1819, 4to. with twenty illustrative plates. The fac-simile of the first lines of the *Psalter of 1457*, is exceedingly happy.

has one of the most beautiful tints imaginable, for the interior of a church, a convent, or a private mansion. Indeed, the pavement upon which you tread—even in the interiors of common inns, from Ulm hither—abounds with this particular stone; which they usually lay down in a diamond-shaped fashion, as it is called. The corridors and landing places, attached to the Public Library, are entirely floored with the lithographic stone. As to the probable results from the general adoption of this branch of the art of engraving, I still continue to be of the same opinion; believing it to be incapable of surmounting the higher difficulties, or of rivalling the more powerful productions, in the stroke or line manner of engraving. The *last Supper*, engraved by Raphael Morghen: Raphael's *Assumption of the Virgin*, engraved by Müller: even *Sharpe's John Hunter*; but more especially his *Doctors of the Church*;—four prints, which, considered collectively or individually, can never be surpassed—would make but a comparatively sorry appearance, if lithographed even by the most skilful artist in Europe.

And now, fare you well. Within twenty-four hours I start from hence — upon rather a *digressive* excursion; and into which the Baron Von Moll and M. Schlichtegroll have rather coaxed, than reasoned, me: I am therefore to go from hence to *Freysing* and *Landshut*—and then diverge down, to the right, upon *Salzburg* — situated 'midst snow-clad mountains, and containing a LIBRARY within the oldest monastery in Austria. I am to be prepared to be equally struck with astonishment at the crypt of Freysing, and at the tower of Landshut — and after having “revelled

and rioted" in the gloomy cloisters and sombre apartments of St. Peter's monastery, at Salzburg, I am instructed to take the *Lake of Gmunden* in my way to the *Monastery of Chremsminster*—in the direct route to Lintz and Vienna. A world of variety and of wonder seems therefore to be before me ; and as my health has been recently improved, from the comparatively cool state of the weather, I feel neither daunted nor depressed at the thought of any difficulties, should there be any, which may await me in the accomplishment of this journey. My next, God willing, will assuredly be from Salzburg—when I shall have rested awhile after a whirl of some two hundred miles.

LETTER XLIV.

FREYSING. LANDSHUT. ALTÖTING. SALZBURG.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. PETER.

MY DEAR FRIEND ;

Salzburg ; Golden Ship, Aug. 23, 1818.

IF ever I wished for those who are dear to me in England, to be my companions during any part of this “antiquarian and picturesque tour,” (for there are comparatively few, I fear, who would like to have been sharers of the “bibliographical” department of it) it has been on the route from Munich to this place: first, darting up to the north ; and secondly, descending gradually to the south ; and feasting my eyes, during the descent, upon mountains of all forms and heights, winding through a country at once cultivated and fertile, and varied and picturesque. Yes, my friend, I have had a glimpse—and even more than a glimpse—of what may be called ALPINE SCENERY — and have really forgotten Fust, Schoeffher, and Mentelin, while contemplating the snow-capt heights of the *Gredig*, *Walseberg*, and *Untersberg* : — to say nothing of the *Gross Klokner*, which raises its huge head and shoulders to the enormous height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.

These be glorious objects !—but I have only gazed ; and, gazed at a distance of some twenty or thirty miles. Surrounded as I am, at this moment,—in one

of the most marvellous and romantic spots in Europe—in the vicinity of lakes, mountain-torrents, trout-streams, and salt-mines,—how can you expect to hear any thing about MSS. and PRINTED BOOKS? They shall not, however, be *wholly* forgotten; for as I always endeavour to make my narrative methodical, I must of necessity make mention of the celebrated library of INGOLDSTADT, (of which Seemiller has discoursed so learnedly in a goodly quarto volume,) now, with the University of the same place, transferred to LANDSHUT—where I slept on the first night of my departure from Munich.

A secret, but strong magnetic power, is pulling me yet more southerly, towards *Innsbruck* and *Italy*. No saint in the golden legend was ever more tortured by temptation, than I have been for the last twenty-four hours . . with the desire of visiting those celebrated places. Thrice has some invisible being—some silver-tongued sylph—not mentioned, I apprehend, in the nomenclature of the Rosicrucian philosophy, whispered the word . . “ROME . .” in mine ear—and thrice have I replied in the response . . VIENNA! I am therefore firmly fixed: immoveably resolved . . and every southerly attraction shall be deserted for the capital of Austria: having determined to mingle among the Benedictin and Augustin monks of *Chremsmünster*, *St. Florian*, and *Mölk*—and, in the bookish treasures of their magnificent establishments, to seek and obtain something which may repay the toils and expenses of my journey.

But why do I talk of monastic delights only in con-

templation? I have *realised* them. I have paced the cloisters of St. Peter's, the mother-convent of Austria: have read inscriptions, and examined ornaments, upon tombstones, of which the pavement of these cloisters is chiefly composed: have talked bad Latin with the principal, and indifferently good French with the librarian—have been left alone in the library—made memoranda, or rather selected books—for which a *valuable consideration* has been proposed—and, in short, fancied myself to be thoroughly initiated in the varieties of the Bavarian and Austrian characters. Indeed, I have almost the conceit to affirm, that this letter will be worth both postage and preservation.

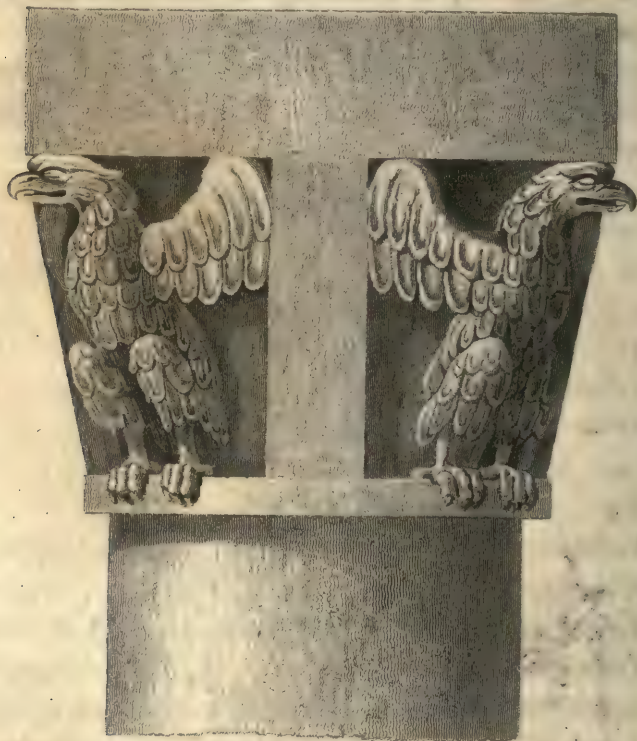
Let me “begin at the beginning.” On leaving Munich, I had resolved upon dining at Freysingen, or *Freysing*; as well to explore the books of Mr. Mozler, living there—and one of the most “prying” of the bibliopolistic fraternity throughout Germany—as to examine, with all imaginable attention, the celebrated Church to which a monastery had been formerly attached—and its yet more celebrated *Crypt*. All my Munich friends exhorted me to descend into this crypt; and my curiosity had been not a little sharpened by the lithographic views of it (somewhat indifferently executed) which I had seen and purchased at Munich. Mr. Lewis had inflamed his imagination with the hope of contemplating objects of art of the remotest antiquity, and of the most uncouth forms; while, for my own part, instructed by the sober rules of criticism laid down by my Master *, I looked for little beyond the extremest limits of the twelfth

century. Some of my Munich friends considered the crypt of Freysing to be coeval with Charlemagne. This was, at least, a very romantic conclusion.

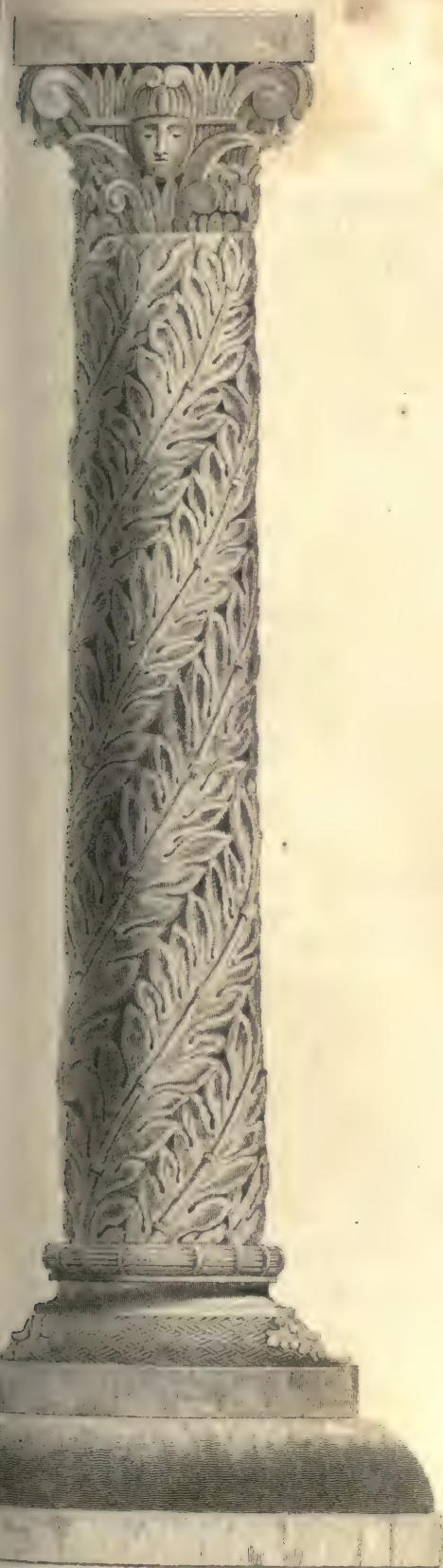
The morning was gray and chill, when we left the *Schwartzen Adler* ; but as we approached Garching, the first stage, the clouds broke, the sun shone forth, and we saw Freysing, (the second stage) situated upon a commanding eminence, at a considerable distance. In our way to Garching, the river *Iser* and the plains of *Hohenlinden* lay to the right ; upon each of which, as I gazed, I could not but think alternately of MOREAU and CAMPBELL. You will readily guess wherefore. The former won the memorable battle of Hohenlinden — fought in the depth of winter — by which the Austrians were completely defeated, and which led to the treaty of Luneville : and the latter (that is, our Thomas Campbell) celebrated that battle in an *Ode*—of which I never know how to speak in sufficient terms of admiration : an ode, which seems to unite all the fire of Pindar with all the elegance of Horace ; of which, parts equal Gray in sublimity, and Collins in pathos.

We drove to the best, if not the only, inn at Freysing ; and, ordering a late dinner, immediately visited the cathedral ;—not however without taking the shop of Mozler, the bookseller, in our way, and finding—to my misfortune—that the owner was absent on a journey ; and his sister, the resident, perfectly ignorant of French. We then ascended towards the cathedral, which is a comparatively modern building ; at least every thing *above ground* is of that description. The CRYPT, however, more than answered our expectations.

I should have no hesitation in calling it perfectly unique ; as I have neither seen, nor heard, nor read of any thing the least resembling it. The pillars, which support the roof, have monsters crawling up their shafts—devouring one another, as one sees them in the margins of the earlier illuminated MSS. Look at what is here copied from the lithographic print ;* and you will be convinced of the truth of this remark.



* See also the **OPPOSITE PLATE** ; where two of these strange columns, above mentioned, are copied from the series of lithographic prints relating to the crypt at Freysing ; but the copy is infinitely improved, both in truth and effect, by the burin of the English artist.



London. Published by the Rev. C. Johnson, 1807.

PILLARS IN THE CRYPT. AT TREESING.



The altar beneath Our Lady's chapel was a confused mass of lumber and rubbish ; but, if I were to select—from all the strange and gloomy receptacles, attached to places of religious worship, which I have seen since quitting the shores of my own country—any ONE SPOT, in preference to another, for the celebration of mysterious rites—it should be the CRYPT of the CATHEDRAL of FREYSING. And perhaps I should say that portions of it might be as old as the latter end of the eleventh century. From the foundation, we ascended to the very summit of the building ; and from the top of the tower, had a most extensive and complete view of the plains of *Hohenlinden*, the rapid *Iser*, and the gray mist of Munich in the distance. We were much struck with a large bell, cast about fourscore years ago ; the exterior of which was adorned by several inscriptions, and rather whimsical ornaments. Having gratified our curiosity of this kind, my companion and valet left me, for a stroll about the town ; when I requested the guide (who could luckily talk a little bad French) to shew me the LIBRARY belonging to the monastery formerly attached to the cathedral. He told me that it was the mere relics of a library :—the very shadow of a shade.

Indeed it was quickly obvious that there were certain *hiatuses* upon the shelves—which told their own tale pretty readily. The books, once occupying them, had been taken to Munich. This library is light, cheerful, and even yet well garnished with books : most of them being in white forel or vellum binding. There were Bibles, out of number, about the beginning of the sixteenth century ; and an abundant sprinkling

of glosses, decretals canon law, and old fashioned scholastic lore of the same period. Nevertheless, I was glad to have examined it ; and do not know that I have visited many more desirable book-apartments since I left England. I must not omit mentioning, that, in walking through the cloisters, between the cathedral and this library, I saw many curious old monuments, chiefly mural ; and wherever the eye caught an aperture, through which to discern the distant landscape, you quickly discovered that you were standing upon very elevated ground.

Upon the whole, the view of the cathedral, or rather of the crypt, of FREYSING well repaid the extra expense of the visit. In my way to the inn, I took a more leisurely survey of the collection of Mr. Mozler : but his sister had not returned from vespers, and I was left absolutely alone — with the exception of a female servant ; who, pointing to the book-room above stairs, as the supposed fittest place for my visit, betook herself to her culinary occupations. Since the sight of the premises of the younger Manoury at Caen,* I had never witnessed such a scene of darkness, lumber, and confusion : — but I must do Mr. Mozler the justice to say, that his collection was more curious and better lighted up than that of Manoury. Indeed, both for old books and a few old prints—including, among the former, some rare impressions of *Geyler* and *Brandt*—(but hardly a classic worth mentioning) and, among the latter, some *Albert Durers* and *Aldegrevers*—there was much which might have repaid the toil of

* See vol. i. p. 322-3.

a minute examination. But I was pressed for time : and the appetites of my travelling companions might be sharpened so as to stand in need of an immediate attack upon the cotelette and wine.

We dined as expeditiously as ever the Trojans or Grecians did, on expecting a sally from the foe. The red wine was, I think, the most delicious I had then drank in Germany. A little before six, we left Freysing for *Moosburg* ; a ten mile stage ; but we had not got a quarter of a league upon our journey, when we discovered, to the right, somewhat in our rear, a more complete view of the Tyrolese mountains than we had yet seen. They appeared to be as huge monsters, with overtopping heads, disporting themselves in an element of their own—many thousand feet in the air ! It was dusk when we changed horses at *Moosburg* ; and the moon, then pretty far advanced towards the full, began to supply the light of which we stood so much in need. *Landshut* was our next and final stage ; but it was unlucky for the first view of a church, of which the tower is considered to be the highest in Bavaria, that we were to see it at such a moment. The air of the evening was mild, and the sky was almost entirely covered by thin flaky clouds, as we pushed on for Landshut. On our immediate approach to it, the valet told us that he well remembered the entrance of the French into Landshut, on Bonaparte's advance to Munich and Vienna. He was himself in the rear of the assault—attending upon his master, one of the French generals. He said, that the French entered the further end of the town from that where we should

make our entrance; and that, having gained a considerable eminence, by a circuitous route, above the river, unobserved, they rushed forward—bursting open the barriers—and charging the Austrians at the point of the bayonet. The contest was neither long nor sanguinary. A prudent surrender saved the town from pillage, and the inhabitants from slaughter.

On entering Landshut, without having caught any thing like a determined view of the principal church, we found the centre of the principal street entirely occupied by booths and stalls, for an approaching fair—to take place within a few following days. The line of wooden buildings could scarcely extend less than half a mile. We drove to the principal inn, which was spacious and *tolerably* clean; bespoke good beds, and found every appearance of comfort. I was resolved to devote the next day entirely to the PUBLIC LIBRARY—attached to the University, brought hither from Ingoldstadt. Of course I had been long acquainted with the general character of the early-printed books, from the valuable work of Seemiller;* and was resolved to make especial enquiry, in the first place, for the Aldine duodecimo of the *Greek Hours*, of which you have already heard so much. I carried with me a letter to Professor SIEBENKEES, the Head Librarian, and the learned editor of the recent edition of Strabo. In short, I anticipated a day of bibliographical “joyaunce.”

* *the valuable work of SEEMILLER.*]—It is thus entitled: *Bibliothecæ Ingolstadiensis Incunabula Typographica*, 1787, 4to.: containing four parts. A carefully executed, and indispensably necessary, volume in every literary collection.

I was not disappointed in my expectations. The day was as beautiful without, as I found it profitable within doors. The Professor was all kindness, and was pleased to claim a long and intimate acquaintance with me, through certain works which need not be here mentioned : but it would be the height of affectation *not* to avow the satisfaction I felt in witnessing a thoroughly cut-open, and tolerably well-thumbed copy, of the *Bibl. Spenceriana* lying upon his own table. I instantly commenced the examination of the library, while the Professor as readily offered his services of assistance. “Where are your *Aldine Greek Hours* of 1497?” observed I. “Alas, Sir, that book exists no longer here!”—replied the Professor, in a melancholy tone of voice, and with an expression of countenance which indicated more than was meant by his *words*. “Nevertheless, (rejoined I) Seemiller describes it as having been at Ingoldstadt.” “He does so—but in the conveyance of the books from thence hither, it has *somehow* disappeared.” Again the Professor *looked* more significantly than he *spoke*. “What is invisible cannot be seen”—observed I — “and therefore allow me to take notes of what is before my eyes.” “Most willingly and cheerfully. Here is every thing you wish. The more you write, the greater will be my satisfaction; though, after Paris and Munich, there is scarcely any thing worthy of particular description. But ere you begin your labours, allow me to introduce you to the several rooms in which the books are contained.”

I expressed great pleasure in complying with the Professor's request, and followed him into every apart-

ment. This library, my dear friend, is placed in one of the prettiest situations imaginable. Some meandering branches of the *Iser* intersect and fertilize considerable tracts of meadow land ; equally rich in colour and (as I learnt) in produce :—and terminated by some gently swelling hills, quite in the vicinity of the town. The whole had a perfectly English aspect. The rooms were numerous, and commanded a variety of views. They were well lighted by side windows, and the shelves and wainscots were coloured chiefly in white. One small hexagonal closet, or cabinet, on the first floor—as are indeed the whole suite of apartments—caught my fancy exceedingly, and won my very heart. The view before it, or rather from three of its six sides, was exhilarating in the extreme. “ Here Mr. Professor, quoth I, (gently laying hold of his left arm) here will I come, and, if in any spot, put together my materials for a *third* edition of the *BIBLIOMANIA*.” The worthy Professor, for a little moment, thought me serious—and quickly replied “ By all means do so : and you shall be accommodated with every thing necessary for carrying so laudable a design into execution.” It was a mere bibliomaniacal vision ; dissipated the very moment I had quitted the apartment for another.

Meanwhile Mr. Lewis, who had been suffering severely from a recent cold, contrived to fix himself to one of the windows which looked into the street commanding the principal approach to the library, and from which he could discern, as well the objects below, as those at a little distance beyond. Among the latter, an old convent—situated on one of the little eminences about Landshut—caught his eye very forcibly ; and

while the sun was darting its beams through a passing shower, he transferred the following pleasing little picture to his sketch-book.



I shall now, without further prelude, give you the result of my examination of a few of the rarer and early-printed books in the PUBLIC LIBRARY of Landshut. And first of MANUSCRIPTS. An *Evangelistarium*, probably of the tenth century, is worth particular notice; if it be only on the score of its scription—which is perfectly beautiful: the most so if any, of such a remote

period, which I have ever seen. They push the antiquity of it beyond the tenth century; but I am satisfied with carrying it to that pitch. It is a folio volume, bound in wood, with a stamped parchment cover of about the end of the xvth century. It has been cruelly cropt in the binding. The first column, at the beginning of each Gospel, is written in capital letters of gold: the rest is executed in black; the whole being in capital letters. The initial letters are rather elegant and neat, than splendid or curious. They possess a copy of the *oldest written Laws of Bavaria*; possibly of the xiith—but certainly of the xiiith century. It is a duodecimo MS. inlaid in a quarto form. No other MS. particularly struck my fancy, in the absence of all that was Greek or Roman: but a very splendid *Polish Missal*, in 8vo. which belonged to Sigismund, King of Poland, in the sixteenth century, seemed worthy of especial notice. The letters are graceful and elegant; but the style of art is heavy, although not devoid of effect. The binding is crimson velvet, with brass knobs, and a central metallic ornament—apparently more ancient than the book itself. This latter may have been possibly taken from another volume.

Of the *Printed Books*—after the treasures of this kind seen (as the Professor intimated) at Paris and Munich—there was comparatively very little which claimed attention. They have a cropt and stained copy of Mentelin's *German Bible*, but quite perfect: two copies of the *supposed* first *German Bible*, for one of which I proposed an exchange in a copy of the B. S. and of the *Ædes Althorpiance* as soon as this latter work should be published. The proposition was acceded to on

the part of the Head Librarian, and it will be forwarded to the honest and respectable firm of John and Arthur Arch, booksellers; who, previously to my leaving England, had requested me to make something like a similar purchase for them—should a fine copy of this German Bible present itself for sale.*

Here I saw Mentelin's edition of the *De Civitate Dei* of *St. Austin*: and a good sound copy of the very rare edition of *Mammotrectus*, printed by *Helias de Helie*, in 1470: a beautiful copy of *Martin Brand's Psalter* of 1486, printed at Leipsic, in 4to. in a large square gothic type; and a duplicate copy of the Leipsic Psalter of the preceding year, printed by *Conrad Kachelovez*, in 4to, which latter I obtained for the library in St. James's Place. There were at least ten copies of the early Block Books; of which the *Ars Memorandi* and the *Anti-Christ* (with extracts inserted in the latter from the B. S.) appeared to be the more ancient and interesting. But I must not forget to mention a very indifferent and imperfect copy of the *Latin Bible of Fust*, of 1462, UPON VELLUM. A few leaves in each volume are wanting. Here too I saw the *Pfarzival* of 1477 (as at Stuttgart†) printed in a metrical form.

As I got among the books of the *sixteenth* century, I was much more gratified with the result of my researches. I will begin with a very choice article—

* It has since reached England, and has been arrayed in a goodly coat of blue morocco binding. Whether it remain in Cornhill at this precise moment, I cannot take upon me to state; but I can confidently state that there is *not a finer copy* of the edition in question in his Britannic Majesty's united dominions.

† See p. 65 ante.

which is nothing less than a copy of the *Complutensian Polyglott*, purchased by Eckius, in 1521, of the celebrated Demetrius Chalcondylas—as the following coeval ms. memorandum attests: “*Rome emptā biblia ista ꝑ Eckium ꝑ xiiij ducatis largis a Demetrio Calcondyla anno 1521; mortuo iam Leone Papa in Decembri.*” The death of Leo is here particularly mentioned, because, during his life, it is said that that Pontiff prohibited the sale of the work in question. The copy, is fair and sound; but both this, and a duplicate copy, wants the sixth volume, being the Dictionary or Vocabulary. The mention of Eckius leads me to notice a little anecdote connected with him. He was, as you may have read, one of the most learned, most eloquent, and successful antagonists of Luther. He was also the principal theological Professor in the University of Ingoldstadt. They preserve at Landshut, brought from the former place, the chair and the doctor’s cap of their famous Anti-Lutheran champion. You see both these in one of the principal apartments of the Public Library. I was requested to sit in the chair of the renowned Eckius, and to put his doctoral bonnet upon my head. I did both:—but, if I had sat for a century to come, I should never have fancied myself Eckius .. for more reasons than *one*.

The Sub Librarian, who is a Catholic, (Professor Siebenkees being a Protestant) has shewn great good sense in preserving all the tracts, which have fallen in his way, both *for* and *against* the Lutheran controversy. You go between two small book-cases, or sets of shelves, and find *Luther* in front, and *Eckius* and his followers in the rear of you; or vice versa. A considerable num-

ber of rare and curious little pieces of *Erasmus* and *Melancthon*, are mixed in this collection, which is far from being small either in number or value. In this interesting collection, I saw a good copy of Ross's work against Luther, of the date of 1523, which appeared to me to be printed by Pynson.* It had the autograph of Sir Thomas More—"Thom⁹ mor⁹"—who indeed is said to have been the author of the work. This very copy belonged to Eckius, and was given to him by the author, when Eckius came over to England in 1525: the fact being thus attested in the hand-writing of the latter: "*Codex iste dono datus est mihi Johanni Eckio ab illius autore in Anglia, dum visendi cupidus in Insulam traiecissem, 1525, Augusto x.*" The worthy Professor next put into my hands what he considered to be an *absolutely unique* copy of *Der Veis Ritter*, in 1514, folio: adding, that no other copy of the adventures of the *White Knight*, of the *same* date, was known to bibliographers. I assented to the observation—equally from courtesy and sheer ignorance. But surely this is somewhat difficult to believe.

There was nothing further that demanded a distinct registry; and so, making my bow, and shaking hands with the worthy Librarian very heartily, I quitted this congenial spot;—not however before I had been introduced to a Professor of botany (whose name has now escaped me) who was busily engaged in making ex-

* On consulting the *Typog. Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 510, I found my conjectures confirmed. The reader will there see the full title of the work—beginning thus; "*Eruditissimi Viri Guilelmi Rossei opus elegans, doctum, festivum, pium, quo pulcherrime reteggit, ac refellit, insanas Lutheri calumnias,*" &c. It is a volume of considerable rarity.

tracts in the reading room, with a short pipe by the side of him, and a small red cap, with a tassel, upon his head. He had an expressive countenance; understood our language so as to read Shakspeare with facility, and even with rapture: and to a question of mine, whether he was not much gratified with Schlegel's critical remarks upon that dramatist, he replied, that "he did not admire them so much, as, from the Edinburgh Review, the English appeared to do." To another question—"which of Shakspeare's plays pleased him most?" he replied, unhesitatingly, "*Romeo and Juliet*." I own, I should have thought that the mystical, or philosophy-loving, brain of a German would have preferred *Hamlet*. This botanical Professor then advised me (as indeed Mr. Nockher had done at Munich) to visit the romantic environs and salt-mines of *Berchtesgaden*, in the neighbourhood of Salzburg; and on consulting together about probable additional supplies, in the shape of florins, he strongly recommended my drawing upon the worthy Mr. Nockher, for another *four or five hundred florins* at least. As the post was to leave Landshut that evening, and as my time was both short and much occupied, I sat down upon the spot—warm from the examination of "*Der Geis Ritter*"—to pen a gentle but urgent epistle to my banking friend at Munich, requesting the necessary supply to be forwarded, by a letter of credit, to the *Golden Ship*—the best hotel at Salzburg.

On leaving the library, I surveyed the town with tolerably minute attention. After Munich, it appeared sufficiently small. Its population indeed scarcely exceeds 8000. The day turned out very beautiful, and

my first and principal attention was directed to *St. Martin's Church* ; of which the tower (as I think I before told you) is considered to be full 420 feet in height, and the loftiest in Bavaria. But its height is its principal boast : both in detail, and as a whole, the architecture is miserably capricious and tasteless. It is built of red brick. Many of the monuments in the church-yard, but more particularly some mural ones, struck me as highly characteristic of the country. Among these rude specimens of sculpture, the representation of *Our Saviour's Agony in the Garden*—the favourite subject in Bavaria—was singularly curious to a fresh eye. It may be between two and three hundred years old ; but has suffered no injury. They have, in the principal street, covered walks, for foot-passengers—in a piazza fashion, a little resembling those at Chester : but neither so old nor so picturesque. The intermixture of rural objects, such as trees and grass plats—in the high street of Landshut—renders a stroll in the town exceedingly agreeable to the lover of picturesque scenery. The booths and stalls were all getting ready for the fair—which I learnt was to last nearly a fortnight.

We left Landshut on a fine sun-shining afternoon, purposing to sleep at the second stage—*Neümarkt*—(Angl. "Newmarket") in the route to Salzburg. On quitting that town, we mounted a very steep hill, connected, I believe, with that which you see in the back ground of Mr. Lewis's little view. After having changed horses at *Vilsbiburg*, the first stage, the sun began to decline fast, and the moon to rise in proportion. It was, I think, on immediately quitting, or en-

tering Vilsbiburg, that we discovered, to the right, upon an eminence, a church—within the walled precincts of which was a sculptured representation of the *Crucifixion*—of the size of life—coloured—with the two Marias and St. John, of the same dimensions, below. On the first, foreshortened, view of this group, the twisted limbs of the thieves upon the cross had a bold and very extraordinary effect—rendered more impressive by the tone of a calm evening sky. In every direction, the effect seemed to be equally novel and imposing. *Neümarkt* is little better than a small village, but we fared well in every respect at the principal, if not the only, inn in the place. Our beds were even luxurious. *Neümarkt* will be quickly forgotten: but the following stage—or *Altötting*—will not be so easily banished from our recollections. We reached it to a late breakfast—after passing through the most fertile and beautifully varied country which I had yet seen—and keeping almost constantly in view the magnificent chain of the Tyrolese mountains, into the very heart of which we seemed to be directing our course.

ALTÖTING is situated upon an eminence. We drove into the Place, or Square, and alighted at what seemed to be a large and respectable inn. Two ladies and two gentlemen had just arrived before us, from Munich, by a different route: and while I was surveying them, almost mistaking them for English, and had just exchanged salutations, my valet came and whispered in my ear that “these good folks were come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the *Black Virgin*.” While I was wondering at this intelligence, the valet continued: “you see that small church in the centre of the square—it is

there where the richest shrine in Bavaria is deposited ; and to-day is a “ high day ” with the devotees who come to worship.” On receiving this information, we all three prepared to visit this mean-looking little church. I can hardly describe to you, with sufficient accuracy, the very singular, and to me altogether new, scene which presented itself on reaching the church. There is a small covered way — in imitation of cloisters — which goes entirely round it. The whole of the interior of these cloisters is covered with little pictures, images, supposed relics—and, in short votive, offerings of every description, to the Holy Virgin, to whom the church is dedicated. The worshippers believe that the mother of Christ was an *African* by birth, and therefore you see little black images of the virgin stuck up in every direction. At first, I mistook the whole for a parcel of pawnbrokers shops near each other ; and eyed the several articles with a disposition, more or less, to become a purchaser of a few.

But the sound of the chant, and the smell of the frankincense, broke in upon our speculations, and called our attention to the interior. We entered with a sort of rush of the congregation. This interior struck me as being scarcely thirty feet by twenty ; but the eye is a deceitful rule in these cases. However, we continued to advance towards the altar ; the heat, at the same time, being almost suffocating. An iron grating separated the little chapel and shrine of our *Black Lady* from the other portion of the building ; and so numerous, so constant, and apparently so close, had been the pressure and friction of each succeeding

congregation, for probably more than two centuries, that some of these rails, or bars, originally at least one inch square, had been worn to half the size of their pristine dimensions. It was with difficulty, on passing them, that I could obtain a peep at the altar; which, however, I saw sufficiently distinctly to perceive that it was entirely covered with silver vases, cups, dishes, and other *solid* proofs of devotional ardour—which in short seemed to reach to the very roof. Having thus far gratified my curiosity, I retreated as quickly as possible; for not a window was open, and the little light which these windows emitted, together with the heat of the place, produced so disagreeable an effect as to make me apprehensive of sudden illness. On reaching the outward door, and enjoying the freedom of respiration, I made a sort of secret, but natural vow, that I would never again visit the shrine of *Our Black Lady* on a festival day.

An excellent breakfast—together with the neatness and civility of the female attendants—soon counteracted the bad effects of the hydrogen contained within the walls of the place of worship we had just quitted. Every thing around us wore a cheerful and pleasing aspect; inasmuch as every thing reminded us of our own country. The servants were numerous, and all females; with their hair braided in a style of elegance which would not have disgraced the first drawing-room in London. We quaffed coffee out of cups which were perfectly of the Brobdingnagian calibre; and the bread had the lightness and sweetness of cake. Between eleven and twelve, Charles

Rohfritsch (alias our valet) announced that the carriage and horses were at the door; and on springing into it, we bade adieu to the worthy landlady and her surrounding attendants, in a manner quite natural to travellers who have seen something very unusual and interesting, and who have in other respects been well satisfied with good fare, and civil treatment. Not one of the circle could speak a word of French; so I told Charles to announce to them that we would not fail to spread the fame of their coffee, eggs, and bread, all over England! They laughed heartily—and then gave us a farewell salutation . . . by dropping very formal curtesies—their countenances instantly relapsing into a corresponding gravity of expression.

In three minutes, the inn, the square, and the church of the *Black Virgin*, were out of sight. The postillion put his bugle to his mouth, and played a lively air—in which the valet immediately joined. The musical infatuation, for an instant, extended to ourselves; for it was a tune which we had often heard in England, and which reminded me, in particular, of days of past happiness—never to return! But the sky was bright, the breeze soft, the road excellent, and the view perfectly magnificent. It was evident that we were now nearing the Tyrolese mountains. “At the foot of yonder second, sharp-pointed hill, lies SALZBURG”—said the valet: on receiving his intelligence from the post boy. We seemed to be yet some twenty miles distant. To the right of the hill pointed out, the mountains rose with a loftier swell, and,

covered by snow, the edges or terminations of their summits seemed to melt into the sky.

Our road now became more hilly, and the time flew away quickly, without our making an apparently proportionate progress towards Salzburg. At length we reached *Burckhausen*; which is flanked by the river *Salz* on one side, and defended by a lofty citadel on the other. It struck us, upon the whole, as rather a romantic spot; but the road, on entering the town, is in some places fearfully precipitous. The stratum was little better than rock. We were not long in changing horses, and made off instantly for *Tittmaning*; the last stage but one on that side of Salzburg. The country wore a more pleasing aspect. Stately trees spread their dark foliage on each side of the road; between the stems, and through the branches of which, we caught many a “spirit-stirring” view of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Salzburg—which, on our nearer approach, seemed to have attained double their first grandeur. After having changed horses at *Tittmaning*, and enjoyed a delightfully picturesque ride from *Burckhausen* thither, we dined at the following stage, *Lauffen*; a poor, yet picturesque and wildly-situated, large village. While the dinner was preparing, I walked to the extremity of the street where the inn is situated, and examined a small church, built there upon high ground. The cloisters were very striking; narrow and low, but filled with mural monuments, of a singular variety of character. It was quite evident, from numberless exhibitions of art—connected with religious worship—along the road-side, or

attached to churches—that we had now entered a territory quite different from that of Baden, Wirtemberg, and even the northern part of Bavaria. Small crucifixes, and a representation of the *Agony in the Garden*, &c. presented themselves frequently to our view; and it seemed as if Austria were a land of even greater superstition than France.

On concluding our dinner, and quitting Lauffen, it grew dusk, and the rain began to fall in a continued drizzling shower. “It always rains at Salzburg, sir,” said the valet—repeating the information of the post boy. This news made us less cheerful on leaving Lauffen than we were on quitting *Altötting*: but “hope travelled through”—even till we reached the banks of the river Salz—within a mile or two of Salzburg—where the Austrian dominions begin, and those of Bavaria terminate. Our carriage was stopped, and the trunks were examined, very slightly, on each side of the river. The long, wooden, black and yellow-striped bar of Austria—reaching quite across the road — forbade further progress, till such examination, and a payment of four or five florins, as the barrier-tax,—had been complied with. I had imagined that, if our trunks had been examined on *one* side of the water, there needed no examination of them on the *other*; unless we had had intercourse with some water fiend in the interim. It seemed, however, that I reasoned illogically. We were detained full twenty minutes, by a great deal of pompous palaver—signifying nothing—on the part of the Austrian commissioner; so that it was quite dark when we entered the barriers of the town of Salzburg: — mountains, trees, meadows,

and rivulets having been long previously obliterated from our view.

The abrupt ascents and descents of the streets—and the quivering reflection of the lights from the houses, upon the surface of the river *Salz*—soon convinced us that we were entering a very extraordinary town. But all was silent : neither the rattling of carriages, nor the tread of foot-passengers, nor the voice of the labourer, saluted our ear on entering Salzburg—when we drove briskly to the *Gölden-Schiff*, in the *Place de la Cathedrale*, whence I am now addressing you. This inn is justly considered to be the best in the town ; but, what a melancholy reception — on our arrival ! No rush of feet, no display of candles, nor elevation of voices, nor ringing of the bell—as at the inns on our great roads in England—but . . every body and every thing was invisible. Darkness and dulness seemed equally to prevail. One feeble candle at length glimmered at the extremity of a long covered arch-way, while afterwards, to the right, came forward two men — with what seemed to be a farthing candle between them, and desired to know the object of our halting ? “ Beds, and a two-day’s residence in your best suite of apartments,” replied I quickly—for they both spoke the French language. We were made welcome by one of them, who proved to be the master, and who helped us to alight. A long, and latterly a wet journey, had completely fatigued us — and after mounting up one high stair-case, and rambling along several loosely-floored corridors — we reached our apartments, which contained each a very excellent bed. Wax candles were placed upon the tables : a fire





was lighted : coffee brought up ; and a talkative and civil landlord soon convinced us that we had no reason to grumble at our quarters.*

On rising, the next morning, we gazed upon almost every building with surprise and delight ; and on catching a view of the CITADEL—in the back ground, above the Place de la Cathedrale — it seemed as if it were situated upon an eminence as lofty as *Quito*. Mr. Lewis quickly left the cathedral and the square, for a ramble in the vicinity of the town—and the morning happening most fortunately to be fair, he commenced and completed a view of this citadel, and of the houses immediately adjacent, in a manner the most gratifying† to every spectator both of the original and of the copy. In the meanwhile I sought—very naturally, you will say—the *Monastery of St. Peter* ;—the oldest in the Austrian dominions. I had heard, and even read about its library ; and imagined that I was about to view books, of which no bibliographer had ever yet—even in a vision—received intelligence. But you must wait a little ere I take you with me to this monastic library.

There is a pleasing chime of bells, which are placed outside of a small cupola in the *Place*, in which stands

* *no reason to grumble at our quarters.*] — The charges were moderate. A bottle of the best red ordinary wine (usually—the best in every respect) was somewhere about 1s. 6d. Our lodgings, two good rooms, including the charge of three wax candles, were about four shillings per day. The bread was excellent, and the *cuisine* far from despicable,

† See the ANNEXED PLATE. The mountains, in the distance, are snow-capt.

the cathedral. I had heard this chime during the night—when I would rather have heard . . . any thing else. What struck me the first thing, on looking out of window, was, the quantity of grass—such as Ossian describes within the walls of *Belcluthah*—growing between the pavement in the square. “Wherefore was this?” “Sir, (replied the master of the *Gölden Schiff*) this town is undergoing a gradual and melancholy depopulation. Before the late war, there were 27,000 inhabitants in Salzburg: at present, there are scarcely 15,000. This *Place* was the constant resort of foreigners as well as townsmen. They filled every portion of it. Now, you observe there is only a narrow, worn walk, which gives indication of the route of a few straggling pedestrians. Even the very chimes of yonder *bells* (which must have *delighted* you so much at every third hour of the night!) have lost their pleasing tone;—and sound as if they foreboded still further desolation to Salzburg.” The man seemed to feel as he spoke; and I own that I was touched by so eloquent and unexpected a reply. I soon visited the cathedral, which I found to be a modern edifice, of Italian or Roman style of architecture, pretty much like that of St. Caetan at Munich. It is doubtless a very handsome building; and I was much struck with two or three fine paintings, of figures as large as life, in a kneeling posture—in the right transept. But the front of this church should have been placed in the square.

I then examined two or three old churches, of the Gothic order, of which I have already forgotten the names—unless they be those of *Ste. Trinité* and *St. Sebastien*. In one of them—it being a festival—there

was a very crowded congregation ; while the priest was addressing his flock from the steps of the altar, in a strain of easy and impassioned eloquence. Wherever I went — and upon almost whatever object I gazed—there appeared to be traces of curious, if not remote, antiquity. Indeed the whole town abounds with such — among which are some Roman relics, which have been recently (1816) described by Goldenstein, in a quarto volume published here, and written in the German language. I sought every where for the famous stone font,* supported by three lions, and the sides of which are filled by whole length figures of Bishops, each beneath an arched canopy, and holding a crosier in his hand : . . but I sought in vain. Quaglio's lithographic publication, containing a print of this font, together with those of Freysing, &c.† had provoked my curiosity, only, it seems, that it might not be gratified. Quaglio considers this font to be the workmanship of the eleventh century : nor do I see much heresy in such conclusion.

But you are impatient for the MONASTERY OF ST. PETER,‡ (“ All other joys to this are folly—”) and

* We learn from Pez (*Script. Rer. Austriacarum*, vol. ii. col. 185—taken from the Chronicle of the famous *Admont Monastery*,) that, in the year 1128, the cathedral and the whole city of Salzburg were destroyed by fire.” So, that the antiquity of this, and of other relics, must not be pushed to too remote a period.

† See page 326, ante.

‡ the MONASTERY OF ST. PETER.]—Before the reader commences the above account of a visit to this monastery, he may as well be informed that a bird's-eye view of it, together with an abridged history—compiled from Trithemius, and previous chroniclers—appears in the *Monasteriologia of Stengelius*, published in 1619, folio. The monastery

more especially for those “ unheard of ” books of which I hoped to catch more than a *glimpse*. Your curiosity shall be no longer thwarted ; and herewith I proceed to give you an account of my visit to that venerable and secluded spot — the abode of silence and of sanctity. It was my first appearance in a fraternity of MONKS ; and those of the order of ST. BENEDICT. I had no letter of recommendation ; but, taking my valet with me, I knocked at the outer gate — and received immediate admission within some ancient and low cloisters : of which the pavement consisted entirely of monumental slabs. The valet sought the librarian, to make known my wishes of examining the library ; and I was left alone to contemplate the novel and strange scene which presented itself on all sides. There were two quadrangles, each of sufficiently limited dimensions. In the first, there were several young Monks playing at skittles in the centre of the lawn. Both the bowl and pins were of unusually large dimensions, and the direction of the former was confined within boards, fixed in the earth. These athletic young Benedictins (they might be between twenty

is there described as—“ et vetustate et dignitate nulli à Germaniæ monasteriis secundum.” Rudbertus is supposed to have been its founder :—“ repertis edificiis basilicam in honore SANCTI PETRI construxit :” *Chronicon Norimberg.* fol. cliii. ; edit. 1493. But this took place towards the end of the sixth century. From Godfred’s *Chronicon Gotvicense*, 1732, folio, pt. i. pp. 37, 39, 52—the library of this Monastery, there called “ antiquissima,” seems to have had some very ancient and valuable MSS. In Stengelius’s time, (1620) the monastery appears to have been in a very flourishing condition. The copper-plate view of it, (in the *Monasteriologia*) compared with its *present* aspect, is rather a flattering likeness.

and thirty years of age) took little or no notice of me ; and while my eye was caught by a monumental tablet, which presented precisely the same coat-armour as the device used by Fust and Schoeffher,—and which belonged to a family that had been buried about two hundred and fifty years—the valet returned, and announced that the Principal of the College desired to see me immediately.

I obeyed the summons in an instant, and followed Rohfritsch up stairs. There, on the first floor, a middle-aged monk received me, and accompanied me to the chamber of the President. On rapping at the door with his knuckles (as with us at Oxford) a hollow but deep-toned voice commanded the visitor to enter. I was introduced with some little ceremony, but was compelled, most reluctantly, to have recourse to Latin, in conversing with the Principal. He rose to receive me very graciously ; and I think I never before witnessed a countenance which seemed to *tell* of so much hard fagging and meditation. He must have read every *Father*, in the *editio princeps* of his works. His figure and physiognomical expression bespoke a rapid approach to the grand climacteric of human life. The deeply-sunk, but large and black, beaming eye—the wan and shrivelled cheek—the nose, somewhat aquiline, with nostrils having all the severity of sculpture—sharp, thin lips—an indented chin—and a highly raised forehead, surmounted by a little black silk cap—(which was taken off on the first salutation) all, added to the gloom of the place, and the novelty of the costume, impressed me in a manner not easily to be forgotten. My visit was very short, as I wished it to

be ; and it was concluded with an assurance, on the part of the Principal, that the librarian would be at home on the following day, and ready to attend me to the library :—but, added the Principal, on parting, “ we have nothing worthy of the inspection of a traveller who has visited the libraries of Paris and Munich. At Mölk, you will see fine books, and a fine apartment for their reception.”

For the sake of *keeping*, in the order of my narrative, I proceed to give you an account of the visit to the library, which took place on the morrow, immediately after breakfast. It had rained the whole of the preceding night, and every hill and mountain about Salzburg was obscured by a continuation of the rain on the following day. I began to think the postillion spoke but too true, when he said “ it always rained at Salzburg.” Yet the air was oppressive ; and huge volumes of steam, as from a cauldron, rose up from the earth, and mingled with the descending rain. In five minutes, I was within the cloisters of the monastery, and recognised some of the *skittling* young monks—whom I had seen the day before. One of them addressed me very civilly, in the French language ; and on telling him the object of my visit, he said he would instantly conduct me to Mr. GAERTNER, the librarian. On reaching the landing place, I observed a long corridore—where a somewhat venerable Benedictin was walking, apparently to and fro, with a bunch of keys in one hand, and a thick embossed quarto under his other arm. The very sight of him reminded me of good *Michael Neander*, the abbot of the monastery of St. Ildefonso—the friend of

Budæus* of whom (as you may remember) there is a print in the *Rerum Germanicarum Scriptores*, published in 1707, folio.

* *Michael Neander—the friend of Budæus.*] — As it is just possible the reader may not have a very distinct recollection of this worthy old gentleman, and ambulatory abbot — it may be acceptable to him to know, that, in the *Thanatologia of Budæus* (incorporated in the *Tres Selecti Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*, 1707, folio, p. 27, &c.) the said Neander is described as a native of Sorau, in Bohemia, and as dying in his 70th year, A. D. 1595; having been forty-five years Principal of the monastery of St. Ildefonso. A list of his works, and a laudatory Greek epigram by Budæus, “UPON HIS EFFIGY,” next follow. This effigy shall here speak for itself—as it may possibly, at the same time, be supposed to represent that of CORBINIAN GAERTNER, the librarian at the above monastery. Was the work, under his arm, that of “*Conderus, de verâ arte ambulandi*, Lugd. 1550, folio?



“That, Sir, is the librarian?”—observed my guide. “He waits to receive you.” I walked quickly forward and made obeisance. Anon, one of the larger keys in this said bunch was applied to a huge lock, and the folding and iron-cramped doors of the library were thrown open. I descended by a few steps into the ante-room, and from thence had a completely foreshortened view of the library. It is small, but well filled, and undoubtedly contains some ancient and curious volumes: but several *hiatuses* gave indication that there had been a few transportations to Vienna or Munich. The small gothic windows were open, and the rain now absolutely descended in torrents. Nevertheless, I went quickly and earnestly to work. A few slight ladders were placed against the shelves, in several parts of the library, by means of which I left no division unexplored. The librarian, after exchanging a few words very pleasantly, in the French language, left me alone, unreservedly to prosecute my researches. I endeavoured to benefit amply by this privilege; but do not know, when, in the course of three or four hours, I have turned over the leaves of so many volumes . . some of which seemed to have been hardly opened since they were first deposited there . . to such little purpose!

However, he is a bad sportsman who does not hit *something* in a well-stocked cover; and on the return of the librarian, he found me busily engaged in laying aside certain volumes—with a written list annexed—“which might *possibly* be disposed of . . for a valuable consideration?” “Your proposal shall be attended to but this cannot be done immediately. You must leave the *consideration* to the Principal and the elder

brethren of the monastery.” I was quite charmed by this response; gave my address, and taking a copy of the list, withdrew. I enclose you the list or catalogue in question.* Certainly I augur well of the result: but no early *Virgil*, nor *Horace*, nor *Ovid*, nor *Lucretius*, nor even an early *Greek Bible* or *Testament*! What struck me, on the score of rarity, as most deserving of being secured, were some little scarce gramma-

* *the list or catalogue in question.*] — For the sake of juxtaposition — according to the plan adopted in the preceding pages — 171-2 — I here lay before the reader a short history of the issue, or progress of the books in question to their present receptacle, in St. James's Place. A few days after reaching *Vienna*, I received the following “pithy and pleasant” epistle from the worthy librarian. “*Mon très-révérénd Pasteur. En esperant que vous êtes arrivé à Vienne, à bon port, j'ai l'honneur de declarer à vous, que le prix fixé des livres, que vous avez choisi, et dont la table est ajoutée, est 40 louis d'or, ou 440 florins. Agréez l'assurance, &c. Corbinian Gaertner, Benedictin à St. Pierre.*” I wrote to my worthy friend Mr. Nockher at Munich to settle this subject immediately; who informed me, in reply, that the good monks would not part with a single volume till they had received “the money upon the nail,” — “l'argent comptant.” That dexterous negotiator quickly supplied them with the same; received the case of books; and sent them down the Rhine to Holland, from thence to England: where they arrived in safe and perfect condition. They are all described in the second volume of the *Ædes Althorpianæ*; together with a beautiful fac-simile of an illuminated head, or portrait, of *Gaietanus de Tienis*, who published a most elegantly printed work upon Aristotle's four books of *Meteors*, printed by *Maufer*, in 1476, folio; and of which the copy in the Salzburg library was adorned by the head (just mentioned) of the Editor. See vol. ii. p. 134. Among the books purchased, were two exquisite copies, filled with wood cuts, relating to the *Æsopian Fables*: a copy of one of which, entitled *Æsopus Moralisatus*, was, I think, sold at the sale of the Duke of Marlborough's books, in 1819, for somewhere about 13*l*.

tical and philological pieces, by the French scholars of the early part of the sixteenth century; and some controversial tracts about Erasmus, Luther, and Eckius.

So much for the monastic visit to ST. PETER'S at SALZBURG; and yet you are not to quit it, without learning from me that this town was once famous for other similar establishments*—which were said anciently to vie with the greater part of those in Austria, for respectability of character, and amplitude of possessions. At present, things of this sort seem to be hastening towards a close, and I doubt whether the present Principal will have half a dozen successors.

It remains only to offer a brief sketch of some few other little matters which took place at Salzburg; and then to wish you good bye—as our departure is fixed for this very afternoon. We are to travel from hence through a country of mountains and lakes, to the *Monastery of Chremsminster*, in the route to Lintz—on the high road to Vienna. I have obtained a letter to the Vice-President of *Mölk monastery*, from a gentleman here, who has a son under his care; so that, ere I reach the capital of Austria, I shall have seen a pretty

* *This town once famous for other similar establishments.*] In Hartmann Schedel's time, Salzburg—which was then considered as the CAPITAL OF BAVARIA—"was surrounded by great walls, and was adorned by many beautiful buildings of temples and monasteries." A view of Salzburg, which was formerly called JUVAVIA, is subjoined in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, fol. CLIII. edit. 1493. Consult also the *Chronicon Gotvicense*, 1732, folio, pt. ii. p. 760—for some particulars respecting the town taking its name from the river *Juvavia* or *Igonta*. Salzburg was an Archbishopric founded by Charlemagne: see the *Script. Rer. German.* edited by *Nidanus et Struvius*, 1726, folio, vol. i. p. 525.

good sprinkling of *Benedictins*—as each of these monasteries is of the order of St. Benedict.

The evening of the second day of our visit here, enabled me, in company with my graphic fellow-traveller, to observe, not only the accuracy and beautiful effect of his drawing of the CITADEL, and the immediately adjacent country, but to ascertain something of the general character of the scenery contiguous to the town. This scenery is indeed grand and interesting. The summit of the lowest hill in the neighbourhood is said to be 4000 feet above the level of the sea. I own I have strong doubts about this. It is with the heights of mountains, as with the numbers of books in a great library,—we are apt to over-rate each. However, those mountains, which seem to be covered with perennial snow, must be doubtless 8000 feet above the same level.* To obtain a complete view of them, you must ascend some of the nether hills. This we intended to do—but the rain of yesterday has disappointed all our hopes. The river *Salz* rolls rapidly along; being fed by mountain torrents. There are some pretty little villas in the neighbourhood, which are frequently tenanted by the English; and one of

* *doubtless 8000 feet above the level of the sea.*] On the morning following my arrival at Salzburg, I purchased a card, and small chart of the adjacent country and mountains. Of the latter, the *Gross Klokner*, and *Klein Klokner*, are each about 12000 feet above the level of the sea; The *Weisbachhorn* is about 11,000 feet of similar altitude; *Der Hohe Narr* about the same height; and the *Hohe Warte* about 10,000; while the *Ankogel* and *Herzog Ernst*, are 9000 each. The lowest is the *Gaisberg* of 4000 feet; but there is a regular gradation in height, from the latter, to the *Gross Klokner*, including about 25 mountains.

them, recently inhabited by Lord Stanhope, (as the owner informed me,) has a delightful view of the citadel, and the chain of snow-capt mountains to the left. The numerous rapid rivulets, branching from the Salz, afford excellent trout-fishing; and I understood that Sir Humphry Davy, either this summer, or the last, exercised his well-known and almost unrivalled skill in this diversion here. The hills abound with divers sorts of four-footed and winged game; and, in short, (provided I could be furnished with a key of free admission into the library of St. Peter's Monastery) I hardly know where I could pass the summer and autumn months more completely to my satisfaction than at SALZBURG. What might not the pencils of Turner and Calcott here accomplish, during the mellow lights and golden tints of autumn?

Of course, in a town so full of curiosities of every description, I am not able, during so short a stay in it, to transmit you any intelligence about those sights—which are vulgarly called the *Lions*. But I must not close this rambling, desultory letter, without apprising you that I have walked from one end of the *Mönchsberg* to the other. This is an excavation through a hard and high rocky hill, forming the new gate, or entrance into the town. The success of this bold undertaking was as complete, as its utility is generally acknowledged: nor shall it tarnish the lustre of the *mitre* to say, that it was a BISHOP of Salzburg who conceived, and superintended the execution of, the plan. A very emphatic inscription eternises his memory: “TE SAXA LOQUUNTUR.” The view, from the further end of it, is considered to be

one of the finest in Europe : but, when I attempted to enjoy it, every feature of the landscape was obscured by drizzling rain—"It always rains at Salzburg!"—said, as you may remember, the postillion from Lauffen. It may do so : but a gleam of *sunshine* always enlivens that moment, when I subscribe myself—as I do now—your affectionate and faithful friend.

LETTER XLV.

SALZBURG TO CHREMSMINSTER. THE LAKE GMUNDEN.

THE MONASTERY OF CHREMSMINSTER. LINTZ.

Lintz; on the road to Vienna, Aug. 26, 1818.

IN order that I may not be too much in arrear in my correspondence, I snatch an hour or two at this place, to tell you what have been my sights and occupations since I quitted the extraordinary spot whence I last addressed you. Learn therefore, at the outset, that I have been, if possible, more gratified than heretofore. I have shaped my course along devious roads, by the side of huge impending mountains; have skirted more than one lake of wide extent and enchanting transparency; have navigated the celebrated *Lake of Gmunden* from one end to the other—the greater part of which is surrounded by rocky yet fertilized mountains of a prodigious height;—have entered one of the noblest and richest monasteries of Austria—and darted afterwards through a country, on every side pleasing by nature, and interesting from history. My only regret is, that all this has been accomplished with too much precipitancy; and that I have been compelled to make sketches in my mind, as it were—when the beauty of the objects demanded a finished picture.

I left Salzburg on the afternoon after writing my last epistle ; and left it with regret at not having been able to pay a visit to the salt mines of *Berchtesgaden* and *Hallein* : but “ non omnia possumus omnes.” The first stage, to *Koppf*, was absolutely up hill, the whole way, a short German league and a half : probably about seven English miles. We were compelled to put a leader to our two horses, and even then did little more than creep. But the views of the country we had left behind us, as we continued ascending, were glorious in the extreme. Each snow-capt mountain appeared to rise in altitude — as we continued to mount. But our views were mere snatches. The sun was about to set in a bed of rain. Large black clouds arose — which, although they added to the grandeur of picturesque composition, prevented us from distinctly surveying the adjacent country. Masses of deep purple floated along the fir-clad hills : now partially illuminated by the sun’s expiring rays, and now left in deep shadow — to be succeeded by the darkness of night.

The sun was quite set as we stopped to change horses at *Koppf* : and a sort of premature darkness came on :—which, however, was quickly relieved by a sky of unusual clearness, if not absolute brilliancy, of tint. The whole had a strange and magical effect. As the horses were being put to, I stepped across the road to examine the interior of a small church—where I observed, in the side aisle, a group of figures of the size of life — which, at that sombre hour, had a very extraordinary effect. I approached nearer, and quickly perceived that this group was intended to represent

the *Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane*. Our Saviour, at a little distance, was upon his knees, praying; and the piety of some *religieuse* (as I afterwards learnt) had caused a white handkerchief to be fixed between his hands. The disciples were represented asleep, upon the ground. On coming close to the figures—which were raised upon a platform, of half the height of a man—and removing the moss, upon which they were recumbent—I found that they were mere *trunks*, without legs or feet: the moss having been artfully placed, so as to conceal these defects, when the objects were seen at a distance. Of course it was impossible to refrain from more than a mere *smile*, on witnessing such a sight.

The horses were harnessed in ten minutes; and having no longer any occasion for a leader, we pursued our route with the usual number of two. The evening was really enchanting; and upon the summit of one of the loftiest of the hills—which rose perpendicularly as a bare sharp piece of rock—we discerned a pole — which we conjectured was fixed there for some particular purpose. The postillion told us that it was the stem of the largest fir-tree in the country, and that there were annual games celebrated around it—in the month of May, when the summit was crowned with a chaplet. It seemed as if it were impervious to all access; but German strength and German resolution will surmount any thing. Our route was now skirted on each side, alternately, by water and mountain. The *Mande See*, *Aber See*, and *Aller See*, (three beautiful lakes) lay to the left; of which we caught, occasionally, from several commanding heights, most magnificent views—as the last light of day seemed to linger upon their

surfaces. They are embosomed in scenery of the most beautiful description. We strained our eyes, as day light began wholly to fail, to catch views or glimpses of what seemed most picturesquely situated; and fancy sometimes, I suspect, supplied the place of reality. It is proper, therefore, that the whole of the country remain undescribed—till we reached *St. Gilgen*, or *Gilling*—where we resolved upon passing the night.

It was quite dark, and rather late, when we entered this miserable village; but within a half league of it, we ran a very narrow chance of being overturned, and precipitated into a roaring, rapid stream, just below the road—along the banks of which we had been sometime directing our course. A fir-pole lay across the road—which was undiscernible from the darkness of the night; and the carriage, receiving a violent concussion, and losing its balance for a moment—leaning over the river—it was doubtful what would be the issue. Providentially we *righted*; but we did not wholly escape injury; as, upon entering the archway of the inn, or rather public house—from the scarcity of candles, and the ignorance of rustic ostlers, the door of the carriage (it being accidentally open) was completely wrenched from the body.

Never, since our night's lodging at *Caudebec* or at *Saudrupt*,* had we taken our quarters at so miserable an auberge. The old woman, our landlady, seemed almost to cast a suspicious eye upon us; but the valet in a moment disarmed her suspicions. It was raw,

* Vol. i. p. 206 : vol. ii. p. 533.

cold, and late; but the kitchen fire was yet in full force, and some earthen-ware utensils seemed to contain something in the shape of eatables. You should know, that the kitchen fire-places, in Germany, are singularly situated; at least all those at the public inns where we have stopped. A platform, made of brick, of the height of about three feet, is raised in the centre of the floor. The fire is in the centre of the platform. You look up, and see directly the open sky through the chimney, which is of a yawning breadth below, but which narrows gradually towards the top. It was so cold, that I requested a chair to be placed upon the platform, and I sat upon it—close to the kitchen fire—receiving very essential benefit therefrom. All the kitchen establishment was quickly put in requisition: and, surrounded by cook and scullion—pots, pans, and culinary vessels of every description—I sat like a monarch upon his throne; while Mr. Lewis was so amused at the novelty of the scene, that he transferred it to his sketch-book.

It was midnight when we attacked our *potage* — in the only visitor's bed-room in the house. Two beds, close to each other, each on a sloping angle of nearly forty-five degrees, were to receive our wearied bodies. The *matériel* of the beds was *straw*; but the sheets were white and well aired, and edged (I think) with a narrow lace; while an eider down quilt—like a superincumbent bed—was placed upon the first quilt. It was scarcely day-light, when Mr. Lewis found himself upon the floor, awoke from sleep, having gradually slid down—owing to the aforesaid angular sloping of the bed. By five o'clock, the smith's hammer was

heard at work below—upon the door of the dismembered carriage—and by the time we had risen, at eight o'clock, the valet reported to us that the job was just then . . in the very state in which it was at its commencement! So much for the reputation of the company of white-smiths at *St. Gilgen*. We were glad to be off by times; but I must not quit this obscure and humble residence without doing the landlady the justice to say, that her larder and kitchen enabled us to make a very hearty breakfast. This, for the benefit of future travellers—benighted like ourselves.

The morning lowered, and some soft rain fell as we started: but, by degrees, the clouds broke away, and we obtained a complete view of the enchanting country through which we passed — as we drove along by the banks of the *Aber* lake to *Ischel*. One tall, sharp, and spirally-terminating rock, in particular, kept constantly in view before us, on the right; of which the base and centre were wholly feathered with fir. It rose with an extraordinary degree of abruptness, and seemed to be twice as high as the spire of Strasbourg cathedral. To the left, ran sparkling rivulets, as branches of the three lakes just mentioned. An endless variety of picturesque beauty — of trees, rocks, greenswards, wooded heights, and glen-like passes—canopied by a sky of the deepest and most brilliant blue—were the objects upon which we feasted till we reached *Ischel*—where we changed horses. Here we observed several boats, of a peculiarly long and narrow form, laden with salt, making their way for the *Steyer* and *Ens* rivers, and from thence to the Danube. To describe what we saw, all the way till

we reached the *Traun See*, or the Lake of Gmunden, would be only a repetition of the previous description.

At *Inderlambach*, close to the lake in question, we stopped to dine. This is a considerable village, or even country town. On the heights are well-trimmed gravel walks, from which you catch a commanding view of the hither end of the lake; and of which the sight cheered us amazingly. We longed to be afloat. On looking down, Mr. Lewis made a delightful sketch of the lake in the distance, with a figure of St. Francis, (such as we saw at Baden,) half smothered with fir, in the foreground. There is a great manufactory of salt carried on upon these heights—at the foot of which was said to be the best inn in the town. Thither we drove: and if *high* charges form the test of the excellence of an inn, there is good reason to designate this, at *Inderlambach*, as such. We snatched a hasty meal, (for which we had nearly fifteen florins to pay) being anxious to get the carriage and luggage aboard one of the larger boats, used in transporting travellers, before the sun was getting too low . . . that we might see the wonders of the scenery of which we had heard so much. It was a bright, lovely afternoon; and about half-past six we were all, with bag and baggage, on board. Six men, with oars resembling spades in shape, were to row us; and a seventh took the helm. The water was as smooth as glass, and of a sea-green tint, which might have been occasioned by the reflection only of the dark and lofty wood and mountainous scenery, by which the lake is surrounded.

The rowers used their oars so gently, as hardly to

make us sensible of their sounds. The boat glided softly along; and it was evident, from the varying forms of the scenery, that we were making considerable way. We had a voyage of at least nine English miles to accomplish, ere we reached the opposite extremity—called *Gmunden*; and where we were told that the inn would afford us every accommodation which we might wish. On reaching the first winding or turning of the lake, to the left, a most magnificent and even sublime object—like a mountain of rock—presented itself to the right. It rose perpendicularly—vast, craggy, and of a height, I should suppose, little short of 2000 feet. Its gray and battered sides—now lighted up by the varied tints of a setting sun—seemed to have been ploughed by many a rushing torrent, and covered by many a winter's snow. Meanwhile the lake was receiving, in the part nearest to us, a breadth of deep green shadow, as the sun became lower and lower. The last faint scream of the wild fowl gave indication that night was coming on; and the few small fishermen's huts, with which the banks were slightly studded, began to fade from the view. Yet the summit of the mountain of rock, which I have just mentioned, was glowing with an almost golden hue. I cannot attempt a more minute description of this enchanting scene.

One thing struck us very forcibly. This enormous rocky elevation seemed to baffle all our attempts to *near* it — and yet it appeared as if we were scarcely a quarter of a mile from it. This will give you some notion of its size and height. At length, the scenery of the lake began to change—into a more quiet and sober character . . . We had now passed the rocky mountain,

and on looking upon its summit, we observed that the golden glow of sunshine had subsided into a colour of pale pink, terminating in alternate tints of purple and slate. Almost the whole landscape had faded from the eye, when we reached the end of our voyage ; having been more than two hours upon the lake. On disembarking, we made directly for the inn—where we found every thing even exceeding what we had been led to expect—and affording a very striking and comfortable contrast to the quarters of the preceding evening at *St. Gilgen*. Sofas, carpets, lustres, and two good bed-rooms—a set of china which might have pleased a German baron—all glittered before our eyes, and shewed us that, if we were not well satisfied, the fault would be our own. The front windows of the hotel commanded a direct and nearly uninterrupted length-view of the lake—and if the full moon had risen . . but one cannot have every thing one wants . . even at the hotel of Gmunden !

We ordered a good fire, and wax candles to be lighted ; a chafing dish, filled with live charcoal, caused a little cloud of steam to be emitted from a copper kettle—of which the exterior might have been cleaned . . during the last century. But we travelled with our own tea—and enjoyed a succession of cups which seemed to make us “ young and lusty as eagles :” and which verified all the pleasing things said in behalf of this philosophical beverage by the incomparable Cowper. Mr. Lewis spent two hours in *penning in* his drawings ; and I brushed up my journal—opened my map—and catechised the landlord about the MONASTERY of CHREMSMINSTER, which it was resolved to

visit on the following (Sunday) morning. Excellent beds (not “sloping in an angle of 45 degrees”—) procured us a comfortable night’s rest. In the morning, we surveyed the lake, the village, and its immediate vicinity. We inspected two churches, and saw a group of women devoutly occupied in prayer by the side of a large tombstone—in a cemetery at a distance from any church. The tombstones in Germany are whimsical enough. Some look like iron cross-bows, others like crosses; some nearly resemble a gibbet; and others a star. They are usually very slender in their structure, and of a height scarcely exceeding four or five feet.

By eleven in the morning, the postboy’s bugle sounded for our departure. The carriage and horses were at the door: the postboy, arrayed in an entirely new scarlet jacket, with a black velvet collar edged with silver lace, was mounted upon a strong and lofty steed; and the travellers being comfortably seated, the whip sounded, and off we went, up hill, at a good round cantering pace. A large congregation, which was quitting a church in the vicinity of the inn, gazed at us, as we passed, with looks and gestures as if they had never seen two English travellers before. Indeed I should have told you that very few of our countrymen make this their route; nor do I think that *four* had preceded us during the last twelvemonths. We learnt also, at parting, that the peasantry about Gmunden had in general such respect for their noblesse, that, on their travelling in this part of the world, the former expressed their satisfaction by lighting large fires upon the summits of the adjacent hills: and that even the

top of the huge rocky mountain, which had so much excited our admiration upon the lake, would sometimes blaze like a beacon upon such occasions.

The stage from *Gmunden* to *Chremsminster* is very long and tedious ; but by no means devoid of interest. We halted an hour to rest the horses, about half-way on the route ; which I should think was full eight English miles from the place of starting. On leaving *Gmunden*, and gaining the height of the neighbouring hills, we looked behind, or rather to the right, upon the *back* part of that chain of hills and rocks which encircle the lake over which we had passed the preceding evening. The sky was charged with large and heavy clouds ; and a broad, deep, and as it were sullen, tint of dark purple . . mantled every mountain which we saw—with the exception of our old gigantic friend, of which the summit was buried in the clouds. At a given distance, you form a tolerably good notion of the altitude of mountains ; and from this latter view of those in question, I should think that the highest may be about 3000 feet above the level of the lake. It was somewhere upon two o'clock when we caught the first glimpse of the spire and lofty walls of the MONASTERY OF CHREMSMINSTER. This monastery is hid by high ground,—till you get within a mile of the town of *Chrems* ; so called, from a river, of the same name, which washes almost the walls of the monastery.

I cannot dissemble the joy I felt on the first view of this striking and venerable edifice. It is situated on a considerable eminence—and seems to be built upon a foundation of rock. Its mosque-fashioned towers, the long range of its windows, and height of its walls,

cannot fail to arrest the attention very forcibly. Just on the spot where we caught the first view of it, the road was not only very precipitous, but was under repair; which made it absolutely perilous. The skill of our postillion, however, extricated us from all danger; and on making the descent, I opened my portmanteau in front of me—which was strapped to the back-seat of the carriage—pulled out the green silk purse which I had purchased at Dieppe, within a few hours of my landing in France—and, introducing my hand into it, took from thence some dozen or twenty napoleons—observing, at the same time, to Mr. Lewis, and pointing to the monastery—that, “these pieces would probably be devoted to the purchasing of a few book-treasures from the library of the edifice in view.” Mr. L. seemed to marvel at this observation . . and in five minutes, having dashed through a brook which had been swoln by the late rains, we drove up to the principal, or rather only inn, which the town seemed to afford. The first thing I did, was, to bespeak an immediate dinner, and to send a messenger, with a note (written in Latin) to the Vice Principal or Librarian of the monastery—“requesting permission to inspect the library, being English travellers bound for Vienna.” No answer was returned . . even on the conclusion of our dinner; when,—on calling a council, it was resolved that we should take the valet and a guide with us, and immediately assail the gates of the Monastery.

I marched up the steep path which leads to these gates, with the most perfect confidence in the success of my visit. Vespers were just concluded; and three

or four hundred at least of the population of Chrems were pouring forth from the church doors, down the path towards the town. On entering the quadrangle in which the church is situated, we were surprised at its extent, and the respectability of its architecture. We then made for the church—along the cloisters—and found it nearly deserted. A few straggling supplicants were however left behind—ardent in prayer, upon their knees : but the florid style of the architecture of the interior of this church immediately caught my attention and admiration. The sides are covered with large oil paintings, which look like copies of better performances ; while, at each lower corner of these pictures, stands a large figure of a saint, boldly sculptured, as if to support the painting. Throwing your eye along this series of paintings and sculpture, on each side of the church, the whole has a grand and imposing effect—while the *subjects* of some of the paintings, describing the tortures of the damned, or the sufferings of the good, cannot fail, in the mind of an enthusiastic devotee, to produce a very powerful sensation. The altars here, as usual in Germany, and even at Lauffen and Koppf—are profusely ornamented.

We had hardly retreated from the church—lost in the variety of reflections excited by the novelty of every surrounding object—when I perceived a Benedictin, with his black cap upon his head, walking with a hurried step towards us . . . along the cloisters. As he approached, he pulled off his cap, and saluted us very graciously: pouring forth a number of sentences, in the Latin language, (for he could not speak a word of

French) with a fluency and rapidity of utterance, of which I could have no conception; and of which, necessarily, I could not comprehend one half. Assuming a more leisurely method of address, he asked me what kind of books I was more particularly anxious to see: and on replying "those more especially which were printed in the xvth century—the "*Incunabula*"—he answered, "come with me; and, although the librarian be absent, I will do my utmost to assist you." So saying, we followed him into his cell, a mere cabin of a room—where I observed some respectably-looking vellum-clad folios, and where his bed occupied the farther part. He then retired for the key: returned in five seconds, and requested that we would follow him up stairs. We mounted two flights of a noble staircase; the landing-place of the *first* of which communicated with a lofty and magnificent, arched corridor:—running along the whole side of the quadrangle. The library is situated at the very top of the building, and occupies (as I should apprehend) one half of the side of the quadrangle. It is a remarkably handsome and cheerful room, divided into three slightly indicated compartments; and the colour, both of the wainscot and of the backs of the books, is chiefly white.

The first thing that struck me was, the almost unbounded and diversified view from thence. I ran to the windows—but the afternoon had become black and dismal, and the rain was descending fast on all sides; yet, in the haze of distance, I thought I could discern the chain of huge mountains near the lake of Gmunden. Their purple sides and craggy summits yet seemed to rise above the clouds, which were resting upon the

intermediate country, and deluging it with rain. The Benedictin confirmed my suspicions as to the identity of the country before us — and then bade me follow him quickly — my companion, in the mean while, having fixed himself before a copy of the Florentine Museum, and the valet looking on as Mr. L. expatiated upon the beauties of the several engravings. Leaving them, I followed M. HARTENSCHNEIDER (for so the worthy Benedictin wrote his name) to the further division, or compartment of the library; and turning to the left, began an attack upon the *Fifteeners*—which were placed there, on the two lowest shelves. My guide would not allow of my taking down the books . . from sheer politeness. “They might prove burdensome”—as if *any thing*, in the shape of a **book**, could be considered a burden!?

The first volume I opened, was one of the most beautiful copies imaginable — utterly beyond all competition, for purity and primitiveness of condition—of Schoiffher’s edition of *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, with the Commentary of Trivetius, of the date of 1473. That work is every where—in all forms, types, and conditions — upon the continent. The worthy M. Hartenschneider seemed to be marvellously pleased with the delight I expressed on the view of this magnificent volume. He then placed before me the *Catholicon* of 1469, by G. Zainer: a cropt, but clean and desirable copy. Upon my telling him that I had not long ago seen a copy of it UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Munich, he seemed to be mute and pensive . . and to sigh somewhat inwardly. Pausing awhile, he resumed, by telling me that the ONLY treasure they had possessed,

in the shape of a VELLUM BOOK, was a copy of the same work of St. Austin, printed chiefly by *John de Spira* (but finished by his brother *Vindelin*) of the date of 1470 ; but with which, and many other book-curiosities, the French general *Lecourbe* chose to march away, in the year 1800. That cruel act of spoliation was commemorated, or revenged, by an angry Latin distich.

Where this vellum treasure is now deposited (probably in the Royal Library at Paris) I am unable to ascertain. I next desired the sight of a huge folio volume, which turned out to be as white and spotless as it was large. It was printed in a close and singularly-shaped gothic type, in double columns, having the following colophon: “ *Desideratum huius summe hostiensis finem aduxit mensis februarii dies decimus octavus : quo post virginæ p(ro)lis vagitus dulcissimos Mille quadringenti septuaginta nouem anni transiere.* ” An edition of the *Quadragesimale Leonardi de Utino*, of the date of 1471, without name of printer, struck me as being executed in an uncommon roman type ; partaking somewhat of that of Aurl, Ambergau, G. de Lisa, and Florentius de Argentina. I was also much gratified by a beautifully clean copy of the *Durandi Rationale* of I. Zeiner, of the date of 1474 ; as well as with the same printer’s *Aurea Biblia*, of the same date, which is indeed almost every where upon the Continent. But nothing came perfectly up to the copy of Schoiffher’s edition of the *De Civ. Dei*. M. Hartenschneider added, that the Imperial Library at Vienna had possessed itself of their chief rarities in early typography : but he seemed to exult exceedingly

on mentioning the beautiful and perfect state of their DELPHIN CLASSICS.

“Do you by chance possess the *Statius*?—” observed I. “Come and see—” replied my guide: and forthwith he took me into a recess, or closet, where my eye was greeted with one of the most goodly book-sights imaginable. There they all stood—those Delphin Classics—in fair array and comeliest condition. I took down the *Statius*, and on returning it, exclaimed “*Exemplar pulcherrimum et optimè conservatum.*” “*Pretiosissimumque,*” rejoined my cicerone. “And the *Prudentius*—” good M. Hartenschneider—do you possess it?” “*Etiam*”—replied he. “And the *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*?” It was there also: but one of the volumes, containing the *Tibullus*, was with a brother monk. That monk (thought I to myself) must have something of a tender heart. “But tell me, worthy and learned Sir, (continued I) why so particular about the *Statius*? Here are twenty golden pieces:” (they were the napoleons, taken from the forementioned silken purse*) — “will these procure the copy in question?” “It is in vain you offer any thing: (replied M. Hartenschneider) we have refused this very copy even to Princes and Dukes.” “Listen then to me:” resumed I: “It seems you want that great work, such an ornament to our own country, and so useful to every other — the *Monasticon Anglicanum* of Sir William Dugdale. Will you allow me to propose a fair good copy of that admirable performance, in exchange for your *Statius*?” “I can promise

* See page 371 ante.

nothing—replied M. Hartenschneider—as that matter rests entirely with the superiors of the monastery; but what you say appears to be very reasonable; and, for myself, I should not hesitate one moment in agreeing to the proposed exchange.” My guide then gave me to understand that he was *Professor of History*; and that there were not fewer than one hundred monks upon the establishment.

I was next intreated, together with my travelling friend and our valet, to stop and pass the night there. We were told that it was getting late and dark; and that there was only a cross road between Chrems and *Ens*, in the route to *Lintz* — to which latter place we were going. “ You cannot reach Lintz (said our hospitable attendant) before midnight; but rain and darkness are not for men with nice sensibilities to encounter. You and your friend, and eke your servant, shall not lack a hospitable entertainment. Command therefore your travelling equipage to be brought hither. You see (added he smiling) we have room enough for all your train. I beseech you to tarry with us.” This is almost a literal version of what M. Hartenschneider said—and he said it fluently, and even in an impassioned manner. I thanked him again and again; but declared it to be impossible to comply with his kind wishes. “ The hospitality of your order (observed I to the Professor) is equal to its learning.” M. Hartenschneider bowed; and then taking me by the arm, exclaimed, “ well, since you cannot be prevailed upon to stay, you must make the most of your time. Come and see one or two of our more ancient MSS.”

He then placed before me an *Evangelistarium* of the

viiith century, which he said had belonged to Charlemagne, the founder of the monastery.* It was one of

* *Charlemagne, the founder of the monastery.*] — It should seem, from the pages of PEZ and NIDANUS, that Charlemagne was either the founder, or the patron, or endower, of almost every monastery in Germany. Stengelius, however, gives a very romantic origin to the foundation of Chremsminster. “The eldest son of Tassilo, a Duke or Elector of Bavaria, went out a hunting in the winter; when, having been separated from his companions, in a large wood, he met a wild boar of an enormous size, near a fountain and pool of water. Notwithstanding the fearful odds between them, Tassilo gallantly received the animal upon the point of his hunting spear, and dispatched him with a tremendous wound: not however without a fatal result to himself. Rage, agony, and over exertion . . . proved fatal to the conqueror: and when, excited by the barking of the dogs, his father and the troop of huntsmen came up to see what it might be, they witnessed the spectacle of the boar and the young Tassilo lying DEAD by the side of each other. The father built the MONASTERY of CHREMSMINSTER upon the fatal spot—to the memory of his beloved but unfortunate son. He endowed it with large possessions, and his endowments were confirmed by Pope Adrian and the Emperor Charlemagne—in the year 777. The history of the monastery is lost in darkness, till the year 1046, when Engelbert, Bishop of Passau, consecrated it anew; and in 1165, Diepold, another Bishop of Passau, added greatly to its possessions; but he was, in other respects, as well as Manegold in 1206, a very violent and mischievous character. Bishop Ulric, in 1216, was a great benefactor to it; but I do not perceive when the present building was erected; although it is possible there may be portions of it as old as the xiiith century. See *Pez: Script. Rer. Austriac.*, vol. i. col. 1305, &c.: vol. ii. col. 67, &c. At the time of publishing the *Monasteriologia of Stengelius*, 1638, (where there is a bird’s-eye view of the monastery, as it now generally appears) Wolfradt (or Wolfardt) was the Abbot—who, in the author’s opinion, “had no superior among his predecessors.” I go a great way in thinking with Stengelius; for this worthy Abbot built the Monks a “good supper-room, two dormitories, a sort of hospital for the sick,

the most perfect pieces of calligraphy which I had ever seen; perhaps superior to that in the Public Library at Landshut. But this MS. is yet more precious, as containing, what is considered to be, a compact between Charlemagne and the first Abbot of the Monastery, executed by both parties. I looked at it with a curious and sceptical eye, but knew not how to *doubt* its authenticity. The art which it exhibits, in the illuminations of the figures of the Evangelists, is sufficiently wretched — compared with the specimens of the same period in the celebrated MS. (also once belonging to Charlemagne) in the library of the Arsenal at Paris.* I next saw a MS. of the *Sonnets of Petrarch*, in a small folio, or super royal octavo size, supposed to have been executed in the xvth century, about seventy years after the death of the poet. It is beautifully written in a neat roman letter, and evidently the performance of an Italian scribe; but it may as likely be a copy, made in the early part of the xvth century, of a MS. of the previous century. However, it is doubtless a precious MS. The ornaments are sparingly introduced, and feebly executed.

On quitting these highly interesting treasures, M. H. and myself walked up and down the library for a few minutes, (the rain descending in torrents the whole time) and discoursed upon the great men of my own country. He mentioned his acquaintance with

and a LIBRARY, with an abundant stock of new books. Also a sacristy, furnished with most costly robes, &c." *Monasteriologia*; sign. A. It was doubtless the BIBLIOTHECA WOLFRADTIANA in which I tarried—as above described—with equal pleasure and profit.

* See vol. ii. p. 372.

the works of *Bacon*, *Locke*, *Swift*, and *Newton* — and pronounced the name of the last . . . with an effervescence of feeling and solemnity of utterance amounting to a sort of adoration. “Next to Newton,” said he, “is your Bacon: nor is the interval between them *very* great: but, in my estimation, Newton is more an angel than a mortal. He seemed to have been always communing with the Deity.” “All this is excellent, Sir,—replied I: but you say not one word about our *divine Shakspeare*.” “Follow me—rejoined he—and you shall see that I am not ignorant of that wonderful genius — and that I do not talk without book.” Whereupon M. H. walked, or rather ran, rapidly to the other end of the library, and put into my hands *Baskerville’s Edition* of that poet,* of the date of 1768—which I frankly told him I had never before seen. This amused him a good deal; but he added, that the greater part of Shakspeare was incomprehensible to him, although he thoroughly understood *Swift*, and read him frequently.

It was now high time to break off the conversation, interesting as it might be—and to think of our departure: for the afternoon was fast wearing away, and a starless, if not a tempestuous, night threatened to succeed. Charles Rohfritsch was despatched to the inn below—to order the horses, settle the reckoning, and to bring the carriage as near to the monastery as possible. Meanwhile Mr. L. and myself descended with M. Hartenschneider to his own room — where I saw, for

* This I presume to be the “spurious” Birmingham edition, which is noticed by Steevens in the *Edit. Shakspeare*, 1813, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 151.

the first time, the long-sought after work of the *Annales Hirsaugienses* of Trithemius, printed in the Monastery of St. Gall in 1690, 2 vols., folio, lying upon the Professor's table. M. H. told me that the copy belonged to the library we had just quitted. I had indeed written to Kransfelder, a bookseller at Augsburg, just before leaving Munich, for *two* copies of that rare and estimable work—which were inserted in his sale catalogue; and I hope to be lucky enough to secure both—for scarcely ten shillings of our money.* It now only remained to bid farewell to the most kind, active, and well-informed M. Hartenschneider—and to quit (probably for ever) the MONASTERY OF CHREMSMINSTER. Like the worthy Professor Veessenmeyer at Ulm, he “committed me to God's especial good providence —” and insisted upon accompanying me, uncovered, to the very outer gates of the monastery: promising, all the way, that, on receiving my proposals in writing, respecting the Statius, he would further that object with all the influence he might possess.† Just as he had reached the further limits of the quadrangle, he met the librarian himself — and introduced me to him: but there was now only time to say “vale!” We shook hands — for the first . . and in all probability . . the last time.

Every thing was in readiness — on reaching the bottom of the hill. A pair of small, and apparently

* They were both secured. One copy is now in the ALTHORP LIBRARY, and the other in that of my friend Mr. Heber.

† On the very night of my arrival at Lintz, late as it was, I wrote a letter to the Abbot, or head of the monastery, addressed thus—as the Professor had written it down: “*Ad Reverendissimum Dominum Anselmum Mayerhoffer inclyti Monasterii Cremifanensis Abbatem vigilan-*

young and mettlesome horses, were put to the carriage: the postillion was mounted; and nothing remained but to take our seats, and bid adieu to *Chrems* and its Monastery. The horses evinced the fleetness of rein deer at starting; and on enquiring about their age and *habits*, I learnt that they were scarcely *three* years old—had been just taken from the field—and been but *once* before in harness. This intelligence rather alarmed us: however, we continued to push vigorously forward, along a very hilly road, in which no difference whatever was made between ascents and descents. It was a good long sixteen mile stage; and darkness and a drizzling rain overtook us ere we had got over one half of it. There were no lights to the carriage, and the road was the most devious I had ever travelled. The horses continued to fly like the wind, and the charioteer began to express his fatigue in holding them in. At length we saw the light of *Ens*, to the right — the first post town on the high road from Lintz to Vienna. This led us to expect to reach the main road quickly—

tissimum. Cremifanum.” This was enclosed in a letter to the Professor himself with the following direction: “*Ad Rev. Dm. Udalricum Hartenschneider Professum Monasterij Cremifanensis et Historiæ ibidem Professore publicum. Cremifanum:*” the Professor having put into my hands the following written memorandum: “Pro commutandis—quos designasti in Bibliotheca nostra, libris—primo Abbatem adire, aut litteris saltem interrogare necesse est: quas, si tibi placuerit, ad me, dirigere poteris.” This he wrote as rapidly as I am writing to you at the present moment. In my letter, I repeated the offer with the Monasticon; and offered about a dozen napoleons for the early printed books above mentioned: requesting to have an answer poste restante, at Vienna. No answer has since reached me. The Abbot should seem to have preferred Statius to Dugdale.

when all would be right. On gaining it, we turned to the left, and the fears of the whole party (which were at times not very moderate) vanished, as we fell into the regular track of the road. We passed over a long wooden bridge—under which the river Ens, there broad and rapid, runs to empty itself into the Danube: and nearer the hour of eleven than ten, drove to the principal inn in the *Place* at Lintz.

It was fair time: and the whole town was glittering with lights, and animated by an unusual stir of population. The centre of the *Place* or Square, where the inn is situated, was entirely filled by booths; and it was with difficulty we could gain admission within the inn—or secure rooms when admitted. However, we had no reason to complain, for the chambermaid (an exceedingly mirthful and active old woman) assured us that Lord and Lady Castlereagh, on their route to Vienna in 1814, had occupied the very beds which she had destined for us. These beds were upon the second floor, in a good large room, warmed by a central stove of earthenware tiles—the usual fire-place in Germany. The first floor of the inn was wholly occupied by travellers, merchants, dealers, and adventurers of every description—the noise of whose vociferations, and the tramp of whose movements, were audible even till long after midnight. It is now the morning; and it has been entirely owing to the trouble and delay in getting our passports countersigned, and in procuring the proper *laisse passer*—added to a wish of indulging Mr. Lewis in taking a peep at the numberless booths which are below our windows, at the moment of writing this—that I have been enabled to send you the present

epistle; written, when scarcely any thing but the LAKE OF GMUNDEN and the MONASTERY OF CHREMSMINSTER occupy my mind.

Yet I am tarrying in a very large, very populous, and excellently well built town. LINTZ, or Linz, has a population of at least 20,000 souls: and boasts, with justice, not only of its beautiful public buildings, but of its manufactories of stuffs, silks, and printed calicoes. The *Place*, before this inn, affords evidence of the splendour of these wares; and the interiors of several booths are in a perfect blaze—from the highly ornamented gold gauze caps worn by the upper classes of the middling people, even more brilliant than what was observed at Augsbourg. I was asked equal to four guineas of our money for one of these caps, in my reconnoissance before breakfast this morning—nor, as I afterwards learnt, was the demand exorbitant. There is a most elaborately ornamented marble fountain, at the further end of this *Place*; but not in the most perfect good taste.

I must bid you farewell in haste. We start for Vienna within twenty minutes from this time, and it is now nearly mid-day. But ere we reach the capital of Austria, we hope to pay a string of MONASTIC VISITS — beginning with that of *St. Florian*, about a dozen miles from this place, just before you reach Ens, the next post town; so that, ere I again address you (which cannot be until I reach Vienna,) I shall have made rather a rambling and romantic tour. “*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*”—yet, if I mistake not, (from all that I can collect here) *experience* will confirm what hope and ignorance suggest.

LETTER XLVI.

THE MONASTERIES OF ST. FLÖRIAN, MÖLK, AND
GÖTTWIC.

*Vienna ; Hotel of the Emperor of
Hungary, Aug. 31, 1818.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GIVE me your heartiest congratulations ; for I have reached, and am well lodged at, the extreme limit of my “ BIBLIOGRAPHICAL, ANTIQUARIAN, AND PICTURESQUE TOUR.” Behold me, therefore, at VIENNA, the capital of Austria : the abode, once, of mighty monarchs and renowned chieftains : and the scene probably of more political vicissitudes than any other capital in Europe. The ferocious Turk, the subtle Italian, and the impetuous Frenchman, have each claimed Vienna as their place of residence by right of conquest ; and its ramparts have been probably battered by more bullets and cannon balls than were ever discharged at any other fortified metropolis.

Of course, it will be neither one, nor two letters—but certainly not more than *three*, including the *present*—which can give you an idea of the novelties and marvels which I have seen, or am likely to see, in this far-distanced, and magnificently built capital. At present, however, my theme must be entirely monastic. Prepare, therefore, to receive an account of some MONASTIC VISITS, which have perfectly delighted my com-

panion and self, and which have entirely won my heart over to the Institutions of ST. BENEDICT and ST. AUGUSTIN. I am not sure whether you will not see me, on my return, a confirmed *Benedictin*—in dress as well as in inclination. Indeed I seem to have been mingling with a new set of human beings, and a new order of things; though there was much that put me in mind of the general character of my ever-cherished University of Oxford. Not that there is *any* college, whether at Oxford or at Cambridge, which can vie with either of those which I am about to describe. Indeed I should apprehend Chremsminster to be as large, as well as more nobly situated, than either Christchurch at the former, or Trinity College at the latter, University.

My last letter, as you may remember, left us upon the point of starting from Lintz, for the monastery of St. Florian. That monastery is situated within about three miles of *Ens* (the next post town from Lintz), and you turn out of the high road, to the right, about two miles on the side towards Lintz. The day was unluckily most dismal. Drizzling rain shut out every thing from our view, beyond the immediate vicinity of the road; although, at starting, before the clouds began to discharge their contents, we could sufficiently discern that the country about Lintz was exceedingly picturesque. There were gentle hills in the distance; and in the foreground, the Danube flowed in a broad and majestic manner. I learnt, to my inexpressible delight, that this majestic river would accompany us all the way to Vienna;—a good 150 miles. The road was completely lined, on each side, with plum and pear trees—in their alternate tints of saf-

fron and purple—but far from being ripe. The sight, altogether—in spite of the badness of the day—was as pleasing as it was novel :—and especially were our spirits gladdened, on thinking of the fortunate escape from the perils that had seemed to await us in our route from Chremsminster the preceding evening.

On turning out of the main road, about a dozen miles from Lintz, we began to be sensible of a gentle ascent, —along a pleasant, undulating road, skirted by meadows, copses, and corn-fields. In ten minutes, the valet shouted out—“*Voilà le Monastère de St. Florian !*” It was situated upon an eminence, of scarcely half the height of Chremsminster ; but, from the abruptness of the ascent, as you enter the village, and make towards the monastery, it appears, on an immediate approach, to be of a very considerable elevation. It looked nobly, as we neared it. The walls were massive, and seemed to be embedded in a foundation of granite. Some pleasing little cultivated spots, like private gardens, were between the outer walls and the main body of the building. It rained heavily as we rolled under the archway ; when an old man and an old woman demanded, rather with astonishment than severity, what was the object of our visit ? Having received a satisfactory answer, the gates were opened, and we stopped between two magnificent flights of steps, leading on each side to the cloisters. Several young monks, excited by the noise of the carriage, came trooping towards the top of the stairs, looking down upon us, and retreating, with the nimbleness and apparent timidity of deer. Their white streamers, or long lappets, suspended from the back of the black gown, (the

designation of the *Augustine* order) had a very singular appearance.

Having received a letter of recommendation to the librarian, M. KLEIN, I delivered it to the porter—and in a few seconds observed two short, and large-headed monks uncovered, advancing towards me. M. Klein spoke French—after a certain fashion—which however made us understand one another well enough; and on walking along the cloisters, he took me by the arm to conduct me to the Abbot. “But you have doubtless *dined*?” observed he,—turning sharply upon me. It was only between one and two o’clock; and therefore I thought I might be pardoned, even by the severest of their own order, for answering in the *negative*. My guide then whispered to his attendant—who quickly disappeared—and carried me directly to the Abbot. Such a visit was worth paying. I entered with great solemnity; squeezing my travelling cap into a variety of forms, as I made obeisance,—on observing a venerable man, nearer fourscore than seventy, sitting, with a black cap quite at the top of the back part of his head, and surrounded by half a dozen young monks, who were standing and waiting upon him with coffee (after dinner) which was placed upon the table before the Principal. The old gentleman’s countenance was wan, and rather severely indented, but lighted up by a dark and intelligent pair of eyes. His shoulders were shrouded in a large gray fur tippet; and, on receiving me, he demonstrated every mark of attention — by giving his unfinished cup of coffee to one of his attendants, and, pulling off his cap, endeavouring to rise. I advanced and prevented all further movement. As he spoke French

(better than M. Klein) we quickly understood each other. He bade me see every thing that was worth seeing ; and, on his renewing the *dinner* question, and receiving an answer in the negative,—he commanded that a meal of some sort should be forthwith got ready. But in this he had been anticipated by the librarian.

I had only to make a retreating bow, and follow my guide—who, by this time, had assumed quite a pleasant air of familiarity with me. On quitting the “presence chamber,” I whispered in his ear that my travelling companion was an artist of considerable ability, and could take portraits and draw buildings with equal success. “Might he be allowed to make *a portrait of the Abbot* ?” Mr. Klein threw his countenance almost into a state of distortion—observing, that “it could on no account be acceded to.” If I had asked to become Abbot myself, the reply could not have been accompanied with greater marks of astonishment. I then followed him to the Library. It is divided into three rooms ; of which the largest, at the further end, is the most characteristic. The central room is small, and devoted to MSS. none, as I learnt, either very old, very curious, or very valuable. The view from this suite of apartments must, on a fine day, be lovely. Bad as was the weather, when I looked from the windows, I observed, to the left, some gently sloping and sweetly wooded pleasure grounds, with the town of *Ens*, in the centre, at the distance of about three miles. To the right, were more undulating hills, with rich meadows in the foreground ; while, immediately below, was the ornamented garden of the monastery.

The prospect *within* doors was not quite of so grati-

fying a description. It seemed to be the mere shadow of a library. Of old books, indeed, I saw nothing worth noticing — except a white and crackling, but cropt copy of *Ratdolt's Appian* of 1478, (always a beautiful book) and a *Latin Version of Josephus*, printed at Venice in 1480, by *Maufer*, a citizen of Rouen. This latter was really a very fine book. There was also *Ratdolt's Euclid* of 1485—which indeed is every where abroad—but which generally has variations in the marginal diagrams. Of *Bibles*, either Latin or German, I saw nothing more ancient than the edition by Sorg, in the *German* language, of the date of 1477. I paused an instant over the *Tyturrell* of 1477, (the only really scarce book in the collection) and threw a gilded bait before the librarian, respecting the acquisition of it ;—but M. Klein quite *screamed* aloud at the proposition—protesting that “ not a single leaf from a single book should be parted with ! ” “ You are quite right,” added I. My guide eyed me as if he could have said, “ How much at variance are your thoughts and words ! ” And yet I spoke very sincerely. Mr. Klein then placed a clean, but cropt copy of the *first Aldine Pindar* before me ; adding, that he understood it to be rare. “ It is most rare,” rejoined I : —but it is yet “ rarer than most rare ” when found UPON VELLUM !—as it is to be seen in Lord Spencer's library.” He seemed absolutely astonished at this piece of intelligence—and talked about its pecuniary value. “ No money can purchase it. It is beyond all price ”—rejoined I. Whereupon my guide was struck with still deeper astonishment.

There were all the *Polyglott Bibles*, with the excep-

tion of the *Complutensian* ; which appears to be uncommon in the principal libraries upon the continent. *Walton's Polyglott* was the Royal copy ; which led to a slight discussion respecting the Royal and Republican copies. M. Klein received most implicitly all my bibliographical doctrine upon the subject, and expressed a great desire to read Dr. Adam Clarke's Essay upon the same. When I spoke of the small number of copies upon LARGE PAPER, he appeared to marvel more than ever—and declared “ how happy the sight of such a copy would make him, from his great respect for the Editor.” There was a poor sprinkle of *English books* ; among which, however, I noticed Shakspeare, Milton, Swift, and Thomson. I had declared myself sufficiently satisfied with the inspection of the library—when dinner was announced—but could not reconcile it to myself to depart, without asking “ whether they had the *Tewrdanckh* ?” “ Yes, and UPON VELLUM, too”—was the Librarian's reply. It was a good sound copy. We now quitted the library, and entered an old-fashioned eating room, and sat down to a long table, which had been deserted by the guests about two hours before. Mr. Klein, and a very pleasant-looking and even handsome young monk, or student—who had just joined him, and who was introduced to my companion and self in due order—each took a chair, and seated themselves by the side of us.

The dinner was simple and nourishing—the wine was what they call the white wine of Austria : rather thin and acid. It still continued to rain. Our friends told us that, from the windows of the room in which we were eating, they could, in fair weather,

discern the snow-capt mountains of the Tyrol :—that, from one side of their monastery they could look upon green fields, pleasure gardens, and hanging woods, and from the other, upon magnificent ranges of hills terminated by mountains covered with snow. They seemed to be proud of their situation, as they had good reason to be. We found them exceedingly chatty, pleasant, and even facetious. We broached the subject of politics—but in a very guarded and general manner. The lively Librarian, however, thought proper to observe—“ that the English were doing in *India* what Bonaparte had been doing in *Europe*.” I told him that such doctrine was a more frightful heresy than any which had ever crept into his own church: at which he laughed heartily, and begged we would not spare either the *bouillé* or the wine. “ We give you (observed he) the best fare that we can produce—at least upon so short a notice.”

We were scarcely twenty minutes at our meal, being desirous of seeing the CHURCH, the PICTURE GALLERY, and the SALOON—belonging to the monastery. It was not much after three o'clock, and yet it was unusually dark for the hour of the day. However, we followed our guides along a magnificent corridor—desirous of seeing the pictures first. If the number of paintings, and of apartments alone, constitute a good collection of pictures, this of Saint Florian is doubtless a very fair specimen of a picture gallery. There are three rooms and a corridor (or entrance passage) filled with paintings, of which three-fourths at least are palpable copies. The *subjects* of some of the paintings were not exactly accordant with monastic gravity; among

these I regret that I am compelled to include a copy of a Magdalen from Rubens—and a Satyr and Sleeping Nymph, apparently by Lucas Giordano. Nevertheless the collection is worth a second and a third examination ; which, if time and circumstances had allowed, we should in all probability have given it. A series of subjects, fifteen in number, illustrative of the **LIFE OF ST. FLORIAN**,* (the great fire-extinguishing

* St. FLORIAN was a soldier and sufferer in the time of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximianus. He perished in the tenth and last persecution of the Christian Church by the Romans. The judge, who condemned him to death, was Aquilinus. After being importuned to renounce the Christian religion, and to embrace the Pagan creed, as the only condition of his being rescued from an immediate and cruel death, St. Florian firmly resisted all entreaties ; and shewed a calmness, and even joyfulness of spirits, in proportion to the stripes inflicted upon him previous to execution. He was condemned to be thrown into the river, from a bridge, with a stone fastened round his neck. The soldiers at first hesitated about carrying the judgment of Aquilinus into execution. A pause of an hour ensued : which was employed by St. Florian in prayer and ejaculation ! A furious young man then rushed forward, and precipitated the martyr into the river : “ *Fluvius autem suscipiens martyrem Christi, expavit, et elevatis undis suis, in quodam eminentiori loco in saxo corpus ejus deposuit. Tunc annuente favore divino, adveniens aquila, expansis alis suis in modum crucis, eum protegebat.*” *Acta Sanctorum ; mens. maii. vol. i. p. 463.* St. Florian is a popular saint both in Bavaria and Austria. He is usually represented in armour, pouring water from a bucket to extinguish a house, or city in flames, which is represented below. Raderus, in his *Bavaria Sacra*, vol. i. p. 8, is particular about the above monastery, and gives a list of the pictures above noticed, on the authority of Sebastianus ab Adelzhausen, the head of the monastery at that time ; namely in 1615. He also adorns his pages with a copper cut of the martyr about to be precipitated into the river, from the bank—with his hands tied behind him, without any stone about

Saint,—to whom the Monastery is dedicated, and who was born at *Ens*, in the neighbourhood) cuts a most distinguished figure in this collection. There is a good, and I think genuine, head of an old woman by Reubens, which I seemed to stumble upon as it were by accident, and which was viewed by my guides with a sort of apathy. Mr. Lewis was half lost in extacies before a pretty little sketch by Paolo Veronese; when, on my observing to him that the time was running away fast, M. Klein spoke aloud in the English language —“ *Mister Louise*,—repeating my words—*teime fleis*.” He laughed heartily upon uttering it, and seemed to enjoy the joke full as much as my companion, to whom the words were addressed. There were several specimens of the old German masters, but I suspect most of them were copies.

The day seemed to be growing darker and darker, although it was only somewhere between three and four o'clock. We descended quickly to see the church, where I found Charles (the valet) and several other spectators. We passed through a small sacristy or vestry, in the way to it. This room was fitted up with several small confessionals, of the prettiest forms and workmanship imaginable: having, in front, two twisted and slender columns, of an ebony tint: the whole—exceedingly inviting to confession. Here the Dean met us; a grave, sober, sensible man, with whom

his neck. But the painting, as well as the text of the *Acta Sanctorum*, describes the precipitation as from a bridge. The form of the Invocation to the Saint is, “ O MARTYR and SAINT, FLORIAN, keep us, we beseech thee, by night and by day, from all harm by FIRE, or from other casualties of this life.”

I conversed in Latin. We entered the church . . on the tip-toe of expectation : nor were we disappointed. It is at once spacious and magnificent ; but a little too profuse in architectural ornament. It consists of a nave and transepts, surmounted by a dome, with a choir of very limited dimensions. The choir is adorned, on each side, just above the several stalls, by an exceedingly rich architrave, running the whole length, in a mixed roman and gothic style. The altar, as usual, is a falling off. The transepts are too short, and the dome is too small. The nave is a sort of elongated parallelogram. It is adorned on each side by pillars of the Corinthian order, and terminated by an *Organ* . . of the most gorgeous and imposing appearance. The pipes have completely the appearance of polished silver, and the wood work is painted white, richly relieved by gold. For size and splendor united, I had never seen any thing like it. The tout ensemble was perfectly magical.

On entering—the Dean, M. Klein, and three or four more Benedictins — made a slight prostration on one knee, before the altar ;—and, just as they rose, to our astonishment and admiration, the organ burst forth with a power of intonation—every stop being opened—such as I had never heard exceeded—scarcely even by the organ at *St. Germain des Près*.* As there were only a few present, the sounds were necessarily increased, by being reverberated from every part of the building : and for a moment it seemed as if the very dome would have been unroofed, and the

* See vol. ii. p. 98.

sides burst asunder. We looked up ; then at each other : lost in surprise, delight, and admiration. We could not hear a word that was spoken ; when, in some few succeeding seconds, the diapason stop only was opened . . . and how sweet and touching was the melody which it imparted ! “ Oh Dieu ! (exclaim-our valet) que cela est ravissant, et même pénétrant.” This was true enough. A solemn stave or two of a hymn (during which a few other pipes were opened) was then performed by the organist . . and the effect was, as if these notes had been chanted by an invisible choir of angels. The darkness of the heavens added much to the solemnity of the whole. Silence ensuing, we were asked “ how we liked the church, the organ, and the organist ?” Of course there could be but one answer to make. The pulpit, situated at an angle where the choir and transept meet — and opposite to the place where we entered—was constructed of the black marble of Austria, ornamented with gold : the whole in sober good taste, and striking us as admirably appropriate. I frankly own that I felt a sort of inclination, or ambition, to mount such a pulpit, and to deliver a discourse from thence—though, at that moment, it would have been almost literally a “ *Concio ad aulam*.”

Having carefully noticed what appeared to be most interesting, we requested permission to ascend to the organ loft, and examine the wonderful instrument which had so much enchanted us. Our request was readily complied with. Judge of my astonishment, when, — on coming in contact with the larger central pipes, in each of the end clusters, which project a little

beyond the middle compartment—I found these central pipes to be very nearly of the size of the human body. The organist continued to play softly, and we quickly mounted into the very heart of the instrument—a forest, and at the same a labyrinth, of wooden pipes! I should apprehend that this organ could not be less than thirty-five feet in length, and twenty-five in depth. Had the organist pulled out every stop at the time of our wandering among the pipes, the effect must have been astounding with a vengeance! We left this wonderful piece of mechanism — considered to be the boast of Austria, and admitted as the nonpareil of organs—to snatch a hasty view of the dormitories and saloon, and to pay our farewell respects to the Principal. Yet I must not conduct you further, without observing that the architect of this church was a Florentine, and that it was built something more than a century ago. It is doubtless in too florid a style.

Instead of calling the bed-chambers by the homely name of “dormitories,” they should be designated (some at least) as state bed rooms. At each corner of several of the beds was a carved figure, in gilt — serving as a leg. The beds are generally capacious, without canopies; but their covertures — in crimson, blue, or yellow silk — interspersed with spots of gold or silver — gave indication, in their faded state, of their original costliness and splendor. The rooms are usually very large: but I hurried through them, as every thing — from the gloomy state of the afternoon, and more especially from the absence of almost every piece of furniture—had a sombre and melancholy air. Nothing is more impressive than the traces of departed

grandeur. They had once (as I learnt) carousals and rejoicings in this monastery ; — and the banquet below made sweet and sound the slumbers above. But matters have recently taken a different and less auspicious turn. The building stands, and will long stand—unless assailed by the musquet and cannon—a proud monument of wealth and of art: while the revenues for its support . . . are wasting every year! But I hope my intelligence is incorrect.

The highest gratification was yet in store for me : in respect to an architectural treat. In our way to the Saloon, I noticed, over the door of a passage, a small whole length of a man, in a formal peruke and dress, walking with a cane in his hand. A noble building or two appeared in the background. “ Who might this be ? ” “ That, Sir, (replied the Dean) is the portrait of the architect of this Monastery and of Mölk. He was born, and lived, in an obscure village in the neighbourhood ; and rose to unrivalled eminence from the pure strength of native genius and prudent conduct.” I looked at the portrait with increased admiration. “ Might I have a copy of it — for the purpose of getting it engraved ? ” “ There can surely be no objection,” — replied the Dean. But alas, my friend, I fear it will never be my lot to possess this portrait—in *any* form or condition.

If my admiration of this architect increased as I continued to gaze upon his portrait, to what a pitch was it raised on entering the *Saloon*! I believe that I may safely say I never before witnessed such a banquetting room. It could not be less than sixty feet long, by forty feet wide and forty high ; — and almost

entirely composed of Salzburg marble,* which is of a deep red tint, but mellow and beautiful. The columns, in exceedingly bold alto-relievo, spring from a dado of about the height of a man's chest, and which is surmounted by a bold and beautiful architrave. These columns, of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, judiciously intermixed, rise to a fine bold height—the whole being terminated by a vaulted ceiling of a beautiful and light construction, and elaborately and richly ornamented. I never witnessed a finer proportioned or a more appropriately ornamented room. It was, of its kind, as perfect as the Town Hall at Augsburg.† If I mistake not, the late Mr. Wyatt has copied and introduced it, on a smaller scale, in our own country. It was in truth a room fitting for an imperial coronation.

Our friends enjoyed our admiration exceedingly: but it was now high time to seek the Principal and bid him farewell. We again entered a long suite of corridors; when M. Klein, all of a sudden, went forward upon tip-toe, and rapped gently at a door—which, when opened, led into the ante-chamber of the Principal. It seemed as if our guide did not wish to disturb the old gentleman, who might be sleeping. We found him, however, awake, and apparently reading some new German publication with great attention.

* *composed of Salzburg marble.*]—“Nostris vero temporibus Reverendissimi Præpositi studio augustum sane templum raro marmore affatim emicans, paucisque inuidens assurexit.” This is the language of the *Germania Austriaca, seu Topographia Omnium Germaniæ Provinciarum*, 1701, folio, p. 16: when speaking of the monastery of St. Florian.

† See p. 206, ante.

His reception of us was even more courteous than before. He ordered chairs to be placed, when I gave him a brief account of our visit to the several parts of the monastery before described. He expressed much satisfaction at the recital, and seemed gently to upbraid us for the shortness of our stay. I wished him farewell in Latin, French, and English — which made him smile almost to laughter. “Cannot I have his portrait?” said I to Mr. K.—on retreating. “It is not to be thought of”—replied he: and I desisted from saying another word upon the subject. To a question, respecting the antiquity of the monastery,* M. Klein replied, that their *crypt* was considered to be of the eleventh century. I had not a moment’s leisure to examine it, but have some doubts of the accuracy of such a date. The Dean, M. Klein, and the handsome young man of whom I spake some time ago, all followed us down stairs, where the carriage was drawn up to receive us — and helping us into it, they wished us a hearty farewell. Assuredly I am not likely to forget THE MONASTERY OF ST. FLORIAN.

We were not long in reaching *Ens*, the first post town on the high road from Lintz to Vienna.† On

* *antiquity of the monastery.*]—It may be only sufficient to carry it as far back as the xiiith century. What precedes that period is, as usual, obscure and unsatisfactory. The monastery was originally of the *Benedictin* order; but it was changed to the *Augustine* order by Engelbert. After this latter, Altman reformed and put it upon a most respectable footing — in 1080. He was, however, a severe disciplinarian. Perhaps the crypt mentioned by M. Klein might be of the latter end of the xiiith century; but no visible portion of the superincumbent building can be older than the xvith century.

† *Ens, the first post town on the high road from Lintz to Vienna.*]—

approaching it, our valet bade us notice the various signs of *reparation* of which the outer walls and the fronts of many houses gave evidence. Nearly half of the town, in short, (as he informed us) had been destroyed by fire in Bonaparte's advance upon Vienna. The cannon balls had done much, but the flames had done more. It gave us pain to witness such proofs of havoc and ravage. We slept at the next post town, *Strengberg*, but could not help continuing to express our surprise and admiration of the fruit trees (the pear and plum) which lined each side of the road. We had determined upon dining at Mölk the next day.

Both these towns (the latter usually called LINZ)—together with the *Lake Gmunden* and the lofty rocky mountain, described at page 367, ante—are thus introduced in the very animated poem of *Bartholinus, de Bello Norico—Cum Scholiis Spiegelii*—: being the last article in the *Veterum Scriptorum Cæsarum et Imperatorum Germanicorum Collectio* by Justus Reuberus: curante Georgio Christiano Ioannis. *Francof ad Mæn.* 1726: folio; pp. 1099; 1100.

Inde Anasina phalanx. (1) primo Styra (2) in agmine secum
Velsinos ducit, simul et Gemunda (3) profundum
Turba lacum, & rupis Traunstanidos (4) antra relinquunt,
Et manus Istricola in bellum ruit aspera Lynzo (5.)

(1) Provincia Anasi, *das Land ob der Enns*, cui a fluvio Anaso nomen est, olim Norici Ducatus portio, tradita est a Friderico primo Austriæ Principibus titulo Marchionatus sacri Imperii, qui et tum ipsam Austriacam Marchiam iussit esse Ducatum, vt legimus apud Ligurinum Poetam noblissimum.

(2) Hæc ædificiis clarior urbs alia non est in Anaso.

(3) (4) Mons est ad Traunam fluium editissimus, quem accola est Traunstein.

(5) Ad Danubii ripam situm est Lyncium, nobile Anasinæ regionis emporium, vnde dixit e manus Istricola. Hic obiit Cæsar Fredericus pater Maximiliani.

The early morning was somewhat inauspicious ; but as the day advanced, it grew bright and cheerful. Some delightful glimpses of the Danube, to the left,—from the more elevated parts of the road—accompanied us the whole way—till we caught the first view, beneath a bright blue sky, of the towering church and MONASTERY OF MÖLK.* Conceive what you please, and yet you shall not conceive the situation of this monastery. Less elevated above the road than Chremsminster, but

* the MONASTERY OF MÖLK.]—The history of this monastery is sufficiently fertile in marvellous events ; but my business is to be equally brief and sober in the account of it. In the *Scriptores Rerum Austriacarum* of Pez, vol. i. col. 162-309, there is a chronicle of the monastery, from the year of its foundation to 1564, begun to be written by an anonymous author in 1132, and continued to the latter period by other coeval writers—all monks of the monastery. It is printed by Pez for the first time—and he calls it “ an ancient and genuine chronicle.” The word Mölk, or Mölck, — or, as it appears in the first map in the *Germania Austriaca, seu Topographia Omnium Germaniæ Provinciarum*, 1701, fol. Melck—was formerly written “ Medilicense, Medlicense, Medlicum, Medlich, and Medelick, or Mellicense.” This anonymous chronicle, which concludes at col. 290, is followed by “ a short chronicle of Conrad de Wizenberg,” and “ an anonymous history of the Foundation of the Monastery,” compared with six other MSS. of the same kind in the library at Mölk. The whole is concluded by “ an ancient Necrology of the Monastery,” begun to be compiled in the xiith century, from a vellum MS. of the same date. From Pez we learn that the Heads or Principals of the monastery of Mölk take the rank of Primates of Austria.

In the *Monasteriologia* of Stengelius, we have a list of the Heads or Primates of Mölk, beginning with Sigiboldus, in 1089, (who was the first that succeeded Leopold, the founder) down to Valentinus, in 1638 ; who was living when the author published his work. There is also a copper-plate print of a bird's eye view of

of a more commanding style of architecture, and of considerably greater extent, it strikes you — as the Danube winds round and washes its rocky base — as one of the noblest edifices in the world. Christchurch College at Oxford, and Trinity College at Cambridge, shall hardly, together, eclipse it ; while no one portion of either can bear the least comparison with its cupola-crowned church, and the sweeping range of chambers which runs parallel with the town. The wooded heights of the opposite side of the Danube crown the view of this magnificent edifice, in a manner hardly to be surpassed. There is also a beautiful play of architectural lines and ornament in the front of the building, indicative of a pure Italian taste, and giving to the edifice, if not the air of towering grandeur, at least of dignified splendour. But I had forgotten to mention, that, within about two leagues nearer to Lintz, on this same opposite side of the Danube, there is a country residence, or chateau, of the Emperor of Austria—which must command a most beautiful view of the monastery, but upon which the monastery seems even yet to look down in all the pride of ancient ecclesiastical superiority. As we approached it, every thing seemed to wear the aspect of comfort, wealth, and hospitality.

As usual, I ordered a late dinner, intending to pay my respects to the Principal, and obtain permission to

the monastery, in its ancient state, previously to the restoration of it, in its present form, by DIETMAYR—of whom the ensuing pages treat. As usual, Stengelius is lavish in commendation of the existing Heads of the monasteries which he describes ; but Valentinus seems to have had peculiarly strong claims upon his admiration and gratitude.

inspect the library. My late monastic visits had inspired me with confidence; and I marched up the steep sides of the hill, upon which the monastery is built, quite assured of the success of the visit I was about to pay. In the meanwhile, Mr. Lewis had commenced operations of a different kind, in a different quarter. It was resolved that he should make a view of this far-famed monastery; and we both thought no place more likely to afford the requisites for a good view, than the high road just upon entering the town. Mr. L. therefore had three good hours for the execution of his task,* and I had necessarily the same time for the accomplishment of my own.

You must leave the artist to his work, and accompany the bibliographer to the monastery. In five minutes from entering the outer gate of the first quadrangle—looking towards Vienna, and which is the more ancient part of the building — I was in conversation with the Vice Principal and Librarian, each of us speaking Latin. I delivered the letter which I had received at Salzburg, and proceeded to the library. In proceeding with the Librarian along a corridor, I passed a portly figure, with an expressive countenance, dressed precisely like the late Duke of Norfolk, in black waist-coat, breeches, and stockings, with a gray coat. He

* How Mr. Lewis has executed the task in question, may be seen from the OPPOSITE PLATE; which affords a view of the Monastery, with the Danube flowing at its base, from the situation mentioned in the text. The country people, about to enter the town, are paying their passing act of adoration before a stone pillar, containing some sculptured subject from Scripture—I think, the *Agony in the Garden*. The view, for the size of the building, is perhaps on too small a scale.



MONASTERY AT MOLL, IN AUSTRIA.



might seem to be a sort of small paper copy of that well-known personage, for he resembled him in countenance as well as in dress. On meeting, he saluted me graciously : and he had no sooner passed, than my guide whispered in my ear, “ THAT is the famous bibliographer, the ABBÉ STRATTMAN, late principal librarian to the Emperor.” I was struck at this intelligence ; and wished to run back after the Abbé,—but, in a minute, found myself within the library. I first went into a long, narrow, room—devoted, the greater part, to MSS. : and at the hither end of which (that is, the end where I entered) were two figures—as large as, and painted after, the life. They were cut out in wood, or thick pasteboard ; and were stuck in the centre of the space between the walls. One was an old gentleman, with a pair of bands, and a lady, his wife, opposite to him. Each was sitting upon a chair. A dog (if I remember rightly) was between them. The effect was at first rather *startling* ; for these good folks, although they had been sitting for the best part of a century, looked like life—and as if they were going to rise up, and interrogate you for impertinently intruding upon their privacy. On enquiry, I found that the old gentleman had been a great pedagogue, and a great benefactor to the library : in short, the very MSS. by which we were surrounded were *solid* proofs of his liberality. I was urgent and particular about the *contents* of these MSS. ; but my guide (otherwise a communicative and well-informed man) answered my questions in a manner so general, as to lead me to conclude they had never been sufficiently

examined. There might be at least four thousand volumes in this long and narrow room.

From thence we proceeded, across a passage, to a small room—filled with common useful books, for the lads of which the monastic society is now composed, and who I learnt were about one hundred and twenty in number. There were, however, at one end of this room, some coins and medals. I was curious about ascertaining whether they had any *Greek gold coins*, but was answered that they had none. This room is divided into two, by a partition something like the modern fashion of dividing our drawing rooms. The whole is profusely ornamented with paintings executed upon the walls; rather elegantly than otherwise. The view from this library is really enchanting—and put every thing seen, from a similar situation at Landshut, and almost even at Chremsminster, out of my recollection. You look down upon the Danube, catching a fine sweep of the river, as it widens in its course towards Vienna. A man might sit, read, and gaze—in such a situation—till he fancied he had scarcely one earthly want! I now descended a small stair-case, which brought me directly into the large library — forming the right wing of the building, looking up the Danube towards Lintz.* I had scarcely uttered three notes of admiration, when the Abbé Strattman entered; and to my surprise and satisfaction, addressed me by name. We immediately

* A glance upon the Copper Plate View of the monastery will shew this exactly. The right wing is there the *off*, or left side, of the building—from the point of view in question.

commenced an ardent and incessant conversation in the French language, which the Abbé speaks fluently and correctly. He began with enquiries after Lord Spencer and Mr. Edwards; not having heard of the death of the latter; — and expressed great satisfaction upon finding that Mr. E. had left his widow and family in circumstances approaching to opulence. We then darted at once into the lore of bibliography of the fifteenth century; when the Abbé descanted largely upon the wonders I should see at Vienna: — especially the Sweynheims and Pannartz' UPON VELLUM! “Here (continued he) there is absolutely nothing worthy of your inspection. We have here no edit. prin. of *Horace*, or *Virgil*, or *Terence*, or *Lucretius*: a copy of the *Decretals of Pope Boniface*, of the date of 1465, is our earliest and only VELLUM treasure of the xvth century. But you will doubtless take the *Monastery of Göttwic* in your way?” I replied that I was wholly ignorant of the existence of such a monastery. “Then see it—(said he)—and see it carefully; for the library contains *Incunabula* of the most curious and scarce kind. Besides, its situation is the noblest in Austria.” You will give me credit for not having waited for a *second* importunity to see such a place, before I answered—“I will most assuredly visit the monastery of Göttwic.”

I now took a leisurely survey of the library; which is, beyond any doubt, the finest room of its kind which I have seen upon the Continent: — not for its size, but for its style of architecture, and the materials of which it is composed. I was told that it was “the Imperial Library in miniature:”—but with this differ-

ence, let me here add, in favour of Mölk—that it looks over a magnificently-wooded country, with the Danube rolling its rapid course at its base. The wainscot and shelves are walnut tree, of different shades, inlaid, or dovetailed, surmounted by gilt ornaments. The pilasters have Corinthian capitals of gilt; and the bolder or projecting parts of a gallery, which surrounds the room, are covered with the same metal. Every thing is in harmony. There is a play of line, and proportion of parts, about the whole, which accords singularly with the scenery viewed from the windows—especially as you stand at one end, contemplating the other. This library may be about a hundred feet in length, by forty in width. It is sufficiently well furnished with books, of the ordinary useful class, and was once, I suspect, much richer in the bibliographical lore of the fifteenth century. The Abbé Strattman bade me examine a *MS. of Horace*, of the xiith century, which he said had been inspected by Mitscherlich.* It seemed to be of the period adjudged to it. The Vice-Principal, M. PALLAS, now made his appearance. He talked French readily, and we all four commenced a very interesting conversation. “Did any books ever travel out of this library?”—said I. “Surely there must be many, which are rather objects of curiosity than of utility: rarely consulted, no doubt; but which, by being exchanged for others of a more modern and useful description, would contribute more

* *inspected by Mitscherlich.*]—I do not however find it in the *Notitia Literaria* prefixed to the edition of Horace, published by Mitscherlich in 1800: see vol. i. p. xxvi. where he notices the MSS. of the poet which are deposited in the libraries of Germany.

effectually to the purposes of public education, in an establishment of such magnitude?"

These questions I submitted with great deference, and without the least hesitation, to the Vice Principal; who replied in such a manner as to induce me immediately to ascend the staircase, and commence a reconnaissance among the books placed above the gallery. The result of twenty minutes examination was, if not absolutely of the *most* gratifying kind, at least sufficient to induce me to offer *twenty louis d'or* for some thirty volumes, chiefly thin quartos, containing many Greek grammatical and philosophical tracts, of which I had never before seen copies. Some scarce and curious theological Latin tracts were also in this number. I turned the books upon their fore-edges, leaving their ends outwards, in order to indicate those which had been selected. M. Pallas told me that he could say nothing definitive in reply,* for that the

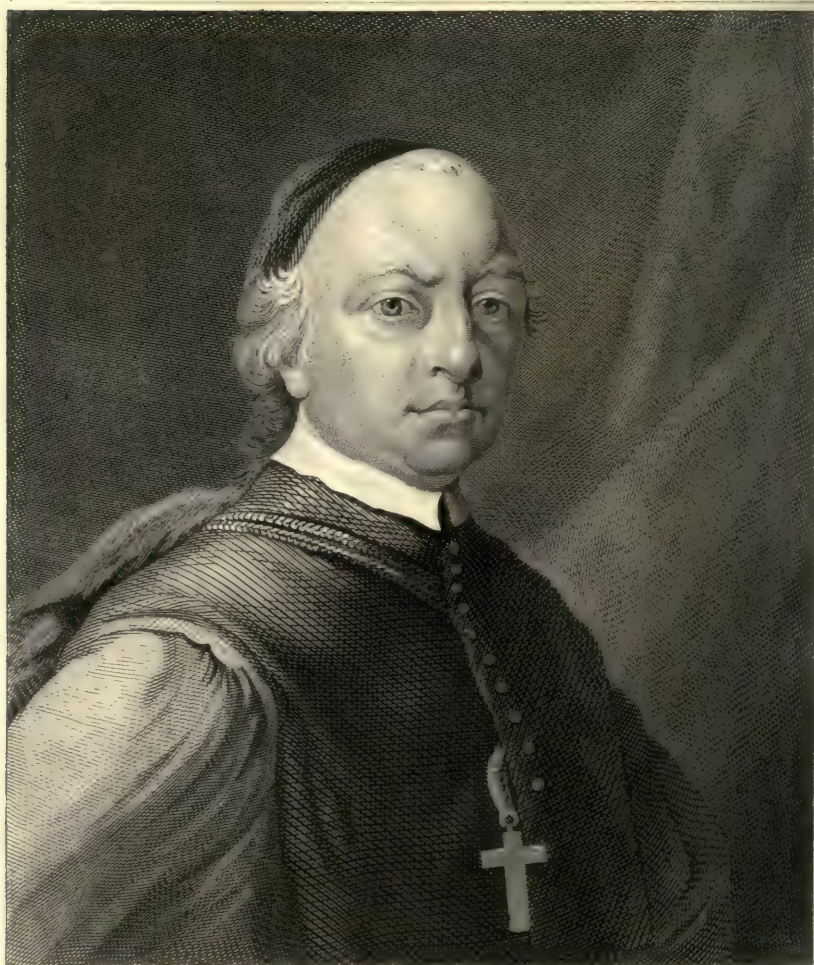
* *nothing definitive in reply.*]—It was not till my arrival at Manheim, on my return to Paris, that I received the "definitive reply" of the worthy Sub-Principal—which was after the following manner. "Monsieur—La lettre du 21 Septembre, que vous m'avez faite l'honneur de m'écrire, je ne l'ai reçue que depuis peu, c'est-à-dire, depuis le retour de mon voyage. Les scrupules que vous faites touchant l'échange des livres, ont été levés par vous-même dans l'instant que vous en avez faites la proposition. Mais, malheureusement, la lettre qui devait apporter la confirmation du Prélat, n'a apportée que la triste nouvelle de sa mort. Vous sentez bien, que dès ce moment il ne sauroit plus être question de rien. Je ne doute pas, que quoique aucun livre ancien ne soit jusqu'à ce moment sorti de la Bibliothèque du Couvent, le Prélat n'eut fait une exception honorable en égard à l'illustre personnage auquel ces livres ont été destinés et à la collec-

matter must be submitted to the Prelate, or head of the monastery, who, at that time, was at Vienna, perhaps at the point of death. From the library we went to the church. This latter is situated between the two wings: the wings themselves forming the Saloon and the library. As we were about to leave the library, the Abbé observed—"Here, we have food for the *mind*: in the opposite quarter we dine, which is food for the *body*:* between both, is the church, which contains food for the *soul*." On entering the corridor, I looked up and saw the following inscription (from 1. *Mac.* c. xii. v. 9.) over the library door:

tion unique d'un art, qui a fait naître toutes les bibliothèques, &c. J'ai l'honneur, &c. votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur, JOACHIM PALLAS. Capitulaire de l'Abbaye de Melk."

* In an octavo volume published by a Dr. Cadet, who was a surgeon in Bonaparte's army in the campaign in Austria, in 1809, and who entitles his work — *Voyage en Autriche, en Moravie, et en Bavière*—published at Paris in 1818—we are favoured with a slight but spirited account of the monastery of Mönk—of the magnificence of its structure, and of the views seen from thence: but, above all, of the PRODUCE OF ITS CELLARS. The French Generals were lodged there, in their route to Vienna; and the Doctor, after telling us of the extent of the vaults, and that a carriage might be turned with ease in some of them, adds, "in order to have an idea of the abundance which reigns there, it may be sufficient only to observe, that, for four successive days, during the march of our troops through Mönk, towards Vienna, there were delivered to them not less than from 50 to 60,000 pints of wine per day—and yet scarcely one half of the stock was exhausted! The monastery, however, only contains twelve Religieux. The interior of the church is covered with such a profusion of gilt and rich ornaments, that when the sun shines full upon it, it is difficult to view it without being dazzled." Page 79.

The old monastery of Mönk successfully stood a siege of three



W. Levi del.

Wendlandt sculp.

BERTHOUD DIETMAYR.

Prelate and Prior of the Monastery at Mülk in Austria.

Born A.D. 1676. Died A.D. 1749.

London. Published for J. P. Colburn 1821

PRINTED BY G. H. KNEELAND

“Habentes solatio sanctos libros qui sunt in manibus nostris.” My next gratification was, a view of the portrait of BERTHOLDUS DIETMAYR—the founder, or rather the restorer, both of the library and of the monastery—possessing a countenance full of intelligence and expression.* Beneath the portrait, which is scarcely half the size of life, is the following distich :

*Bertholdi Dietmayr Quidquid Mortale, Tabella,
Ingentemque animum BIBLIOTHECA, refert.*

“There,” exclaimed the Abbé Strattmān—“there you have the portrait of a *truly* great man : one of the three select and privy counsellors of the Emperor Charles VI. Dietmayr was a man of a truly lofty soul, of a refined taste, and of unbounded wealth and liberality of spirit. Even longer than this edifice shall last, will the celebrity of its founder endure.” My heart overflowed with admiration, as I heard the words of the Abbé, and gazed intently upon the portrait of the Prelate Dietmayr. Such men keep the balance of this world even.

On reaching the bottom descending step, just before entering the church, the Vice Principal bade me look upwards and view the cork-screw stair-case. I did so : and to view and admire was one and the same operation of the mind. It was the most perfect and

months, against the Hungarians, in the year 1619. See *Germ. Austriaca*, &c. p. 18.

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE ; from a drawing of the original by Mr. Lewis, in pencil ; on our return from Vienna—when we slept at Mölk, and breakfasted the next morning with the Vice Principal and the Abbé Strattman.

extraordinary thing of the kind I had ever seen — the consummation (as I was told) of that particular species of art. The church is the very perfection of ecclesiastical Roman architecture : that of Chremsminster, although fine, being much inferior to it on the score of loftiness and richness of decoration. The windows are fixed so as to throw their concentrated light beneath a dome, of no ordinary height, and of no ordinary elegance of decoration ; but this dome is suffering from damp, and the paintings upon the ceiling will, unless repaired, be effaced in the course of a few years. The church is in the shape of a cross ; and at the end of each of the transepts, is a rich altar, with statuary, in the style of art usual about a century ago. The pews—made of dark mahogany or walnut tree, much after the English fashion, but lower and more tasteful—are placed on each side of the nave, on entering ; with ample space between them. They are exclusively appropriated to the tenants of the monastery. At the end of the nave, you look to the left, opposite,—and observe, placed in a recess—a PULPIT . . which, from top to bottom, is completely covered with gold ! And yet, there is nothing gaudy, or tasteless, or glaringly obtrusive, in this extraordinary clerical rostrum. The whole is in the most perfect taste ; and perhaps more judgment was required to manage such an ornament, or appendage, — consistently with the splendid style of decoration exacted by the founder (for it was expressly the Prelate Dietmayr's wish that it *should* be so adorned) than may, on first consideration, be supposed. Be this as it may, the pulpit in question is doubtless, of its kind, the very nonpareil of gilt pul-

pits—and what is worth mentioning, it harmonises, in every respect, with the building in which it is placed. In fact, the whole church is in a blaze of gold; and I was told that the gilding alone cost upwards of ninety thousand florins. Upon the whole, I understood that the church of this monastery was considered as the most beautiful in Austria; and I can easily believe it to be so.

The time flew away so quickly that there was no opportunity of seeing the Saloon. Indeed, I was informed that it was occupied by the students—an additional reason why I *ought* to have seen it. “But have you no old paintings, Mr. Vice Principal—no Burgmairs, Cranachs, or Albert Durers?” said I to M. Pallas. “Ha! (observed he in reply,) you like old pictures, then, as well as old books. Come with me—and you shall be satisfied.” So saying, the Abbé Strattman left us, and I followed the Vice Principal—into a small, wainscoted room, of which he touched the springs of some of the compartments, and anon there was exhibited to my view a series of sacred subjects, relating to the Life of Christ, executed by the first and last named masters: exceedingly fresh, vigorously painted, and one or two of them very impressive, but bordering upon the grotesque. I am not sure whether I saw any thing more striking of the kind even in the extraordinary collection at Augsbourg.* From this room I was conducted into the Prelate’s apartment, where I observed a bed—in an arched recess—which might be called a bed of state. “Our

* See page 207, ante.

Prelate has left his apartment for the last time ; he will never sleep in this bed again” — observed Mr. Pallas, fixing himself at the foot of it, and directing his eyes towards the pillow. I saw what it was to be beloved and respected ; for the Vice Principal took the end of his gown to wipe away a little *dust* (as he was pleased to call it—but I suspect it was a starting tear) which had fallen into his eye. I was then shewn a set of china, manufactured at Vienna — upon some of the pieces of which, were painted views of the monastery—that had been presented to the Prelate ; and was then, as a final exhortation, requested to view the country around me. As I have before remarked, this country was enchantingly fine.

The clock of the monastery struck five, when I hastened to the inn, to meet my companion at our snug dinner table. Mr. L. shewed me what had been the result* of *his* labours, and I own that such a result charmed me exceedingly : the view of the monastery being at once true, delicate, and picturesque. Those who stop to dine at this inn, will have no reason to complain of want either of attention, good fare, or reasonable charges. We lingered longer than we were wont to do over our dessert and white wine, when the valet came to announce to us that from thence to *St. Pölten* was a long stage ; and that if we wished to reach the latter before dark, we had not ten minutes to spare. This hint was sufficient : and the ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when we were on the high road to *St. Pölten*. We had probably traversed a German league,

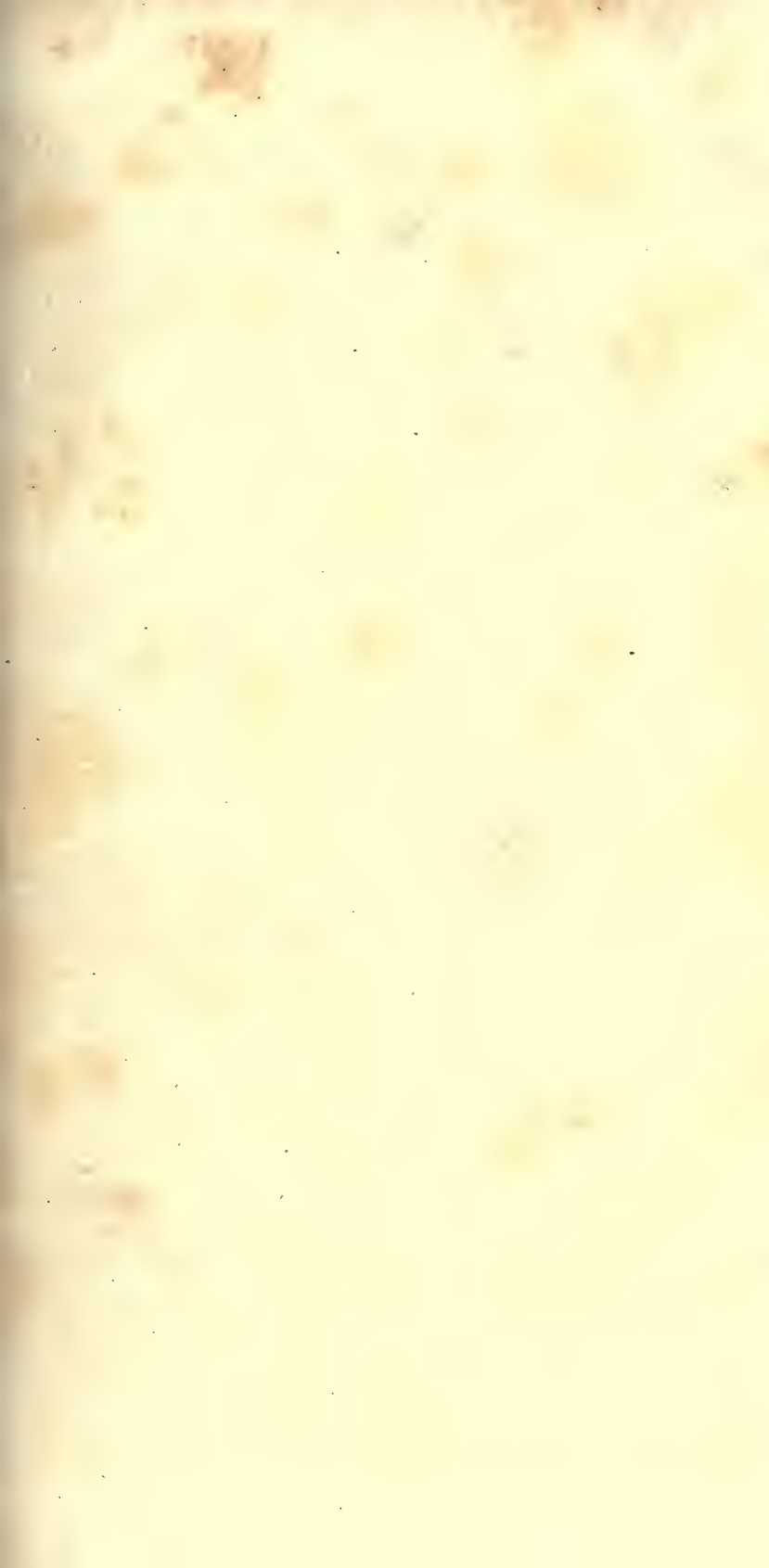
* See page 408, ante.

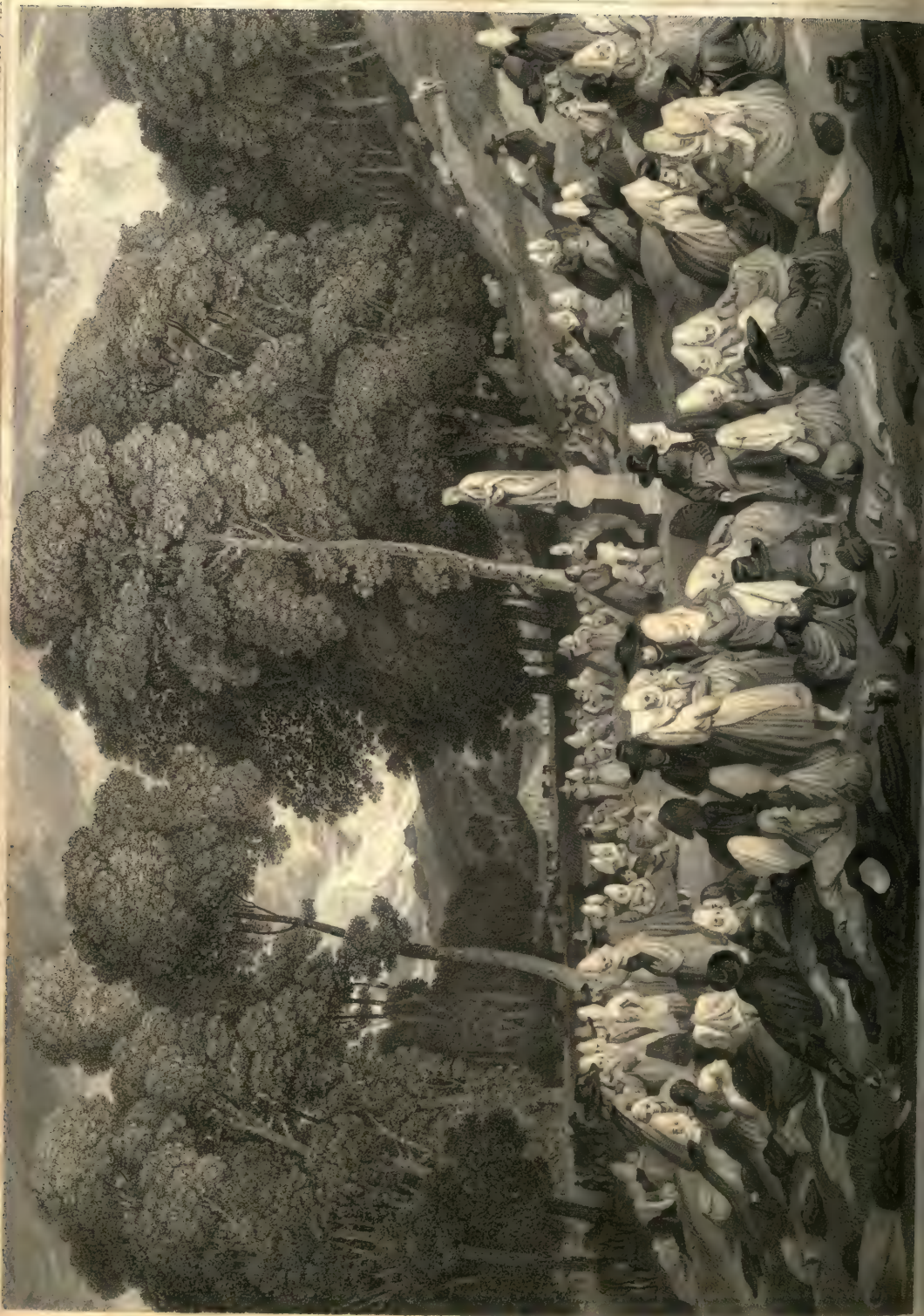
when we noticed a fine large mountain to our right, tipped with snow. This was probably the last year's snow, but whether such a covering was perennial, I could not learn. The postboy, although he understood his craft "right cunningly," seemed to possess not one single idea beyond that of brandishing his whip and harnessing his cattle. To *his* eye, mountains and plains were alike; and to his feelings, snow and verdure were of the same colour and character. I was very desirous of knowing, as we went along, the names of the different villages, and of several chains of hills to the right—which seemed to be of a most commanding elevation. But, to every question which the valet put to the post-boy, the latter replied "I cannot tell." Again, further in the distance, to the right, "hills peeped o'er hills," &c. but . . . daylight was now beginning to fail . . . and imagination to supply the place of reality. There was an end therefore to all accuracy of conjecture, and it was with pain that I witnessed the rapid advance of evening. It was indeed almost with the last glimmer of daylight that we entered St. Pölten; yet we could observe, on descending the hill by which we entered it, a stone crucifix, with the usual accompanying group. We resolved to give it a careful examination on the morrow.

The inn at St. Pölten (I think it was the Dolphin) surprised us by its gaiety and neatness. The rooms were papered so as to represent gothic interiors, or ornamented gardens, or shady bowers. Every thing was—almost—as an Englishman could wish it to be. Early in the morning we were out of doors—both of us examining the crucifix in question—which is rather

coarse than elegant, but not divested of a certain solemnity of expression. On looking in the direction where we had perceived the highest chain of hills, the preceding evening, I found them, by the morning light, to be covered with snow—and probably at the distance of thirty miles. Having learnt that the MONASTERY OF GÖTTWIC was a digression of only some twelve or fourteen miles, we resolved to set off to visit it immediately after an early breakfast. This resolution filled Mr. Lewis with delight, approaching to ecstasy.

We had scarcely left the town, when we observed a group of rustics, with a crucifix carried in front—indicating that they were about to visit some consecrated spot, for the purpose of fulfilling a vow or performing an annual pilgrimage. I stopped the carriage, that we might take a survey of, to us, so novel a scene; but I confess that there was nothing in it which induced us to wish to be one of the party. If I mistake not, this was the first pilgrimage or procession, of the kind, which we had seen in Austria, or even in Bavaria. It was a sorry cavalcade. Some of the men, and even women, were without shoes and stockings; and they were scattered about the road in a very loose, straggling manner. Many of the women wore a piece of linen, or muslin, half way up their faces, over the mouth; and although the road was not very smooth, both men and women appeared to be in excellent spirits, and to move briskly along — occasionally singing, and looking up to the crucifix—which a stout young man carried at the head of them. They were moving in the direction of the Monastery of Göttwic.





It was cold and cloudy at starting ; but on leaving the main road, and turning to the left, the horizon cleared up—and it was evident that a fine day was in store for us. Our expectations were raised in proportion to the increasing beauty of the day. The road, though a cross one, was good—winding through a pleasant country, and affording an early glimpse of the monastery in question—at the distance of at least ten miles—and situated upon a lofty eminence. The first view of it was grand and imposing, and stimulated us to urge our horses to a speedier course. The country continued to improve. Some vineyards were beginning to shew the early blush of harvest; and woods of fir, and little meandering streams running between picturesque inequalities of ground, gave an additional interest to every additional mile of the route. At length we caught a glimpse of a crowd of people — halting—in all directions. Some appeared to be sitting, others standing, more lying—and a good number engaged in devotion before a statue. As we approached them, we observed the statue to be that of St. Francis ; around which this numerous group of pilgrims appeared to have marshalled themselves — making a HALT in their pilgrimage (as we afterwards learnt) to the monastery of Göttwic. Mr. Lewis again called his pencil into play ; and we stopped while he transferred a very rough but accurate sketch of the scene—to be finished at his leisure during the journey. How the performance, when finished, will tell the story, you will best judge from a careful examination. Indeed I do not scruple to rank it among the very happiest efforts

of the artist's pencil. The building, upon an eminence in the back ground, is the monastery in question.

The day continued to become more and more brilliant, and the scenery to keep pace with the weather. It was evident that we were now nearing the monastery very rapidly. On catching the first distinct view of it, my companion could not restrain his admiration. At this moment, from the steepness of the ascent, we thought it prudent to descend, and walk to the monastery; there being leisure and opportunity for Mr. Lewis to do what he pleased with his pencil from the magnificent scenery before him.

For myself, I reached in due time the gates of the monastery—viewing both the carriage and Mr. L. far below me in the distance. The view from thence was both commanding and enchanting; and I should think I was at the time standing upon ground considerably higher even than the citadel of Salzburg. The Danube was the grand feature in the landscape; while, near its very borders, at the distance perhaps of three English miles, stood the post town of Chrems. The opposite heights of the Danube were well covered with wood. The sun now shone in his meridian splendour, and every feature of the country seemed to be in a glow with his beams. I next turned my thoughts to gain entrance within the monastery, and by the aid of my valet it was not long before that wished for object was accomplished. The interior is large and handsome, but of less architectural splendor than Mölk or even St. Florian. The librarian, Odilo Klama, was from home. Not a creature was to be found; and I

was pacing the cloisters with a dejected air, when my servant announced to me that the Vice Principal would receive me, and conduct me to the Head or President.

This was comforting intelligence. I revived in an instant ; and following, along one corridor, and up divers stair-cases, I seemed to be gaining the summit of the building, when a yet more spacious corridor brought me to the door of the President's apartments : catching views, on my way thither, of increasing extent and magnificence. But all consideration of exterior objects was quickly lost on my reception at head quarters. The Principal, whose name is *ALTMANN*, was attired in a sort of half-dignity dress ; a gold chain and cross hung upon his breast, and a black silk cap covered his head. A gown, and what seemed to be a cassock, covered his body. He had the complete air of a gentleman, and might have turned his fiftieth year. His countenance bespoke equal intelligence and benevolence :—but alas ! not a word of French could he speak—and Latin was therefore necessarily resorted to by both parties. I entreated him to forgive all defects of composition and of pronunciation ; at which he smiled graciously. The Vice Principal then bowed to the Abbot and retreated ; but not before I had observed them to whisper apart—and to make gesticulations which I augured to portend something in the shape of providing refreshment, if not dinner. My suspicion was quickly confirmed ; for, on the V. Principal quitting the apartment, the Abbot observed to me—“ you will necessarily partake of our dinner—which is usually at *one* o'clock ; but which I have postponed till

three, in order that I may conduct you over the monastery, and shew you what is worthy of observation. You have made a long journey hither, and must not be disappointed."

The manner in which this was spoken was as courteous as the purport of the speech was hospitable. "Be pleased to be covered (continued the Abbot) and I will conduct you forthwith to the Library: although I regret to add that our Librarian Odilo is just now from home—having gone, for the day, upon a botanical excursion towards Chrems—as it is now holiday time." In our way to the library, I asked the Principal respecting the revenues of the establishment and its present condition—whether it were flourishing or otherwise—adding, that Chremsminster appeared to me to be in a very flourishing state." "They are much wealthier (observed the Principal) at Chremsminster than we are here. Establishments like this, situated near a metropolis, are generally more *severely* visited than are those in a retired and remote part of the kingdom. Our very situation is inviting to a foe, from its commanding the adjacent country. Look at the prospect around you. It is unbounded. On yon opposite wooded heights, (on the other side of the Danube) we all saw, from these very windows, the fire and smoke of the advanced guard of the French army, in contest with the Austrians, upon Bonaparte's first advance towards Vienna. The French Emperor himself took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and we entertained him the next day with the best *dejeuné à la fourchette* which we could afford. He seemed well satisfied with his reception—but I own that I was glad when he left

us. Strangers to arms in this tranquil retreat, and visited only, as you may now visit us, for the purpose of peaceful hospitality—it agitated us extremely to come in contact with warriors and chieftains.”

The preceding was not delivered in one uninterrupted flow of language; but I only string it together as answers to various questions put by myself. “Observe yonder”—continued the Abbot—“do you notice an old castle in the distance, to the left, situated almost upon the very banks of the Danube?” “I observe it well,” replied I. “That castle (answered he) so tradition reports, once held your Richard the First, when he was detained a prisoner by Leopold Marquis of Austria, on his return from the Holy-Land.” The more the Abbot spoke, and the more I continued to gaze around, the more I fancied myself treading upon faëry ground, and that the scene in which I was engaged partook of the illusion of romance. “Our funds (continued my intelligent guide, as he placed his hand upon my arm, and arrested our progress towards the library) need be much more abundant than they really are. We have great burdens to discharge. All our food is brought from a considerable distance, and we are absolutely dependant upon our neighbours for water, as there are neither wells nor springs in the soil.” “I wonder (replied I) why such a spot was chosen—except for its insulated and commanding situation—as water is the first requisite in every monastic establishment?” “Do you then overlook the *Danube*?”—resumed he—“We get our fish from thence; and upon the whole, feel our wants less than it

might be supposed. Only it is expensive to be paying for the conveyance of such things."

In our way to the Library, I observed a series of oil paintings along the corridor — which represented the history of the founder, and of the foundation, of the monastery.* The artist's name was, if I remember rightly, Helgendoeffer—or something like it. Many

* *history of the founder and of the foundation of the monastery.*] This history has come down to us from well authenticated materials; however, in the course of its transmission, it may have been partially coloured with fable and absurdities. The Founder of the Monastery was ALTMANN, Bishop of Passau; who died in the year 1091, about twenty years after the foundation of the building. The two ancient biographies of the Founder, each by a Monk or Principal of the monastery, are introduced into the collection of Austrian historians by *Pez*; vol. i. col. 112—162. Stengelius has a bird's eye view of the monastery, as it appeared in 1638, and before the principal suite of apartments was built. But it is yet in an unfinished state; as the Abbot presented me with a small card, containing a view of the monastery from a copper-plate engraving, with the intended additions and improvements. These latter, in all probability, will never be carried into effect. This monastery enjoyed, of old, great privileges and revenues. It had twenty-two parish churches—four towns—several villages, &c. subject to its ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and these parishes, together with the monastery itself, were not under the visitation of the Diocesan (of Passau) but of the Pope himself. Stengelius (*Monasteriologia*, sign. C) speaks of the magnificent views seen from the summit of the monastery, on a clear day; observing, however, (even in his time) that it was without springs or wells, and that it received the rain water in leaden cisterns. "Cæterum (adds he) amœnissimum et planè aspectu jucundissimum habet situm." Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, this monastery appears to have taken the noble form under which it is at present beheld. It has not however escaped from more than one severe visitation by the Turks.

of the subjects were curious, and none of them absolutely ill executed. I observed the devil, or some imp, introduced in more than one picture; and remarked upon it to my guide. He said—"where will you find truth unmixed with fiction?" My observation was adroitly parried; and we now found ourselves close to the library door; where three or four Benedictins, (for I should have told you that this famous monastery is of the order of *St. Benedict*) professors on the establishment, were apparently waiting to receive us. They first saluted the Abbot very respectfully, and then myself, with a degree of cheerfulness amounting almost to familiarity. In a *remote* and strange place, of such a character, nothing is more encouraging than such a reception. Two of our newly joined associates could luckily speak the French language, which rendered my intercourse with the Principal yet more pleasing and satisfactory to myself. The library door was now opened, and I found myself within a long and spacious room—of which the bookshelves were composed of walnut tree—but of which the architectural ornaments were scarcely to be endured, after having so recently seen those in the library of Mölk. However, it may be fairly said that the Library was worthy of the Monastery: well stored with books and MSS., and probably the richest in *bibliographical* lore in Austria, after that at Vienna. I told the Principal what the Abbé Strattman had said, at Mölk, of the treasures of his collection; and he begged I would set to work to see whether it deserved such a character. "But remember (said he) that you visit

our church and crypt." "Whatever you please, excellent Sir; but one at a time."—rejoined I.

So saying, I went to work immediately: and I herewith send you a copy of the list of those earlier books which were placed before me, and which I made with the said books "*oculis subjecti*." It must be considered as quite an off-hand bibliographical sketch. Of **Block Books**, here are the first editions of the *Ars Memorandi*, the *Biblia Pauperum Lat.* and the *Apocalypse*; together with a comparatively modern edition of the *Ars Moriendi*. After the wonders of this kind, seen at Munich, the preceding were perhaps viewed by me with rather a fastidious eye—but they are to be numbered among the treasures of the monastery. Of early *Bibles*, there is the supposed first German version, but no edition by Mentelin. There is an *Italian Version* of the Bible, printed at Venice in 1477, by *Gabriel de Piero Trivisano*, in double columns, in a small, close, and downright ugly black letter, in folio; and an edition of the *Gospels and Epistles*, in Italian, printed by *Christopher Arnoldus* in a small folio; in a round handsome roman type: the 1st and 97th leaves are however wanting. Of the *Catholicon*, printed by *G. Zeiner*, in 1469, there is a copy, in one huge folio volume, UPON VELLUM. It is large, sound, and illuminated: preferable to a similar copy in the public library at Munich.* There is also a sound, but cropt copy, of the *Decretals of Gratian*, printed by *Schoeffer* in 1470, UPON VELLUM. Of *St.*

* See p. 291, ante.

Austin's De Civ. Dei, printed by *Spira*, in 1470, there is a fine large copy, but much written upon towards the beginning.

There are some *Petrarchs* worth noticing ; and first, of a rare, and to me, before, unknown edition, in Italian, of the *De Casibus Viror. Illustrium* — of which the colophon is thus ;

Illustres opere hoc viros perire
Francisci ingenium uetat Petra[r]cha
Non scripto calamo anseris ac penna
Antiquarius istud aere Felix
Impressit : fuit Innocens Ziletus
Adiutor sociusq ; rure Polliano : M.C:C:C:C:LXXVI : : :
Verona ad lapidem iacente quartum KL : OCTOBRIS

Next, is an edition of the *Sonnets*, printed by *Jenson*, 1473, folio—sound copy ; and another edition of the same, printed by *Leonard Achates* in 1474, folio,—neither of them by any means a common book. To these may be added a beautiful copy of an edition of the *Sonnets*, with the Commentary of T. Filelfo, of the date of 1478, in folio—printed in the gothic letter. But one of the most puzzling, and to me previously unseen, books, was that entitled *Diui Ambrosii Episcopi Mediolanensis Hexahemeors* (for *Hexameron*) — of which the colophon is thus :

DIVI AMBROSII EPISCOPI MEDIOLANENSIS DE
CAIN ET ABEL LIBER

FINIT

M. CCCC. LX.

DEO OMNIPOTENTI INFINITAS GRATIAS.

The above is the latter piece in this curious volume ;

and has signatures — A, to V, 10 : at the end, we read an ancient ms. memorandum, thus : “ *Antonii Sevipandi ex Jani Parrhasij testamento* ” — from which, it should seem, that the book had been a bequest to Sevipandus by Parrhasius. I should however tell you, that there is a short, previous treatise, on the signatures AA, BB, with a blank leaf between these signatures. This rare book has doubtless a false date—with reference to the period of its being printed; and we should probably read 1480 for 1460. It seems to have been executed at *Venice*, and has the diphthong æ; although the press work be less elegant than that in the performances of Jenson. Nor is it, I think, a performance of Valdarfer.

Here is the *Spira Priscian* of 1470, quite perfect, with the exception of the first leaf. The earlier leaves are indifferent, but the latter part of the volume is in all its pristine glory. If the *vellum* copy of this date, at Paris,* were thus glorious! Here is also a fair, sound copy, of the edit. prin. of *Pompeius Festus* of 1471, in 4to., as well as a large and sound copy of the edit. prin. of *Nonius Marcellus*, 1471, folio. Bound up with this latter book, is a good copy of *Jenson's Cæsar* of 1471, folio. Here is a pretty copy of an uncommon, and not uninteresting, poem of *Antonius Sabellicus in Munitionem Sontiacam*, in 4to.† The remaining books must be yet more briefly described — *Confessi-*

* See vol. ii. page 294.

† The colophon of this book may be seen in a copy sold among the duplicates of Lord Spencer's library,—obtained from the CASSANO COLLECTION at Naples. See No. 275 of the Catalogue.

onale of 1473, 4to. printed by *Christopher Arnoldus*, at Venice, with another treatise (of which I have mislaid the title) also in the Italian language. A tolerably fair copy of the edit. prin. of *Quintus Curtius*, by *Laver*. The very rare edition of some of the *Philosophical Works of Cicero*, of the date of 1472, folio, printed in the type of the edit. prin. of *Ausonius*, of the same date :— perhaps the scarcest of any book hitherto mentioned. *Laurentius Valla*, 1471, printed by *Jenson*. *Med. I. de Turrecremata*, 1473, by *Ulric Han*, with the plates uncoloured. *Medit. Vitæ Christi*, 1468 ; the first impression of the work, and the earliest specimen of the press of *G. Zainer*. The *Tyturrell* of 1477, as at *Strasbourg*, printed prose-wise. An Italian prose version of *Virgil's Æneid*, printed in 1476, folio, by *Herm. Levilap. de Colonia* ; of which I do not remember to have ever before seen a copy.

Nor shall the following be deemed unworthy to form an effective rear-guard to this highly creditable phalanx of Fifteeners. *Duns Scotus* — 1473, folio, by *I. de Rheno* : rare. *Gulielmus de Saliceto*, folio — in Italian — of which the colophon runneth thus :

*Qui finisse la ciroxia de maistro guielmo da piaxêco
uulgarmête fata Impressa p̄ philippo de piero nel
giorno del segnor 1474, &c.*

The type of this edition is very singular. Beneath the colophon, in ms., we read thus : “ *Wilhelmus de Saliceto—rarissima editio.* ” *Virgil*, 1474, folio, by *P. de Lavagna*—very rare. *Vitæ Diversorum Principum et Tyrannorum*, &c. *Eutropius*, *Paulus Diaconus*, &c. printed by *P. de Lavagna* : all these works in one folio

volume—a beautiful and large copy. *Repertorium N. de Milis*, printed by Laver in 1475, folio, in double columns: a fine large copy. *Tractatus de Venenis*, printed in 1473, 4to., at Mantua, in a close, small, uncommon roman type: at the end of which is a work entitled *Confessionale Vulgare*. Such is the necessarily hasty sketch—surrounded by five Benedictin monks, one of whom was the Principal of the monastery—which I was compelled to make of what appeared to me to be among the more rare and precious books, printed in the xvth century, which are preserved in the library of Göttwic monastery.

We now entered the saloon, for dinner. It was a large, light, and lofty room. The ceiling was covered with paintings of allegorical subjects, in fresco, descriptive of the advantages of piety and learning. Among the various groups, I thought I could discern—as I could only take a hasty survey during my meal—the apotheosis of the founder of the monastery. Perhaps I rather wished to see it there, than that it was absolutely depicted. However, we sat down, at the high table—precisely as you may remember it in the halls at Oxford—to a plentiful and even elegant repast. The Principal did me the honour of placing me at his right hand. Grace was no sooner said, than Mr. Lewis made his appearance, and seemed to eye the scene before him with mingled delight and astonishment. He had, in fact, just completed his sketch of the monastery, and seemed well satisfied at seeing me in such quarters, and so occupied. The brethren were well pleased to receive him, but first begged to have a glance at the drawing—with which they were highly

gratified. I send it to you therefore—improved by the finishing touches of light and shade. The party, approaching the monastery, are some stragglers from the pilgrims whom you saw halting round the statue of St. Francis.



Frederick Gould

My companion having joined the festive board, the conversation, and the cups of Rhenish wine, seemed equally to circulate without restraint. We were cheerful, even to loud mirth; and the smallness of the party, compared with the size of the hall, caused the sounds of our voices to be reverberated from every quarter. Meantime, the sun threw his radiant beams through a window of noble dimensions, quite across the saloon—so as to keep us in shadow, and illuminate the other parts of the room. Thus we were cool, but the day without had begun to be sultry. Behind me, or rather between the Abbot and myself, stood a grave, sedate, and inflexible-looking attendant—of large, square dimensions—habited in a black gown, which scarcely reached the skirts of his coat. He spake not; he moved not—save when he saw my glass emptied, which, without any previous notice or permission, he made a scrupulous point of filling . . . even to the very brim . . . with the most highly flavoured Rhenish wine which I had yet tasted in Germany. Our glasses being almost of the size of ale-glasses, it behoved me to cast an attentive eye upon this replenishing process; and I told the worthy master of the table that we should be quickly revelling in our cups. He assured me that the wine, although good, was weak; but begged that I would consider myself at liberty to act as I pleased.

In due time, the cloth was cleared; and a dessert, consisting chiefly of delicious peaches, succeeded. A new order of bottles was introduced: tall, square, and capacious; which were said to contain wine of the same quality, but of a more delicate flavour. It proved

indeed to be most exquisite. The past labours of the day, together with the growing heat, had given a relish to every thing which I tasted ; and, in the full flow of my spirits, I proposed — a sentiment, which I trusted would be considered as perfectly orthodox. “ Long life and happy times to the present members, and increasing prosperity to the Monastery of Göttwic.” It was received and drank with enthusiasm. The Abbot then proceeded to give me an account of a visit paid him by Lord Minto, some years ago, when the latter was ambassador at Vienna ; and he spoke of that nobleman’s intelligent conversation, and amiable manners, in a way which did him great credit. “ Come, Sir ;” said he : “ you shall not find me ungrateful. I propose drinking prosperity and long life to every representative of the British nation who is resident at Vienna. May the union between your country and ours become indissoluble.” I then requested that we might withdraw — as the hours were flying away, and we purposed sleeping within one stage of Vienna on that same evening.

“ Your wishes shall be mine,” answered the Abbot. Whereupon he rose—with all the company — and, stepping some few paces backwards, placed his hands across his breast upon the gold cross ; half closed his eyes ; and said grace—briefly and softly ; in a manner the most impressive which I had ever witnessed. We then quickly left the noble room in which we had been banquetting, and prepared to visit the church and what might be called the state apartments, which we had not before seen. After the rooms at St. Florian, there was not much particularly to admire in those of

Göttwic: except that they appeared to be better lighted, and most of them commanded truly enchanting views of the Danube and of the surrounding country. In one room, of smaller dimensions, ornamented chiefly in white and gold (if I remember rightly) a *Collection of Prints* was kept; but those which I saw were not very remarkable for their antiquity, nor for their beauty of subject or of impression. But the sun was now getting low, and we had a stage of at least fourteen miles to accomplish ere we could think of retiring to rest.

“Show us now, worthy Sir, your crypt and church; and then, with pain be it pronounced, we must bid you farewell. Within little more than two hours, darkness will have covered the earth.” Such was my remark to the Abbot; who replied: “Say not so: we cannot part with you yet. At any rate you must not go without a testimony of the respect we entertain for the object of your visit. Those who love books, will not object to increase their own stock by a copy of our *CHRONICON GOTWICENSE*—commenced by one of my learned predecessors, but alas! never completed. Come with me to my room, before we descend to the church, and receive the work in question.” Upon which, the amiable Head of the monastery set off, at rather a hurried pace, with myself by the side of him — along more than one corridor—towards his own apartment, to present me with this Chronicle.* I received it

* *to present me with this CHRONICLE.*] — As it is extremely doubtful whether there are four copies of this valuable work in the kingdom, the reader may probably be obliged to me for the following account of it. It consists of two large folio volumes, or parts — con-

with every demonstration of respect — and entreated the donor to inscribe a “*dono dedit*” in the fly leaf,

taining, in fact, but one volume—and comprising 890 pages, without those of the preface and index. It has two engraved frontispieces, of which the second faces the title: *Chronicon Gotwicense, seu Annales Liberi & Exempti Monasterii Gotwicensis, Ord. S. Bened. &c. Ex Codicibus antiquis, Membranis et Instrumentis tum domesticis tum extraneis, depromptum.* The author was GODFRED BESSELIUS; Abbot of the monastery — as he signs himself in the dedication to the Emperor Charles VI.; but Brunet says that Oberlin has pronounced F. I. HAHN to be the real author. MANUEL DU LIBRAIRE, vol. i. page 147. Edit. 1814. Hahn is indeed highly spoken of in the xxxvith section of the preface. The work was printed at the Monastery of Tegernseen, of the Benedictin order, in the year 1732. It is called *Tomus I*: and is divided into FOUR BOOKS; of which the first treats *De Codicibus Antiquis Manuscriptis*; containing eleven separate copper-plates, with fac-similes of MSS. from the ixth to the xiiith centuries. Some of these plates exhibit very curious specimens of early art; being taken from MSS. in the principal libraries of Upper and Lower Austria. The SECOND BOOK treats “*De Imperatorum ac Regum Germaniæ Diplomatibus*,” containing xxvii separate copper plates, abounding with curious seals; and forming, with the preceding, an invaluable addition to Mabillon’s famous work upon the same subject.

Prefixed to the THIRD BOOK, which treats “*De Antiquorum Regum ac Imperatorum Teutonicorum Palatiis, Villis, et Curtibus Regiis*,” there is a half title called *Tomi Prodromi Pars Altera*. A copper plate of the towns, &c. mentioned in the preceding title, precedes the third book. The FOURTH BOOK is entitled “*De Germaniæ mediæ ævi Pagis*,” with a very large copper-plate map of the districts and villages in question, as they appeared in the middle ages. Both this, and the preceding book, contain an alphabetical list of the places mentioned—under all their varieties of ancient appellations. Two Indexes, followed by a large map entitled *Austrasiorum sive Franciæ Orientalis Ducatus*, &c. close the work — which is unfortunately left in an imperfect condition. From what is promised in the preface, the reader

which would render it yet more valuable in my estimation. He cheerfully complied with this request.

will the more regret the discontinuation of such a work. At sect. xxvi, p. xxv, the SECOND VOLUME (which is there said to be "in hand") promises an account of the ancient and more modern limits of middle Austria, together with its separation from, or its union with, *Styria*; an account of the rise, progress, and domestic annals of Göttwicz Monastery, with a history of its Abbots. The THIRD VOLUME was to give a succinct detail of Papal Bulls, Imperial edicts, with engravings of Seals, heraldic embellishments, &c. and a *Glossaria Theodisca*, and a *Nummophylacium Göttwicense*—the two latter of which would have been invaluable to the antiquary. It is indeed tantalising, even to painfulness of feeling, to hear the author talk thus—of these latter branches of his work—and look around for the fulfilment of his promises...in vain! "Non poterit non esse jucundissima tanta Diplomatum, Sigillorum, Signorum, antiquissimarumque Chartarum multitudo, nisi hominibus ab omni veteri memoria abhorrentibus"—sect. xxxix. A man who could feel and write thus—was, of all others, one of the very best calculated for the completion of such an herculean labour. Why it has never appeared in its complete form—notwithstanding the Privilege of the Emperor Charles VI. notices it as "existing in three volumes," I have never been able to ascertain. This masterly performance was reviewed in the *Act. Erudit. Lips.* for the year 1733: and every scholar who reads the conclusion of that review cannot but sympathize in the words of the author—"ut feliciter absolutum integrumque (opus) quam proxime in lucem publicam prodeat, vehementer optet."

On my arrival in England, I was of course equally anxious and happy to place the CHRONICON GÖTWICENSE in the library at Althorp. But I have not, in the text above, done full justice to the liberality of the present Abbot of the monastery. He gave me, in addition, a copy—of perhaps a still scarcer work—entitled "*Notitia Austriæ Antiquæ et Mediæ seu tam Norici Veteris quam Pagi et Marchæ, &c.*" by MAGNUS KLEIN, Abbot of the monastery, and of which the first volume only was published "typis Monasterii Tegernseensis," in 1781, 4to. This appears to be a very learned and curious work. And here . . . let me

The courtesy, the frankness, the downright heartiness of feeling — with which all this was done — together with the value of the present—rendered it one of the most delightful moments of my existence. I instinctively caught the Abbot's arm, pressed his hand with a cordial warmth between both of mine—and, pausing one little moment, exclaimed “ *Dies hic omnino commemoratione dignus !* ”

A sort of sympathetic shouting succeeded ; for, by this time, the whole of our party had reached the Abbot's rooms. I now requested to be immediately taken to the church ; and within five minutes we were in the crypt. It scarcely merits one word of description on the score of antiquity ; and may be, at at the furthest, somewhere about three centuries old. The church is small and quite unpretending, as a piece of architecture. While we were there, Mr. Lewis mentioned a curious little anecdote to me. He said, that he had previously entered it — in the early part of the day—and that, while he was occupied in taking a sketch of some portion of the altar, or of some contiguous ornament—one, of several females, who had also entered the church, and formed a portion of the company of pilgrims whom we had left behind—journeying

be allowed—for the sake of all lovers of autographs of good and great men — to close this long bibliographical note with a fac-simile of the hand writing (in the “ dono dedit ”—as above mentioned) of the amiable and erudite donor of these acceptable volumes. It is faithfully thus :—the original scription will only, I trust, perish with the book :

Altmannus Abbas Gottwicensis d. d.

towards Göttwic—came forward, and kissed his hand which held the pencil — “ as a compliment (so he was told) for the sacred use to which he was applying the instrument.” On quitting the church, and passing through the last court, or smaller quadrangle, we came to the outer walls; and leaving them, we discerned—below — the horses, carriage, and valet . . waiting to receive us. Our amiable Host and his Benedictin brethren determined to walk a little way down the hill, to see us fairly seated and ready to start. I entreated and remonstrated that this might not be; but in vain. On reaching the carriage, we all shook hands very cordially together, but certainly I pressed those of the Abbot more earnestly than the rest. We then saluted by uncovering; and, stepping into the carriage, I held aloft the first volume of the GÖTTWIC CHRONICLE — exclaiming . . *Valete, Domini eruditissimi : dies hic commemoratione dignus :*” to which the Abbot replied, with peculiarly emphatic sonorousness of voice, “ *Vale : Deus te, omnesque tibi charissimos, conservet.*” They then stopped for a moment . . . as the horses began to be put in motion . . . and retracing their steps up the hill, towards the outer gate of the monastery, disappeared. I thought—but it might not be so—that I discerned the Abbot, at the distance of some two hundred yards, yet lingering alone—with his right arm raised, and shaking it as the last and most affectionate token of farewell. And now I ask you, my dear friend, how is it possible for me ever to forget this “ day of joyaunce” spent at the monastery of Göttwic? “ *Nulla dies unquam,*” &c.

The evening was serene and mild; and the road,

although a cross way, was perfectly sound—winding through a country of fertility and picturesque beauty. We saw few vineyards: but those which met our eyes showed the grape to be in its full purple tint, if not beginning to ripen. We had resolved upon stopping to sleep at *Sighartskirchen* within two stages of Vienna—thus avoiding the post town of *Perschling*, which is situated in the direct road to Vienna from *St. Pölten*—which latter place, as you may remember, we had left in the morning. Before the darker shades of evening began to prevail, we turned round to catch a farewell glance of the hospitable monastery which we had left behind—and were lucky in viewing it, (scarcely less than seven or eight miles in our rear) just as the outline of its pinnacles could be discerned against a clear, and yet almost brilliant sky.

It was quite dark, and nearer upon eleven than ten o'clock, when we entered the insignificant post town of *Sirghartskirchen*—where we stretched our limbs rather than reposed; and after a hasty, but not very ill provided breakfast, the next morning, we pushed on for *Burkersdorf*, the last post town on that side of Vienna. It may be about nine English miles from Burkersdorf to the capital; of which the greater part is rather agreeable than otherwise. It was here, as in approaching Strasbourg, that I turned my eyes in all directions to catch an early glimpse of the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral, but in vain. At length, to the right, we saw the magnificent chateau of Schönbrunn.

The road now became flat and sandy, and the plains in the vicinity of the capital destitute of trees. “Voilà

la Cathedrale!" shouted the valet. It was to the left, or rather a little in front : of a tapering, spire-like form : but, seeing only a small portion of it—the lower part being concealed by the intervening rising ground—I could form no judgment of its height. We now neared the suburbs, which are very extensive, and swarming with population. I learnt that they entirely surrounded the capital, in an equal state of populousness. The barriers were now approached : and all the fears, which my accidental travelling acquaintance at Augsbourg had put into my head, began to revive and to take possession of me. But what has an honest man to fear ? " Search closely (observed I to the principal examining officer) for I suspect that there is something contraband at the bottom of the trunk. Do you forbid the importation of an old Greek manual of devotion ?"—said I, as I saw him about to lay his hand upon the precious Aldine volume, of which such frequent mention has been already made. The officer did not vouchsafe even to open the leaves—treating it, questionless, with a most sovereign contempt ; but crying " bah !—vous pouvez bien passer"—replaced the things which he had very slightly discomposed, and added that he wished all contraband articles to be composed of the same materials. We parted with mutual smiles ; but I thought there lingered something like a feeling of reproach, in the last quiver or turn of his lip, at my not having slipped two or three florins into his hand—which was broad and brawny enough to have grasped threescore or a hundred. " I will remember you on my return"—exclaimed I, as the carriage drove off. He gave me a most sceptical

shake of the head, as he retreated into his little tenement, like a mastiff into his kennel.

The whole of VIENNA, as it now seemed — with its cathedral, churches, palaces, and ramparts—was before us. As we approached the chief entrance, or gateway, I recognised the *Imperial Library* : although it was only a back view of it. In truth, it appeared to be just as I remembered it in the vignette-frontispiece of Denis's folio catalogue of the Latin Theological MSS. contained in the same library. My memory proved to be faithful; for we were assured that the building in view *was* the library in question. In passing under the principal entrance of the city, I had nearly parted with a wheel of the carriage—in avoiding a body of grenadiers, of stately stature, and in compact array, who were returning from relieving guard — for, to make room for such a formidable body, we went close against the wall, or rather against a huge stone post, which you see at the corner of almost every principal street in Vienna — and which sometimes, from the frequency and violence of the shock, is worn one third through from the caps of the wheels. It was our intention to take up our quarters at the principal inn, called the *Empress of Austria* ; and, with this view, we drove up to the door of that hotel : but a tall, full-dressed man, with a broad sash across his body, and a silver-tipped staff in his right hand, marched pompously up to the door of the carriage, took off his hat, and informed us with great solemnity that “the hotel was entirely filled, and that his master could not have the honour of entertaining

us." On receiving this intelligence, we were comforted by the assurance, on the part of the post-boy and valet, that the second hotel, called the *Crown of Hungary*—and situated in the *Himelfort Gasse*, or *Heaven-gate Street*—was in every respect as desirable as that which we were compelled to quit. Accordingly we alighted at the door of the *Hungarische Krone*—equally marvelling, all the way thither, at the enormous size of the houses, and narrowness of the streets.

But it is time to close this unconscionable epistle. Yet I must not fail informing you, that every thing here strikes me as approximating very much to my own native country. The countenances, the dresses, the manners of the inhabitants, are very nearly English. Thus, although at the greatest distance from home, I am more reminded than ever of "the land of my fathers"—for you know I was not born within the sound of Bow-bell. My apartments here are gay as well as comfortable. A green-morocco sofa, beneath a large and curiously cut looking-glass—with chairs having velvet seats, and wainscot and ceiling very elegantly painted and papered—all remind me that I am in a respectable hotel. A strange sight occupied my attention the very first morning after my arrival. As the day broke fully into my room—it might be between five and six o'clock—I heard a great buzzing of voices in the street. I rose, and looking out of window, saw, from one end of the street to the other, a countless multitude of women—sitting, in measured ranks, with pots of cream and butter before them. It was in fact the chief market day for fruit,

cream, and butter; and the Himelfort Gasse is the principal mart for the sale of these articles. The weather has recently become milder, and I am willing to hope that my health is getting round again. Tomorrow I deliver my credentials at the Imperial Library. — God bless you.

LETTER XLVII.

IMPERIAL LIBRARY. ACCOUNT OF ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, AND EARLY PRINTED BOOKS.

VIENNA ; *Hotel of the Crown of Hungary*, Sept. 9, 1818.

It gave me the sincerest pleasure, my dear friend, to receive your letter . . only a very few hours after the transmission of my last. At such a distance from those we love and esteem, you can readily imagine the sort of *comfort* which such communications impart. I was indeed rejoiced to hear of the health and welfare of your family, and of that of our friend * *, who is indeed not only a thorough bred **Roxburgher**, but a truly excellent and amiable man. The account of the last anniversary-meeting of the Club has, however, been a little painful to me; inasmuch as it proves that a sort of *heresy* has crept into the Society—which your Vice-President, on his return, will labour as effectually as he is able to eradicate.

I had anticipated your wishes. You tell me, “ send all you can collect about the IMPERIAL LIBRARY of Vienna ; its MSS. and printed books : its treasures in the shape of *Fifteeners* and *Sixteeners* : in short, be copious (say you) in your description.” The present letter will at least convince you that I have not been sparing in the account solicited ; and, in truth, I am well pleased to postpone a description of the buildings, and usual sights and diversions of this metropolis, until I shall have passed a few more days here, and had

fuller opportunities of making myself acquainted with the same. Compared with every other architectural interior which I have yet seen, the LIBRARY is beyond doubt the most magnificent in its structure. But if my admiration be thus great of the building, and of the books, it is at least equally so of those who have the management of them. You must know that I arrived here at a very unfortunate moment for bibliographical research. The holidays of the librarians commence at the latter end of August, and continue 'till the end of September. I had no sooner delivered my letter of introduction to the well known Mons. ADAM DE BARTSCH—an Aulic Counsellor, and chief Director of the Library—than he stepped backward with a thoughtful and even anxious brow. “What is the matter, Sir, am I likely to be intrusive?” “My good friend”—replied he—taking my arm with as pleasant an air of familiarity as if I had been an old acquaintance—“you have visited us at a most unlucky moment: but let me turn the matter over in my mind, and you shall have my determination to-morrow.”

That “determination” was as agreeable as it was unexpected; and really on my part—without the least affectation—unmerited. “I have been talking the matter over with my brethren and coadjutors in the library-department, (said M. Bartsch) and we have agreed—considering the great distance and expense of your journey—to give you an extra week’s research among our books. We will postpone our regular trip to *Baden*,—whither the court, the noblesse, and our principal citizens at present resort—in order that

you may have an opportunity of perfecting your enquiries. You will of course make the most of your time." I thanked M. Bartsch heartily and unfeignedly for his extreme civility and kindness, and told him that he should not find me either slothful or ungrateful. In person M. Bartsch is shorter than myself; but very much stouter. He is known in the graphic world chiefly by his *Le Peintre Graveur*; a very skilful, and indeed an invaluable production, in sixteen or eighteen octavo volumes—illustrated with some curious fac-similes. He is himself an artist of no ordinary ability; and his engravings, especially after some of Rubens's pictures, are quite admirable. Few men have done so much at his time of life, and borne the effect of so much strenuous toil, so well as himself. He is yet gay in spirit, vigorous in intellect, and sound in judgment; and the simplicity of his character and manners (for in truth we are become quite intimate with each other) is most winning. Of his *physiognomy*, you shall judge for yourself—from the subjoined portrait* by the faithful pencil of Mr. Lewis. Messrs. PAYNE and KOPITAR are the Librarians who more immediately attend to the examination of the books. The former is an Abbé—somewhat stricken in years, and of the most pleasing and simple manners. I saw little of him, as he was anxious for the breezes of Baden; but I saw enough to regret that he would not meet his brother librarians at the hotel of the *Crown of Hungary*, where I had prepared the best fare in my power to entertain them.

M. Kopitar is an invaluable labourer in this biblio-

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

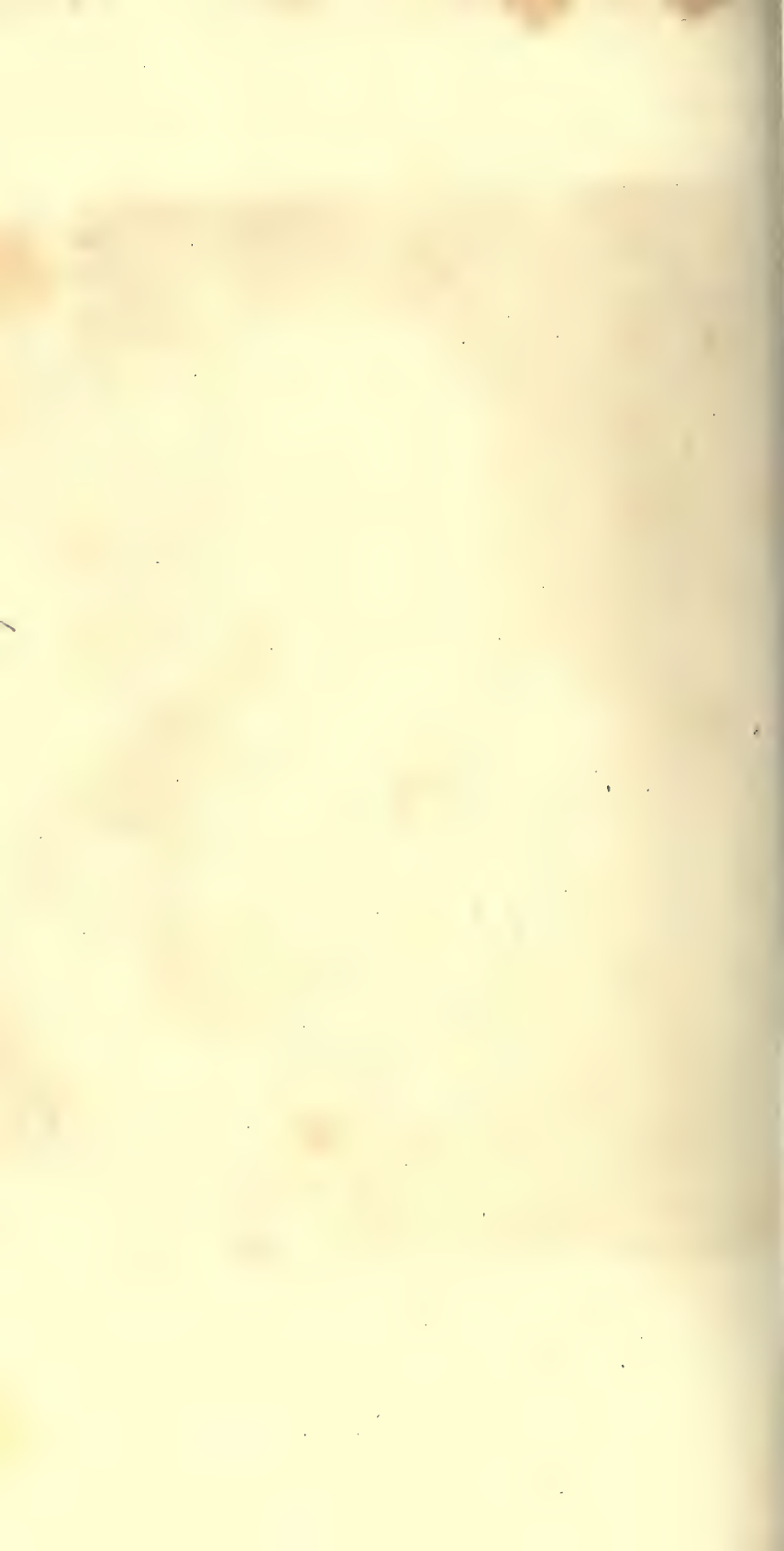


G. Lewis del.

London Published for the Proprietor by A. Smith.

I. ADAM DE BARTSCH.

Knight of the Order of Leopold, Justice Counsellor
and Director in Chief of the Imperial Library
at Vienna.



graphical vineyard. I had formerly seen him while he was in England ; when he came with Mr. Foss to St. James Place, to examine the *Aldine volumes*, and especially those printed upon vellum. He himself reminded me of the chary manner in which I seemed to allow him to handle those precious tomes. “ You would scarcely permit me, (said he smilingly) to hold them half a minute in my hands : but I will not treat you after the same fashion. You shall handle *our* vellum books, whether in ms. or in print, as long and as attentively as you please.” I felt the rebuke as it became a *preux* chevalier in bibliography to feel it. “ I am indebted to you, Mr. Kopitar, (said I, in reply) in more senses than *one*—on this my visit to your Imperial Library. “ But (observed he quickly) you only did what you *ought* to have done.” All power of rejoinder was here taken away. M. Kopitar is a thoroughly good scholar, and is conversant in the Polish, German, Hungarian, and Italian languages. He is now expressly employed upon the *Manuscripts* ; but he told me (almost with a sigh !) that he had become so fond of the *Fifteeners*, that he reluctantly complied with the commands of his superior in entering on the ms. department. It is however, I believe, very essential that he should do so.

Before I lay my *Catalogue Raisonné* of such books as I have examined, before you, it is right and fitting that I make some mention of the REPOSITORY in which these books are placed. In regard to the dimensions of the library, and the general leading facts connected with the erection of the building, as well as the number of the books, my authority is perhaps the best that can

be adduced: namely, that of Mons. de Bartsch himself. Know then, my good friend, that the Imperial Library of Vienna is built over a succession of arched vaults, which are made to contain the carriages of the Emperor. To the right of this, forming one wing of the square, is the Imperial *Riding School*:* to the left, the *Collection of Natural History*. Nearly opposite to it, forming a straight line with the street, is the principal front of the celebrated banking house of COUNT FREIS. In the centre of this square, is a colossal equestrian statue of Joseph II., in bronze of which the accessories, or accompanying ornaments, in granite, have, in my humble opinion, more merit than the insipid and inexpressive statue of the Emperor.

You ascend up a broad staircase, to the left, which is lined with fragments of Greek and Roman antiquities. Almost the first room which you enter, is the Reading Room. This may hold about thirty students comfortably, but I think I saw more than forty on my first entrance: of whom several, with the invincible phlegm of their country, were content to stand—leaning against the wall, with their books in their hands. This room is doubtless too small for the object to which it is applied; and as it is the fashion, in this part of the world, seldom or never to open the windows, the effect of such an atmosphere of hydrogen is most revolting to sensitive nerves. When the door

* *the Imperial Riding School.*] Dr. Bright, in his *Travels in Lower Hungary*, (1818, 4to.) p. 14, has given a very animated and amusing description of a tournament or “Carrousel” carried on in this Riding School—at which he was present, in the winter of 1814—at the time of the celebrated Congress.

was opened . . which at once gave me the complete length view of the **GRAND LIBRARY** . . . I was struck with astonishment ! Such another sight is surely no where to be seen.* The airiness, the height, the splendour, the decorative minutiae of the whole—to say nothing of the interminable rows of volumes of all sizes, and in all colours of morocco binding—put every thing else out of my recollection. The floor is of red and white marble, diamond-wise. I walked along it, with M. Bartsch on my right hand and M. Kopitar on my left, as if fearful to scratch its polished surface :—first gazing upon the paintings of the vaulted roof, and then upon the statues and globes, alternately, below—while it seemed as if the power of expressing the extent of my admiration, had been

* *Such another sight is surely no where to be seen.*] My excellent friend M. A. DE BARTSCH has favoured me with the following particulars relating to the Imperial Library. The building was begun in 1723, and finished in 1735, by Joseph Emanuel, Baron de Fischer, Architect of the Court: the same who built the beautiful church of St. Charles Borromeo, in the suburbs. The Library is 246 Vienna feet in length, by 62 in width: the oval dome, running at right angles, and forming something like transepts, is 93 feet long, and 93 feet high, by 57 wide. The fresco-paintings, with which the ceiling of the dome in particular is profusely covered, were executed by Daniel Gran. The number of the books is supposed to amount to 300,000 volumes: of which 8000 were printed in the xvth. century, and 750 are atlas folios filled with engravings. These 750 volumes contain about 180,000 prints; of which the pecuniary value, according to the computation of the day, cannot be less than 3,300,000 “florins argent de convention”—according to a valuation (says M. Bartsch) which I made last year. This may amount to £300,000. of our money. I apprehend there is nothing in Europe to be put in competition with such a collection.

taken from me. At length I reached the central compartment of this wonderful room, which is crowned with a sort of oval and very lofty cupola, covered with a profusion of fresco paintings. In the centre, below, stands a whole-length statue, in white marble, of CHARLES VI., under whose truly imperial patronage this library was built.* Around him are sixteen whole length statues of certain Austrian Marshals, also in white marble; while the books, or rather folios, (almost wholly bound in red morocco) which line the sides of the whole of this transept division of the room, were pointed out to me as having belonged to the celebrated hero, PRINCE EUGENE. Illustrious man!—thought I to myself—it is a taste like THIS, which

* *under whose truly imperial patronage this library was built.*] Godfred [Besselius] in the dedicatory epistle to Charles VI. prefixed to his *Chronicon Gotwicense*, (for an account of which see page 436-7, ante) thus animatedly and eloquently describes the general character of the interior of the Imperial Library. “Atqui ne tantæ et tam præclaræ librariæ suppellectili impar esset situs, quo custodiretur, non domum, non ædes, sed REGIAM ei servandæ construi voluisti, aded magnificam, ut Musis sanctissimis nullâ prorsus ætate, nullôque loco unquam datum fuerit sede commorari augustiori. Namque præterquàm, quòd cuncta totius quâ latè patet Europæ ædificia Bibliothecis dicata, amplitudine et majestate suâ facilè superet, nec non splendidis architecturæ civilis operibus picturisque egregiis ornata refulgeat, præterea etiam conquisitis undique et congestis statuīs, lapidibus, atque aliis antiquitatum monumentis, tum ex ære, tum ex marmore factis, quæ inscriptionibus, notis, characteribusve diversam sæculorum indolem nobis ante oculos ponunt, et cum artium et disciplinarum arcanis rectè conjunguntur, scalas, ambulacra, et parietes, accurante pro munere ea omnia viro solertissimo et doctissimo Equite Garellio, insigniri jussisti: ita ut ornatus ille sit aulæis quibusvis, artisque Phrygiæ miraculis pretiosior, pulchriorque.” *Epist. Dedicat.*

will perpetuate thy name, and extol thy virtues, even when the memory of thy prowess in arms shall have faded away ! “ See yonder ”—observed Mr. Bartsch—“ there are, I know not how many, atlas folios of that Prince’s collection of PRINTS. It is thought to be unrivalled.”

“ But where (replied I) is the *statue* of this heroic collector, to whom your library is probably indebted for its choicest treasures ? Tell me, who are these marshals that seem to have no business in such a sanctuary of the Muses—while I look in vain for the illustrious Eugene ? ” There was more force in this remark than I could have possibly anticipated—for my guide was silent as to the names of these Austrian marshals, and seemed to admit, that PRINCE EUGENE . . . *ought* to have been there. “ But is it *too late* to erect his statue ? Cannot he displace one of these nameless marshals, who are in attitudes as if practising the third step of the *Minuet de la Cour* ? ” “ Doucement, doucement, mon ami . . . (replied M. B.) il faut considérer un peu . . . ” “ Well, well—be it so : let me now continue my general observation of the locale of this magical collection.” M. B. readily allowed me ; and seemed silently to enjoy the gratification which I felt and expressed.

I then walked leisurely to the very extremity of the room ; continuing to throw a rapid, but not uninterested glance upon all the accessories of gilding carved work, paintings, and statuary, with which the whole seemed to be in a perfect blaze. I paced the library in various directions ; and found, at every turn or fresh point of view, a new subject of surprise

and admiration. There is a noble gallery, made of walnut tree, ornamented with gilding and constructed in a manner at once light and substantial, which runs from one extremity of the interior to the other. It is a master piece of art in its way.* Upon the whole, there is no furnishing you with any very correct notion of this really matchless public library; but I have already set an artist to work, under the direction of Mr. Bartsch, to obtain a small but coloured view of the interior.† When the library at Mölk was said to be a miniature representation of this at Vienna, it gave me no notion of what, upon actual survey, I have found the present to be; although the gallery and pilasters of both are very similar. At the further end of the room, to the left, is a small door; which, upon opening, brings you into the interior of a moderately sized, plain room, where the ~~fifteeners~~ are

* *a master-piece of art in its way.*] There are four stair-cases, one at each corner of the extremity of the room, which conduct you to this gallery, and which is very roomy and convenient when you are mounted there. It was, when accidentally stumbling upon the department of SPANISH POETRY, along this gallery, that I drew forth beautiful copies of the *Cancionero General* of the edition of 1557 and 1573, 8vo. of one of which I think there is a duplicate. But where was the black letter folio edition of 1492, which I had seen in the choice cabinet of Madame Debure at Paris? See vol. ii. p. 388. I told M. Kopitar that *that* edition ought to be here also.

† The OPPOSITE PLATE, from the drawing above-mentioned, and executed by M. Fendi, will give some—but a very inadequate—notion of this interior. It will perhaps surprise my readers to learn, that, if this Plate had been executed in the *line manner*—the only way to give a perfect notion of the original—it would have cost little less than 150 guineas.



F. J. W. 1811

INTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, VIENNA.

lodged. The very first view of these ancient tomes caused a certain palpitation of the heart. But neither this sort of book-jewel room, nor the large library just described—leading to it—are visited without the special license of the Curators: a plan, which as it respects the latter room, is, I submit, exceedingly absurd; for, what makes a noble book-room look more characteristic and inviting, than its being *well filled with students*? Besides, on the score of health and comfort—at least in the summer months—such a plan is almost absolutely requisite.

The MANUSCRIPTS are contained in a room, to the right, as you enter: connected with the small room where M. Bartsch, as commander-in-chief, regularly takes his station—from thence issuing such orders to his officers as best contribute to the well-being of the establishment. The ms. room is sufficiently large and commodious, but without any architectural pretensions. It may be about forty feet long. Here I was first shewn, among the principal curiosities, a *Senatus consultum de Bacchanalibus coercendis*: a sort of police ordonnance, on a metal plate—supposed to have been hung up in some of the public offices at Rome nearly 200 years before the birth of Christ. It is doubtless a great curiosity, and invaluable as an historical document—as far as it goes. Here is a *map*, upon vellum, of the *Itinerary of Theodosius the Great*, of the fourth century; very curious, as exhibiting a representation of the then known world, in which the most extraordinary ignorance, of the relative position of countries, prevails. I understood that both *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum* were

marked on this map. One of the most singular curiosities, of the antiquarian kind, is a long leather roll of *Mexican hieroglyphics*, which was presented to the Emperor, Charles V., by Ferdinand Cortez. There are copies of these hieroglyphics, taken from a copper plate; but the solution of them, like most of those from Egypt, will always be perhaps point of dispute with critics.

But the objects more particularly congenial with *my* pursuits, were, as you will naturally guess, connected rather with *vellum MSS.* of the *Scriptures* and *Classics*: and especially did I make an instant and earnest enquiry about the famous fragment of the *Book of GENESIS*, of the fourth century, of which I had before read so much in Lambecius, and concerning which my imagination was, strangely enough, wrought up to a most extraordinary pitch. “Place before me that fragment, good M. Kopitar,” said I eagerly—“and you shall for ever have my best thanks.” “*That*, and every thing else (replied he) is much at your service: fix only your hours of attendance, and our treasures are ready for your free examination.” This was as it should be. I enter therefore at once, my good friend, upon the task of giving you a Catalogue Raisonné of those MSS. which it was my first good fortune to examine, in the nine or ten days conceded to me for that purpose; and during which I seemed to receive more than ordinary attention and kindness from the principal librarians. The first thing for the pencil of Mr. Lewis to be engaged upon, was, a fac-simile or two of the illuminations in the fragment in question:

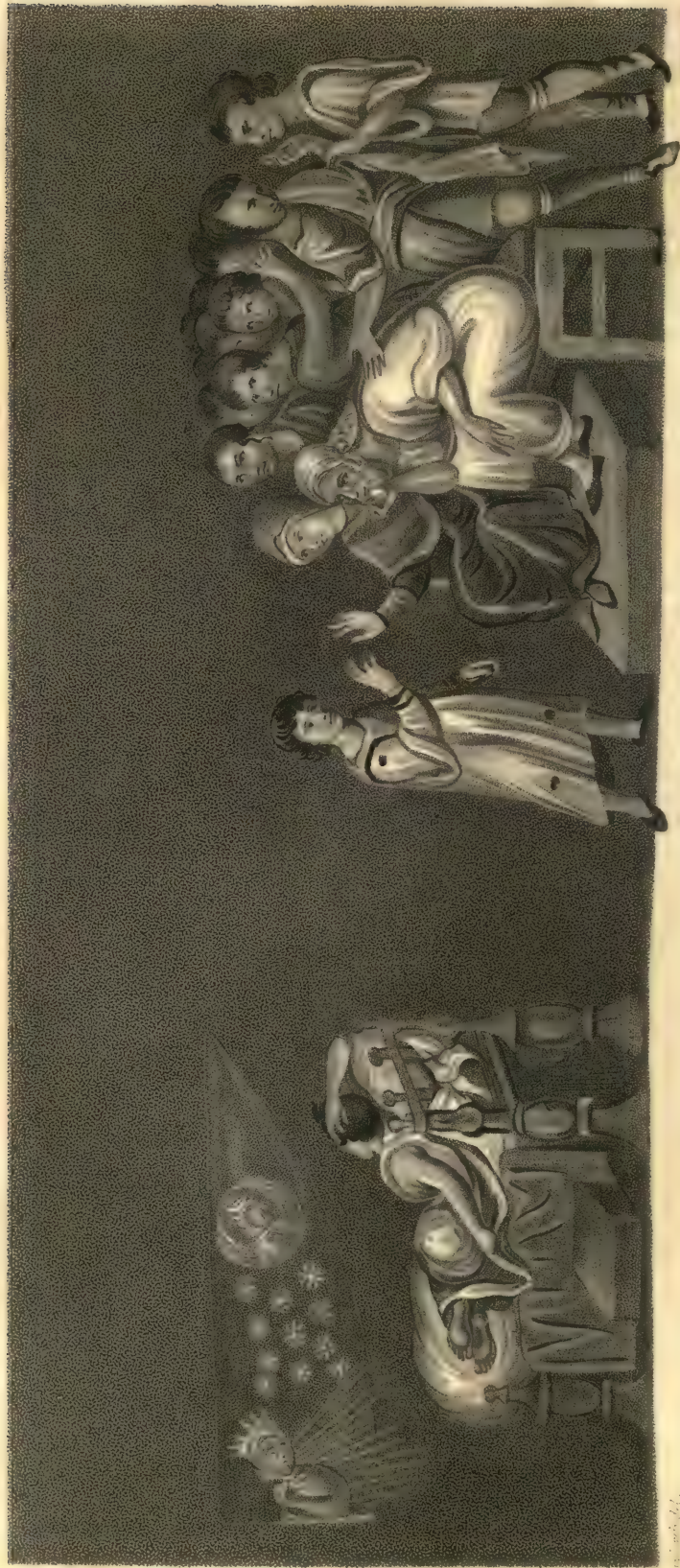
and while he was so occupied, in the large library, I was not less constantly engaged in the ms. room—with those truly precious volumes of which I here transmit you an account.

FRAGMENT OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS—undoubtedly of the end of the fourth century, at earliest. This fragment is a collection of twenty-four leaves, in a folio form, measuring twelve inches by ten, of a small portion of the Book of Genesis, written in large Greek capital letters of gold and silver, now much faded, upon a purple ground. Every page of these twenty-four leaves is embellished with a painting, or illumination, coloured after nature, purposely executed *below* the text, so that it is a running *graphic* illustration—as we should say—of the subject above. Doubtless, therefore, this MS. was executed for some great man who could well afford to pay the artist for the pains he has taken in the execution of his task. I send you my sketchy account of each leaf—taken on the spot.

Page 1 : seventeen lines of text. *Illumination* : eating the forbidden fruit, and subsequent shame thereupon: these in two groups. Considerable delicacy and force in the touch and management of the trees, which are full of flowers—much rubbed. Page 2. *Expulsion from Paradise* : a flaming wheel—very much injured. Page 3. *The Deluge* : repainted upon a whitish blue ground; of which species of retouching, several specimens occur. In all these after performances, the figures, especially the heads, are clumsily executed. Page 4 : *Noah going out of the Ark* : quite original—in good preservation. Page 5 : *The Rainbow* : recoloured. Page 6 : *Noah's nakedness* : this subject is in good preservation. The manner in which the two figures stand, at the door of the tent, with garments to screen the Patriarch, is well imagined. Page 7 : *Melchizedek* : in larger and fresher characters of text. The lower figures of the

illumination are much injured in the faces. Page 8 : Same large character of text : painting tolerably well preserved. Page 9 : *Burning of Sodom* : in tolerable preservation. The usual (and smaller) character of text again introduced. Page 10 : illumination probably retouched : the robed figures, reclining upon the triclinia, are executed quite in the old style of Greek art. Page 11 : the whole well preserved and most interesting. The same remark applies to the three following subjects or pages ; of which the two latter seem to possess all the truth and delicacy of the earlier periods of art. Page 15 : The following is a fac-simile of a very pleasing portion of this illumination—which represents *Esau returning home from hunting*. The dogs and game are painted after the life, — Esau's vestment is of a pale, or faded green.





FACSIMILE OF AN ILLUMINATION FROM A MS. OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

of the 14th Century in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

The 16th page is also in good preservation, but the 17th is somewhat injured. The 18th page is also injured, but sufficiently clear, and very interesting. These illuminations necessarily relate to the *History of Isaac, Esau, Jacob, and Joseph*. The 19th and 20th pages are rather in better preservation. The 21st and 22nd appear to be retouched. The 23d is a charming composition; in good preservation. The 24th page, or illumination, is very much defaced. So is the 25th. The 26th is in much better preservation; but I suspect the 27th and 28th to be retouched. In the latter, the heads are all larger. The 29th shall speak for itself in the enclosed fac-simile,* executed by Mr. Lewis in a style of the most scrupulous fidelity, which extorted some half dozen ejaculations of delight from good Mr. Bartsch. The original is in a fine state of preservation. The 30th illumination is not so good. The 31st, representing *Joseph and Potiphar's wife*, is in very good condition. But the 32d illumination is perhaps in the finest state of preservation of the whole. There is a glossiness and freshness about it quite extraordinary: yet is it undoubtedly original.

The 33d illumination is retouched: the heads are larger, and the back ground is rather of a slate, than purple colour. The same may be said of the 34th; but one of the figures in the back ground, in the attitude of just having hurled a dart, is admirable. This is wretchedly represented in the series of Lambecius's fac-similes—the whole of which were by the side of me when I examined the originals. The next is a banquetting scene, with music. The two women are almost pure Greek art. The 35th subject exhibits, in parts, capital composition; but it has been retouched. The whole of the remaining *eleven subjects* have been retouched: but the ancient costume has been attended to. Perhaps these *rifacimentos* are not later than the eighth century.

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. It represents, to the left, *Joseph's Dream*—in which the symbolical representations of the Sun and Moon will not fail to be noticed; and, to the right, is the declaration of the dream, by Joseph, to his Father and Brethren. It is worth remarking, that Joseph's dress, throughout his history, is always represented *blue*, with circular black spots. The expression of the listening group is equally strong and admirable.

Such, my dear friend, is the account of this truly invaluable fragment—on the score of art ; and to see which, was one of the primary objects of my visit to the Continent. There is too small a portion of the TEXT to be of much critical importance, but I believe this Greek text to be the *oldest extant* of sacred writ : and therefore I rejoiced on viewing this venerable and precious relic of scriptural antiquity. Lambecius and Mabillon have given fac-similes of it ; and I think Montfaucon also—in his *Palæographia Græca*. At the end of this fragment, are four pages of the *Gospel of St. Luke* — or, rather, figures of the four Evangelists ; which are also engraved by Lambecius, and, from him, by Nesselius and Kollarius.* I had heard of some fragments or portions of the Gospel, forming a sort of Prayer Book belonging to Charlemagne, and that there was the hand-writing of that Emperor within it ; but either my enquiries were imperfect, or the book had been improperly described.

I next examined a SACRAMENTARIUM, SEU MISSA PAPÆ GREGORII, in an oblong large octavo, or small folio form. I own I have doubts about calling this volume a contemporaneous production ; that is to say, of the latter end of the sixth century. The exterior, which, on the score of art, is more precious than the interior, is doubtless however of a very early period. It consists of an ivory figure of St. Jerome, guarded by a brass frame. I have given instructions about the copying of this figure by a Vienna artist.†

* The reader may not be displeased to consult, for one moment, the *Bibliog. Decameron* ; vol. i. pp. xliii. iv.

† See the OPPOSITE PLATE ; which is engraved from a fac-simile by Mr. P. Fendi.



Fazio del.

C. Freeman sculp.

ST JEROME.

From an Ivory Diptych in the Imperial Library at Vienna

The ornament, which was on the reverse side of the binding, appears to have been stolen ; but there is this inscription upon the brass border—which remains :

*Quodque foris pulchrum carumq. videtur haberi,
Carius intus habet, nobis quod littera poscit.*

The character of the interior, as to its scription, does not appear to be older than the tenth century. The titles only are in capitals ; the lower-case is large and resembling MSS. of the tenth century. The interior of the binding has a lining of rich red silk damask, with figures upon it, which, at first sight, look like embroidery. The lining is nailed to the exterior wooden covers ; but how old it may be, I cannot venture to pronounce.

GERMAN BIBLE of the EMPEROR WENCESLAUS, in six folio volumes. This, too, was another of the particularly curious MSS. which, since the account of it in my Decameron, I had much desired to see. It is, upon the whole, an imperial production ; but as extraordinary, and even whimsical, as it is magnificent. Of these six volumes, only three are illuminated ; and of the third, only two third parts are finished. The text is a large lower-case gothic letter, very nearly a quarter of an inch in height. The ornamental or border illuminations have more grace and beauty than the subjects represented ; although, to the eye of an antiquarian virtuoso, the representations of the unfortunate monarch will be the most interesting. I need hardly tell you that Wenceslaus, who was Emperor of Germany and King of Bohe-

mia, began his reign very prosperously; but was afterwards deposed for his supposed mental derangement, and effeminate pursuits. He spent the remainder of his life, apparently well contented, in a prison; occupying himself chiefly in the company of bathing women: for almost all the subjects represent him being combed and washed by female attendants. He died in the year 1419; and it is hardly possible this Bible could have been executed during his life: unless, indeed, it was purposely intended to shew in what general contempt the monarch was held.

I have before noticed the *border* ornaments. The freedom of composition, and delicacy of colouring, displayed in these borders, can hardly, of their kind, be surpassed. But you will be doubtless desirous of seeing a specimen or two of the manner in which the wretched Wenceslaus is represented: who, by the bye, (so Mr. Kopitar informs me) was one of the *Menisingers* of his age. You shall first observe the monarch, sitting in all his imperial splendour, with his bride by his side; each having the regal crown upon their heads. This illumination is prefixed to the *first chapter of Genesis*.*

I should notice by the way, on the competent authority of M. Kopitar, that this German version of the Bible is one of the most ancient extant. Turn to the second illumination herewith transmitted; and observe how the halcyon days of royalty are ex-

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE; which was engraved from a drawing by M. Fendi.

ecb



F. F. del.

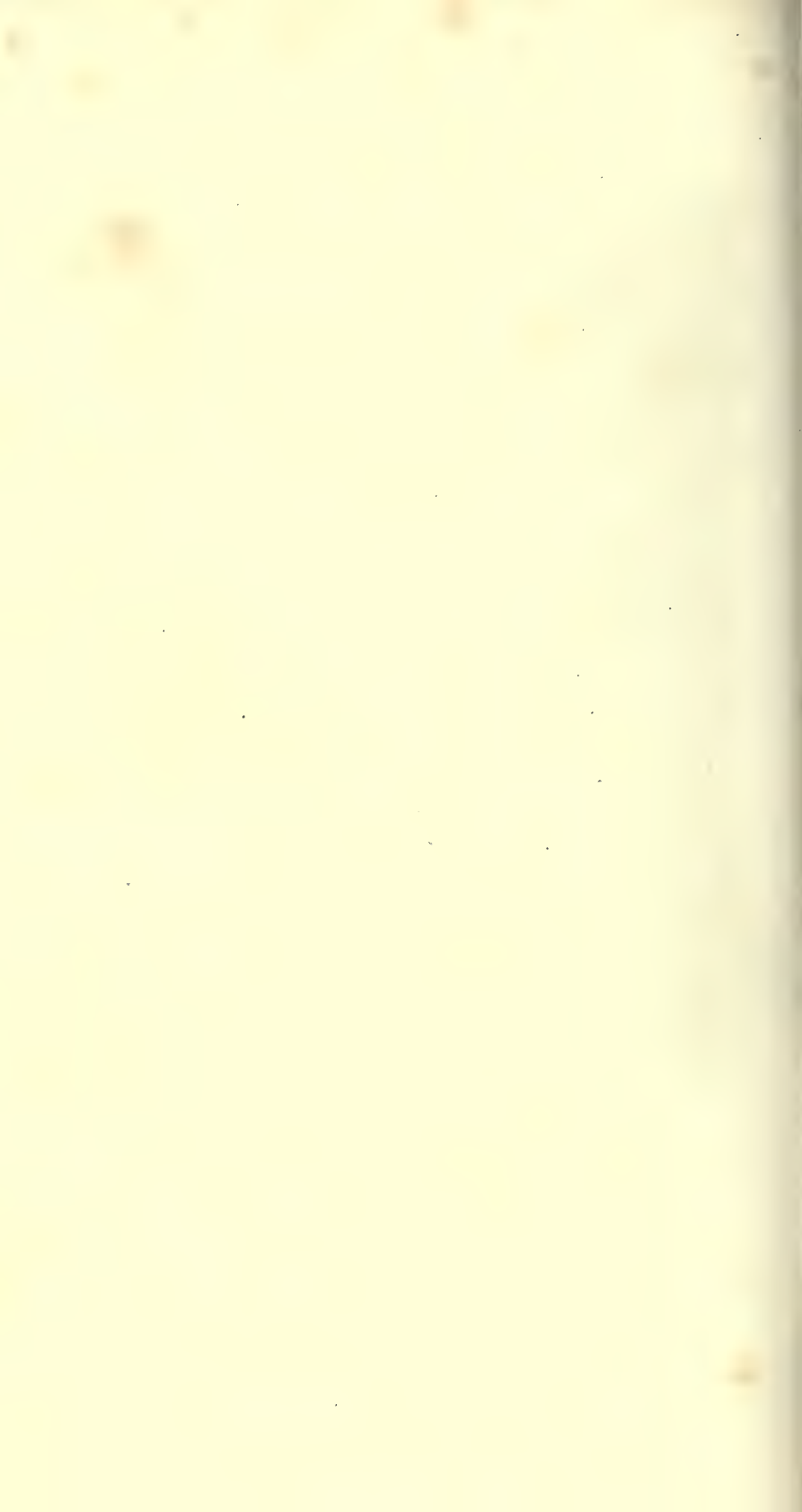
H. sculp.

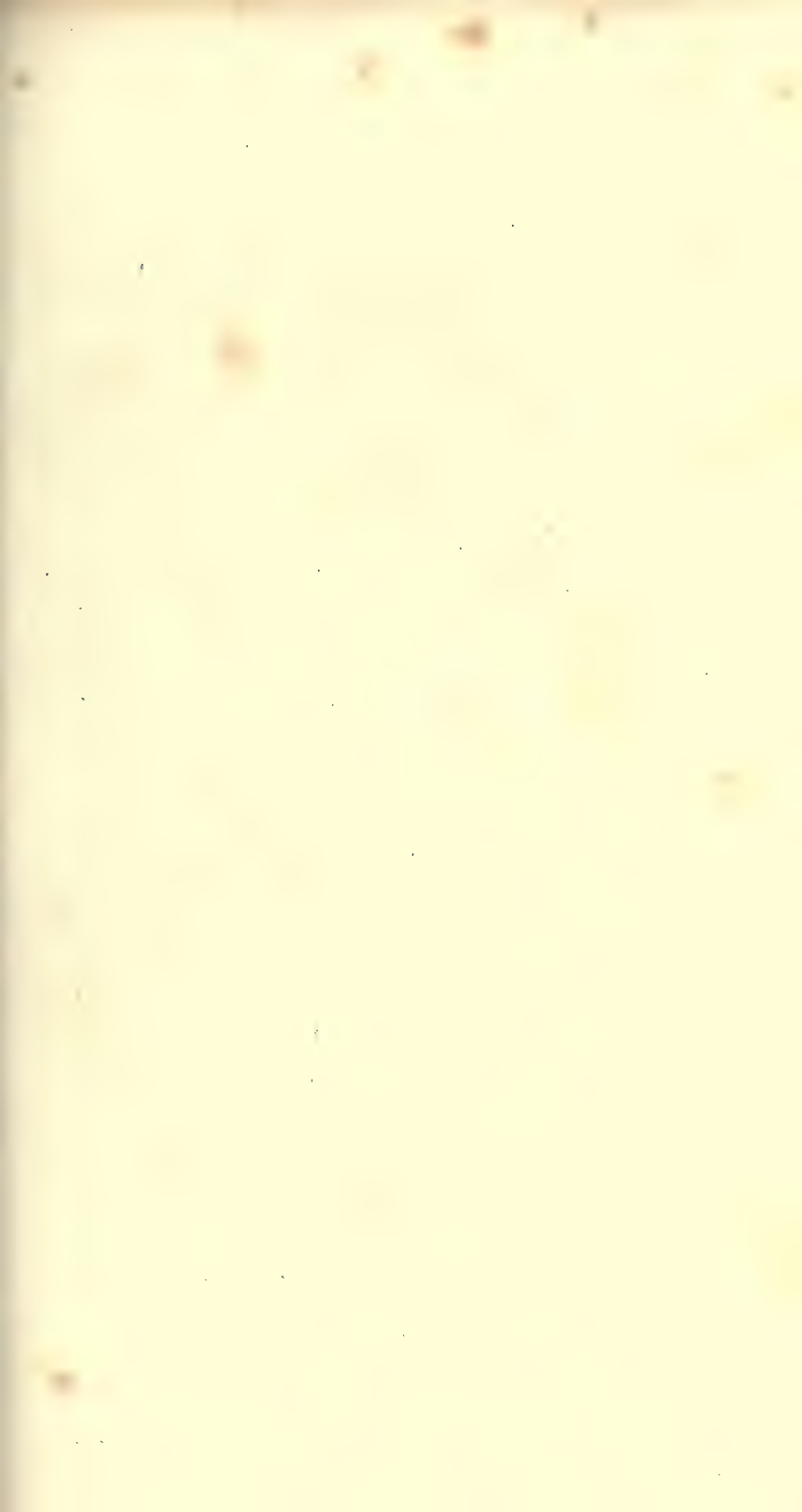
THE EMPEROR WENCESLAUS & HIS QUEEN.

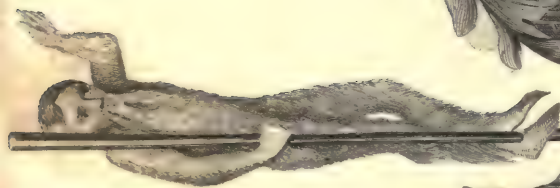
Fac-simile from an illuminated Bible in the
Imperial Library at Vienna.

London, Published for the Rev.^d F. F. Dobbin 1821.

PRINTED BY LARSEN.







changed for the enjoyment of those slothful and effeminate occupations, which were equally the causes and effects of the dethronement of Wenceslaus. What you behold* is at the end of the *XIth Chapter of Genesis*; together with what I have here contrived to paste on — as an appropriate accompaniment — from the *XXIIId. chap.* of the same book. This latter is a portion of a capital letter :



* See the **OPPOSITE PLATE**. The foliage, both of that and of the above fac-simile, is tinted after nature.

3

The preceding will give you a pretty correct notion of the style of art—in regard to composition—observable in these volumes. But it is the colouring which is their chief charm. The bathing girl with her bucket is for ever introduced. These books have suffered, in the binding, from the trenchant tools of the artist. The gold in the illuminations is rather bright than refulgent. I now proceed with an account of some other MSS. appertaining to Scripture ; and hasten to introduce to your notice a magnificent folio volume, entitled *EVANGELISTARIUM*, with a lion's head in the centre of the exterior binding, surrounded by golden rays, and having a lion's head in each corner of the square. The whole is within an arabesque border. On one of the clasps is this inscription :

I 4 4 6
A E I O T.

These vowels were assumed by the Emperor *FREDERICK III.*, father of Maximilian ; to the former of whom this book belonged ; implying, thereby, it should seem, —“ *Austriæ Est Imperare Orbe Vrwino.*” There can be no doubt of the binding being of the time of Frederick, and it is at once splendid and tasteful. The lion's heads and rays are in silver gilt. The book measures nearly fifteen inches by ten. The inside almost surpasses any thing of the kind I have seen. The vellum is smooth, thin, and white — and the colours are managed so as to have almost a faëry-like effect. Each page is surrounded with a light blue frame, having twisted flowers for corner ornaments : the whole of a quiet, soft tint, not unlike what appears in the Bible of Wenceslaus. Every line is written in a tall, broad

gothic letter—and every letter is *gold*. But the illuminations merit every commendation. They are of various kinds. Some are divided into twelve compartments : but the initial L, to the first page, *L[iber Generationis]* is the most tasteful, as well as elaborate, thing I ever saw. The figures of angels, on the side, and at bottom, have even the merit of Greek art. To the left of the illumination, which is divided into twelve squares, we observe the date of 1444, and the A E I O R repeated. Each Evangelist is preceded by an elaborate illumination. The I, prefixed to St. Mark's Gospel, has quite the character of beautiful oriental art. The E, prefixed to St. Luke, is equally extraordinary—and the I, of St. John, may compete even with the L to St. Matthew. The other illuminations, scattered throughout the book, are in the finest state of preservation. The date of the execution of the main body of the MS. is unequivocally gathered from the following inscription, at the end : written in alternate words of blue and gold—twice the size of the text : “ *Et Ego Iohēs de Oppauia p̄sbiter Canonic⁹ Brunnensis Plebanus in Lantskroaia hunc Librum cum auro purissimo de penna—Scripsi. Illuminavi Atq; deo cooperante ꝑpleui In anno domini Millesio Trecentesimo Sexageno viij.* A large illumination of our Saviour, with the Virgin and Joseph below, closes the volume : which really can hardly be sufficiently admired.

I shall now give you an account of a few MISSALS of a higher order on the score of art. And first, let me begin with a beautiful FLEMISH MISSAL, in 8vo. : in the most perfect state of preservation—and with the costliest embellishments—as well as with a good number of

drolleries *dotted* about the margins. The frame work, to the larger subjects, is composed of gothic architecture. The *Salutation* and *Trinity* are highly wrought—and so is the figure of Christ; which, as usual, in early Flemish art, has a short chin. I am not sure that I have seen any thing which equals the *drolleries*—for their variety, finish, and exquisite condition. The vellum is not to be surpassed. The writing is in an elegant gothic letter, but the ink is unequal as to colour. What gives this book an additional value is, that it was once the property of Charles V—for, on the reverse of fol. 157, at bottom, is the following memorandum in his hand writing: *Afin que Je Joye de vous recommandé accepté bonne Dame cest mis sy en escript vostre vray bon mestre.* CHARLES. A lovely bird, in the margin, is the last illumination. In the whole, there are 179 leaves.

The next article is a LARGE MISSAL, in letters of gold and silver, upon black paper: a very extraordinary book—and, to me, unique. The first illumination shews the arms of Milan and Austria, quarterly—surrounded by an elaborate gold border. The text is in letters of silver—tall stout gothic letters—with the initial letters of gold. Some of the subjects are surrounded by gold borders, delightfully and gracefully disposed in circles and flowers. At the bottom of the page, which faces the descent of the Holy Ghost, is a fool upon horseback—very singular—and very spiritedly touched. The binding is of red velvet, with a representation of the cloven tongues at the day of Pentecost in silver-gilt.

A third MISSAL, of the same beautiful character, is

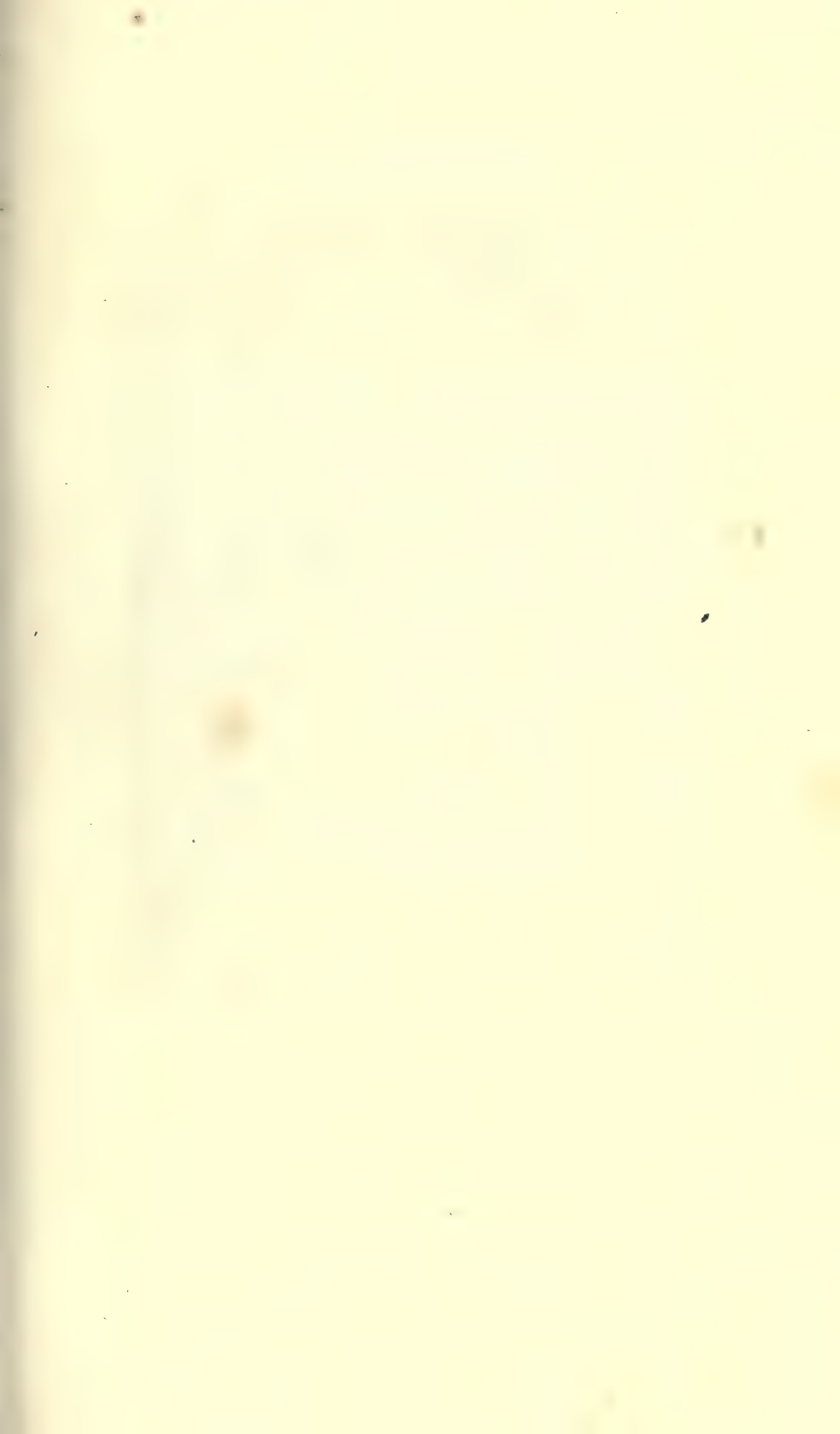
of an octavo form. The two first illuminations are not to be exceeded, of their kind. The borders, throughout, are arabesque, relieved by *cameo gris*, — with heads, historical subjects, and every thing to enchant the eye and warm the heart of a tasteful antiquary. The writing is a black, large, gothic letter, not unlike the larger gothic fount used by Ratdolt. The vellum is beautiful. The binding is in the Grolier style.

The last, and not the least, in the estimation of a competent judge of MSS., — of this class which I shall introduce to your particular observation—is, a German version of the *HORTULUS ANIMÆ* of S. Brant. It is not a Missal, I grant ; but a manual of a grave and even highly religious strain ; and perhaps, next to the *Imitation of Christ* by Thomas à Kempis, the most popular moral work of the sixteenth century. The volume in question is undoubtedly among the loveliest books in the Imperial Library. The character, or style of art, is not uncommon ; but such a series of sweetly drawn, and highly finished subjects, is hardly any where to be seen — and certainly no where to be eclipsed. I should say the art was rather Parisian than Flemish. The first in the series, is the following ; executed for me by M. Fendi. It occurs where the illuminations usually commence, at the foot of the first page of the first Psalm. Surely it is worthy of the happiest efforts of the pencil of the elder STOTHARD. Observe, I beseech you, how tranquilly the boat glides along, and how comfortable the party appear. It is a hot day, and they have cut down some branches from the trees to fasten in the sides of the boat — in order to screen them from the heat of the sun. The flagon of wine is

half merged in the cooling stream—so that, when they drink, their thirst will be more effectually quenched. There are viands, in the basket, beside the rower; and the mingled sounds of the flageolets and guitar seem to steal upon your ear as you gaze at the happy party—and, perhaps, long to be one of them!



A hundred similar sweet things catch the eye as one turns over the spotless leaves of this snow-white book. But the very impressive scene of Christ asleep, watched by angels—(with certain musical instruments in their hands, of which M. Kopitar could not tell me the names,) together with another illumination of Mary, and Joseph in the distance, can hardly be described with justice. The Apostles and Saints are large half lengths, rich in colouring; especially Saints Bernard and Ambrose. St. Anthony, with the devil in





Freeman

Freeman

ST MARGARET.

From an illuminated M.S. in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

Freeman

Freeman



Fendi del

J. Hook sc.

SAINT AGNES.

From an illuminated Manuscript in the
Imperial Library at Vienna.

London Published for the Rev. T. F. Dibdin 1821

PRINTED BY C. & R.



G. Fendel del.

Freeman sc.

ST CATHERINE.

From an illuminated Manuscript of the *Hortulus Animæ*,
in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

London, Published for the Rev.^d T. F. Dibdin 1821.

PRINTED BY LAMBE

the shape of a black pig beneath his garment, is cleverly managed; but the head is too large. Among the female saints, I have requested M. Bartsch to procure fac-similes of St. MARGARET, St. CATHARINE, and St. AGNES.* The colouring of the face of the latter is almost perfect. But what think you of MARY MAGDALENE—as here represented? And where will you find female penance put to a severer trial?



* See the OPPOSITE PLATES. The whole of the composition of St. Catharine is not given; it being too large for the purpose of this work. The wheel goes a good way below, in the foreground. The

I apprehend the box, in front of her, to be a *pix*, containing the consecrated elements.

The ST. VERONICA is equally singular and beautiful: the women, in attendance upon her, are habited in the Persian costume. The latter part of this work is devoted to a *Life of Christ*. The stable scene, with the light reflected from the Holy Infant (a contrivance, not uncommon in the earlier books of devotion) is most beautifully managed. The *Adoration of the Magi* is quite an animated piece of composition: one of them presses the feet of the child in a manner singularly earnest and natural. Upon the whole, this is really an enchanting book; and it is not surprising that it was *selected* by Denon to be *transported* to Paris: from which place, as you have just had abundant proofs, it has been *restored*. The red ink, marking it to have once been the *imperial* property of France, was yet adhesive—when I opened the place where it was imprinted. I had forgotten to notice the following ms. prefix in the character of the text: .

Ortulus animē.

Der selē gärtlin wurde ich gñent.

Uō dē latein mā mich noch kent.

Zū Strazburg ī seym vatterlant.

Hat mich Sebastianus brant.

Gesehē vnd vast corrigiert.

Zū teusch auch vil trānsferiert

St. Margaret may challenge, I submit, any other similar representation of herself. The colouring of the Dragon, in the original, is green. The whole is indeed *monstrously* interesting.

Was mā ī mich sāgt hie ī zeyt

Das selb mā dort mit freydē schneyt

Do wist d̄ somē recht auffgōn.

Wer mich recht pflätzt dē würt d̄ lō.

So much for those MSS. connected with the *Bible*, *Rituals*, and Books of Devotion, which appeared (during my necessarily contracted stay) more particularly deserving of examination. I now therefore proceed to give you some account of MSS. of a different character: *classical*, *historical*, and appertaining to *Romance*—which seemed to me to have more particular claims upon the attention of the curious. The famous Greek DIOSCORIDES shall lead the way. When a certain note, in a certain work,* was penned in all the ardour which arose from a diligent perusal of the description of this work, by Lambecius and Montfaucon, I little expected that it would have so soon fallen to my lot to have held this very MS. in my hands; to have judged “with my proper eyes” of its condition, beauty, and intrinsic worth. There is no occasion to be copious in the present instance; as you may easily refer to the two authors, just mentioned, for an ample detail respecting its comparative value. Suffice it, therefore, to inform you, that this celebrated MS. is a large, thick, imperial quarto; measuring nearly fifteen inches by twelve. The vellum is thin, and of a silky and beautiful tex-

* See *Bibl. Decameron*, vol. i. p. xlv. In this authority there is a slight error in the designation of the Emperor—who was Ferdinand I. and not Maximilian II. Nor does Busbequeius say that he *procured* the ms. —but only “that he had seen it in the possession of one Hamo, a Jew: and he describes it as “*decrepitæ vetustatis*” —adding, “that 100 ducats, the sum asked for it, were too much for his purse.”

ture. The colours in the earlier illuminations are thickly coated and glazed, but very much rubbed; and the faces are sometimes hardly distinguishable. The supposed portrait of Dioscorides (engraved—as well as a dozen other of these illuminations—in Lambecius, &c.) is the most perfect. The ground of the first two illuminations, which follow the peacock, and which represent physicians, is gold: that of the three ensuing, beginning with Dioscorides, is blue. The title in the centre of a circular wreath, within a double border, is perfectly of classical execution. The first border is red; the second, black: the leaf is gold upon a black ground.

The plants are on one side of the leaf, the text is on the other. The former are, upon the whole, delicately and naturally coloured. I longed for a few fac-similes: but—"non omnia possumus omnes." At the end, there is an ornithological treatise, which is very curious for the colouring of the birds. *Once*, these colours must have been most vivid: they have *now* even a surprising delicacy and truth of touch. This latter treatise is written in a smaller Greek capital letter than the first; but M. Kopitar supposes it to be as ancient. We know from an indisputably coeval date, that this precious MS. was executed by order of the Empress Juliana Anicia in the year of Christ 505. The edges of the leaves look as if they had been singed; but the binding is not in that wretched state in which Nesselius describes it to be. Doubtless, however, a volume of such rare value deserves a better coat. There is a smaller MS. of Dioscorides, of a more recent date, in which the plants are coloured, and executed—one, two, or three, in

number—upon the rectos of the leaves, with the text below, in two columns. Both the illuminations and the text are of inferior execution to those of the preceding MS. Montfaucon, who never saw the larger, makes much of the smaller MS.; which scarcely deserves comparison with it.

PHILOSTRATUS, Lat. This is the MS. which belonged to Matthias Corvinus—and of which the illuminations are so beautiful, that Nesselius has thought it worth while to give a fac-simile of the first — from whence I gave a portion to the public in the *Bibliog. Decameron*.* I think that I may safely affirm, that the two illuminations, which face each other at the beginning, are the finest, in every respect, which I have seen of that period; but they have been sadly damaged. The two or three other illuminations, by different hands, are much inferior. The vellum and writing are equally charming.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS. This copy has the name of *Sambucus* at the bottom of the first illumination, and was doubtless formerly in the collection of Matthias Corvinus—the principal remains of whose magnificent library (although fewer than I had anticipated) are preserved in this collection. The illumination in this MS. just mentioned, is very elegant and pleasing; but the colours are rather too dark and heavy. The intended portrait of the Roman historian, with the arms and supporters below, are in excellent good taste. The initial letters and the vellum are quite delightful. The scription is very good.

LIVIVS: in six folio volumes. We have here a beautiful and magnificent MS. in a fine state of preser-

* Vol. ii. p. 458.

vation. There is only one illumination in each volume ; but that “ one ” is perhaps the most perfect specimen which can be seen of that open, undulating, arabesque kind of border, which is rather common in print as well as in MS., towards the end of the fifteenth century. These six illuminations, for invention, delicacy, and brilliancy of finish, are infinitely beyond any thing of the kind which I have seen. Old John Sambucus (who, by the bye, was one of the greatest bibliomaniacs and soundest scholars of his day—and to whom this copy of Livy, from the Corvinus collection belonged) has somewhat defaced the illumination of the first volume, by writing his name in a scrawling manner, in the centre of a beautiful white medallion at the bottom.* The vellum is perfectly beautiful. To state which of these illuminations is the most attractive, would be a difficult task ; but if you were at my elbow, I should direct your particular attention to that at the beginning of the ixth book of the ivth Decad—especially to the opposite ornament ; where two green fishes unite round a circle of gold, with the title, in golden capitals, in the centre. O Matthias Corvinus, thou wert surely the EMPEROR of Book Collectors !

BOOK OF BLAZONRY, or of ARMS. This is an enormous folio MS. full of heraldic embellishments relating

* Sambucus had also two MSS. of *Horace*, which are here, and which belonged to the Corvinus Collection. One of these MSS. is a small folio, of the middle of the fifteenth century ; with the poems in the usual ancient order. The other is a quarto, of the sixteenth century, with decorated initials, and charged in the margins with various readings by Sambucus.



LEOPOLD DE SEMPACH.

MCCCLXXXVI.

*From an Illuminated Manuscript in the
Imperial Library at Vienna.*

London, Published for the Rev^d T F Dribden 1821.

PRINTED BY LANE.

to the HOUSE of AUSTRIA. Among these embellishments—the author of the text, who lived in the xvth century — and who was a very careful compiler — has preserved a genuine, original portrait of LEOPOLD de SEMPACH, of the date of 1386, of which I inclose a fac-simile.* It is very rarely that you observe portraits of this character or form, introduced into MSS. of so early a period; and as I learn that the said Leopold was a brave and enterprising hero, he shall be made welcome among our circle in England. In truth, he was the hardiest of fighting heroes. He wished to subjugate the Swiss; and in a great battle fought against them, finding all his nobles and immediate followers slaughtered around him, he rushed onward—and sought that death . . . which has since consecrated his memory! I admit, however, that his physiognomy partakes of a sort of gothic severity; and his coat of mail seems as if it could have equally withstood the thrust of the lance and the blow of the battle axe. A nobler heraldic volume probably does not exist. What Chardin showed me, at Paris, and for which he asked somewhere about 2000 francs, is a child's play-thing to it. It is bound in wood, covered with red velvet; and the edges are gilt, over coloured armorial ornaments.

From *such* a volume, the step is both natural and easy to ROMANCES. Sir TRISTAN shall lead the way. Here are *three* MSS. of the feats of that Knight of the Round Table. The first is of the xiiith century; written in three columns, on a small thick gothic letter. It has some small, and perfect illuminations.

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

There is also a good quantity of pricked music, of which I send you a specimen*—not doubting but that you will prevail upon one of the members of the Roxburghe Club to make himself master of the tune, and to introduce it at the next anniversary dinner. It is a song sung by Queen Yseult. At the end of the MS. we read thus :

Icy finit lestoire de monseig
neur tristan—et del saint
graal—si par faicte que nul
ny sauroit que y mettre

Amen.

Below, in a hand-writing of the xivth century, we read : “ *Ce liure de tristan est du duc de nemours conte de la marche.*” This MS. afterwards became the property of Prince Eugene. It was taken to Paris, but restored : and has yet the French imperial eagle stamped in red ink. It is indeed a “ gloriously ponderous folio.”

A second MS. of the SAME ROMANCE is written in two columns, in a full short gothic letter. It is very large, and the vellum is very perfect. The illuminations, which are larger than those in the preceding MS. are evidently of the early part of the xvth century. This book also belonged to Prince Eugene. It is doubtless a precious volume. A third MS. executed in pale ink, in a kind of secretary gothic letter, is probably of the latter end of the xivth century. The illuminations are only slightly tinted. These three MSS. are certainly among the most valuable extant, relating to Sir Tristan.

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

L solaus iust et clers et
bians. Et ior le dous chant
des orisians. Li cantent par
cel arbrilians. Entour moi
fout lout cant nouvians;..

De chel dous cant de chel
soulas. Et d'auours ki me
tient en las. Et m'uef mon
cant mon lai en fas. Ma
mort en deduis et soulas. 

SONG FROM A. MS. OF THE ROMANCE OF TRISTAN.

Of the Thirteenth Century in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

R. Ackermanns Lithog.

BRUT D'ANGLETTERRE. I should apprehend this MS. to be of the early part of the xivth century. It is executed in a secretary gothic letter, in double columns, and the ink is much faded in colour. It has but one illumination, which is at the beginning, and much faded. At the end of the MS. we read as follows :

Cy fault listoire des bretons
 Et la lignie des barons
 Q ui du lignage brutus yindrèt
 Et engletrê longues tindrèt
 P uis que Dieu incarnacōn
 P rist pour n're Redempcōn
 M il cent cinqate et cinq ans
 F ist maistre eutasse cest romās.
 Cy feint le brut Dengleïre

This was also Prince Eugene's copy ; and was taken to Paris, but restored.

I shall now present you with a somewhat detailed account of a curious and uncommon MS.—adorned with most interesting illumination—and entitled **BREVIARE d' AMORS.** It is written in a stout square gothic letter, in the Romans language, of the xiiith century; and begins thus :

*Aisso es cansos la qual fetz in at fres
 regz de natura comanda
 dont amors pren naiche menques
 hom per be fagben renda a cel de**
 &c. &c. &c.

The second column (for the whole book is in double columns) commencing thus :

* It is probable that, from the division of the words, according to the pricked music in the original, the above may have a barbarous appearance.

P regz es donez q yēu espanrai
 merciā de tot mo sen
 Los bes los gangz lofferenda
 Los plazers quamors mi ten
 A mors uol amors demanda
 Amors quier amors cossen
 Quezien amb fin cor entenda
 En amar la plus plazen
 Domna el mielhs de faiso
 Qua son col portes cordo
 Vien son cap uel in benda
 Dieus mout mī fai honor granda
 A mors emerces lin ven
 Quar li play quami sa tenda
 &c. &c.

This first leaf seems to be a poetical introduction.
 Four leaves of table, or heads of chapter, follow: the
 last head is thus :

Del enamorat damor de mascle
 e de feme le quals en
 lalbre damor cuelh
 fuelhas e flors del albre
 de saber ben e mal
 Remedis per escantir
 folia daimator

A blank leaf follows. Then the text, quite at top
 of the first column, thus :

Ques tan solamen us dieus uers.
 En an^o per cert estotz poders
 Le quals fay los petitz emfans.
 En razonatz egen parlans
 &c. &c.



Langels apporta mada allant home.



Enl. del.

Langels poron en padil armarel lan hom



Enl. del.

On the fourth following leaf, is the regular title (in red) and the beginning of the poem ; thus :

Ayssi comensa les pozicions de
l'albre damor en especial
adauan dicha doctrina
L Que es ueray a efina
Fora assatz sufficiens
ad homes dautz etêdemēs
Mas quar assatz poyrā dubtar
a l cu e cossinam muzar
En las cauzas dauan dichas
a breuidamēt escrihas
E toçadas trop subtilmen
P dar entendre a layga gen
&c. &c. &c.

On the following leaf is the first illumination. On the recto of the immediately following leaf, is a very curious illumination—appertaining to “ *Estoria de la sancta trinitat.*” The cherubic supporters are curiously and cleverly executed. About twelve leaves onward is a sort of cluster of illuminations ; from which I have caused the enclosed fac-similes to be executed.*

I should observe to you that these subjects are accompanied by others relating to the fall of man. On the reverse of these, is a very large, circular, and elaborate illumination ; the Trinity, apparently, being in the middle. A variety of illuminations follows. In about the centre of the volume, is a number of illuminations representing the punishments of the damned. They are small ; but some of them are sufficiently horrible. A series of illuminations, of the Life of Christ, ensues. Within five leaves of the end is a singular illumination below

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

a coat of arms, executed upon a blue ground, with angel supporters. It consists of seven compartments ; containing the seven cardinal virtues above, and the seven corresponding vices below—represented by figures. Beneath, the latter are all hanging by the neck—the head dropping as if dead upon the shoulders. This is the last illumination in the MS. The conclusion of the poem is as follows.

Quan lemfan son de bon aire
 E conois hom sa folia
 Quan de mal far nols castia
 Quar augdir manta veguada
 De qual senhor tal mainada
 Mas alqufol pergran folor
 No sabo retglar estamor
 Quar sos emfans nō repensan
 De lunha cauza mal estan
 Ans rizon de lurs facezas
 E pesson de grans riquezas
 E de grans terras amassar
 Ds quels puescon benries laichar

Below, in the same hand, is the colophon thus :

*Finito libro sit laus et gloria xp̄isto
 Qui scripsit scribat semper cum dno uiuat.*

The only comparatively historical MS. of particular attraction, which my time enabled me to examine, was, a *CHRONIQUE DE LOUIS XI*: finished in the year 1510. This MS. is written in the cursive secretary gothic letter of the xv and xvth centuries, and was given by Francis I. to one of his mistresses, as the reverse of the fly leaf thus attests—within a laureated circular border—*CE. LIVRE. FVST.*

DONNE. PAR. LE. ROY. FRANCOIS. PREMIER. A. ANNE.
DE PISSELEY. DVCHESSE. DESTEMPES. SA. MAITRESSE.

On the opposite side, begins the text. This first page is surrounded by an illumination of the time. At top, on each side, LA — (*Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany*) then the letter L, as the first letter of the text, with a crown in the centre, and covered with fleurs-de-lis, as a compliment to Louis. The following is the inscription around, in capitals, upon labels, &c. “*Il a bien besoin de pardō qui presume bailler pour dō si petit evvre av roy de France Loisdousiesme de ce nom. En faitz vertuz et excellence le tres Grand des Roys en renom.*” Within one leaf of the second large illumination, in the centre, that is, on folio 33 (numbered) we read as follows respecting the death of Charles VIII.

“Vng iour le Roy estant a amboise aulcuns gentilzhōmes feirent vne partie iouer a la paulme et le faisoyēt pour luy donner passe temps. Il partit de sa chambre pour les aller veoir iouer En y allant il se hurta de la teste contre une porte, on le soubstint et marcha quelzques troys ou quatre pas en auāt et la dū tout fut atteint dung caterre qui luy tumba en la gorge puis on le retira en vne chambre qui estoit illecques pres, et furēt tout incontinent mandez mediciens et appoticaïres quī y feirēt ce quilz peurent La Royne y vint qui faisoit vng dueil merueilleux et tel quelle faisoit grant pitie a ceulx qui y estoient et ne scauoīt lon auquel entendre ou au Roy ou a elle et pour le mieulx il faillit que lonlen emmennast en vne aultre chambre voire contre sa volunte Ce pauvre prince vesquit en ce caterre enuiron neuf ou dix heures et nonobstant qui ne peust auoir sa parolle se faisoit il tousiours signes de bon xp̄ien et vray catholique Par ceste maniere le dessusdit Roy charles huytiesme cloyt son dernyer iour enuiron pasques flories lan mil quatre cens quatre vngt dix sept Le vray saulueur du monde luez soit propice a lame. Car il estoit vng tresgentil prince et liberal doulx et gracieux et acomtable.”

Upon the whole, this is a magnificent and intrinsically valuable MS.: of which the greater part, as the title imports, is occupied by the transactions in the reign of Louis XI. Might they not make an exchange for some MS. of *German* history, in the Royal Library at Paris?

The last, but perhaps the most valuable in general estimation, of the MSS. examined by me, was the AUTOGRAPH of the GERUSALEMME LIBERATA, or, as formerly called, CONQUISTATA,* of Tasso: upon which no accomplished Italian can look but with feelings almost approaching to rapture. The MS. is imperfect; beginning with the xxxth canto of the second book, and ending with the lxth canto of the twenty-third book. I have earnestly requested that a fac-simile may be made for me of the two last stanzas; which are singularly illustrative of the corrections and erasures of the poet.†

The preceding will probably give you some little, although far from complete, satisfaction respecting the MSS. in this very precious collection. I proceed therefore immediately to an account of the PRINTED BOOKS; premising that, after the accounts of nearly similar volumes, described as being in the libraries previously

* Tasso, in fact, retouched and almost remodelled his poem, under the title of *Jerusalem Conquered*, and published it under that of *Jerusalem Delivered*. See upon these alterations and corrections, Brunet, *Manuel du Libraire*, vol. iii. p. 298. edit. 1814; Haym *Bibl. Ital.* vol. ii. p. 28. edit. 1808; and particularly Ginguené *Hist. Lit. d'Italie*, vol. v. p. 504.

† The OPPOSITE PLATE is lithographised at London after the fac-simile of M. Fendi.



E par ch' un turbo in nullo d'acqua il pora;
 Santa è bene il deservet ~~nel~~ l'uso ondo

E gho si ~~tomba~~ fà d'oracole nostra
 Del mar l'umido letto. e il fondo heroto.

E quel ~~luzgono~~ i pesi à greti port-

Ma gior de ffrin, che tute ~~su~~ l'ora i ~~pos~~
 Tal qui ~~pute~~ ~~lat~~ ~~puten~~

E di uora de lor gualunqie ci preda
~~Ma~~ ~~qu~~ ~~qui~~ ~~stende~~
~~Ch' a le lantio~~ ~~per~~ ~~tristano~~

~~st~~ ~~pur~~, di al fur
 Sempre gni ~~ch~~ ~~ten~~ ~~ma~~ ~~da~~

Stanza I

~~Mustato olog~~ a 1 mite

che fu lo armate in lontan

di ~~ma~~ sine ~~con~~ cheta, armate e giovani

^{dot} ~~gi~~ ha veri e in ~~ma~~ genti ~~noti~~

Moniano appresi

pi F

di ~~ma~~ ~~te~~ ~~de~~ ~~te~~ ~~nam~~
che ~~fu~~ ~~lo~~ ~~armate~~ ~~in~~ ~~lontan~~
i ~~ma~~ ~~genti~~ ~~noti~~

FAC SIMILE OF THE LAST STANZA.

in the Gerusalemme Conquistata of Tasso.

From the Autograph of the Poet in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

R Ackermanns lithog.



visited, you must not expect me to expatiate quite so copiously or enthusiastically as upon former occasions ; although I will frankly affirm, that the list of printed books, which you are about to read, is probably more curious and interesting than that which I sent you respecting even the Royal Collection at Paris. I have divided the whole into four classes ; namely, 1. THEOLOGY ; 2. CLASSICS ; 3. MISCELLANEOUS, LATIN ; (including Lexicography) 4. ITALIAN ; and 5. FRENCH and GERMAN, exclusively of Theology. I have also taken the pains of arranging each class in alphabetical order ; so that you will consider what follows to be a very sober, and sort of bibliopolistic, catalogue.

THEOLOGY.

APOCALYPSIS. Italicè. *Without date, &c.* Folio. This is an Italian version of De Lyra's commentary upon the Apocalypse ; and I make no doubt that the printer was *Siirtus Reisinger*. This copy, which was the Duke de la Valliere's, is so much cropt that one hardly knows whether to call it a small folio or a quarto. A full page has thirty-seven lines. In red morocco binding.

————— Germanicè. 1498. Folio. *Printed at Nuremberg.* A large thin folio, in double columns ; with very large wood-cuts, supposed to be by ALBERT DURER. They are magnificent productions for power and effect. I never saw this book before.

AUGUSTINUS (S.) DE CIV. DEI. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1467. Folio. A fine large copy ; but not equal to those in the Royal Library at Paris and in Lord Spencer's collection. I should think, however, that this may rank as the third copy for size and condition.

—————. *Printed by Spira.* 1470. Folio. A fine copy, in yellow morocco binding ; but two leaves

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have been reprinted; as the inserted slips of paper, left by me, prove.

AUGUSTINUS DE CIV. DEI. *Printed by Jenson.* 1475. Folio. A very beautiful book, printed upon white and delicate VELLUM. Many of the leaves have, however, a bad colour. I suspect this copy has been a good deal cropt in the binding.

AUGUSTINI S. EPISTOLÆ. *Printed by Mentelin.* Folio. A large sound copy, but the first few leaves are rather objectionable. I consider this to be almost a common book.

———— LIBRI XIII. CONFSSIONUM. 1475. Quarto. On the recto of the first leaf, which is probably misplaced for the last, we read only the following colophon:

Q' lætum augustina ferat confessio fœtum
Præsens fratre refert pagina pressa suo.
Theutonicis delatus enim bonus ære Johannes
Hoc mediolani fertile pressit opus.
ANNO INCARNATIONIS DOMINI
M°CCCC°LXXV°:
XII° KALENDAS AVGVSTI:

This volume is printed in long lines, in a very slender roman type, which I do not just now happen to remember to have seen before; and which *almost* resembles the delicacy of the types of the first *Horace*, and the *Florus* and *Lucan*—so often noticed: except that the letters are a little too round in form. The present is a clean, sound copy; unbound.

———— DE TRINITATE. *Without date.* Folio. This edition is printed in the large coarse gothic type of *H. Ariminsensis de Quat. Virtut.* supposed to have been printed at Spire.* This was Prince Eugene's copy, and is bound in blue morocco. It has a coeval MS. date of 1471.

BIBLIA LATINA. This is the *Mazarine* Edition; supposed to be the first Bible ever printed. The present is far from being a fine

* See *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. iii. p. 163.

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copy; but valuable, from possessing the four leaves of a Rubric which I was taught to believe was peculiar to the copy at Munich.*

BIBLIA LATINA; *Printed by Pfister*, folio, 3 volumes. I was told that the copy here was upon vellum; but inaccurately. The present was supplied by the late Mr. Edwards; but is not free from stain and writing. Yet, although nothing comparable with the copy in the Royal Library at Paris, or with that in St. James's Place, it is nevertheless a very desirable acquisition—and is quite perfect.

————— *Printed by Fust and Schoeffher*. 1462. Folio. 2 vols. UPON VELLUM. This was Colbert's copy, and is large, sound, and desirable. But I think it is not so large as Lord Spencer's copy, nor so white as Mr. Watson Taylor's; which latter had belonged successively to Gaignat and Macarthy.

————— *Printed by Mentelin*. Without Date. Perhaps the rarest of all Latin Bibles; of which, however, there is a copy in the royal library at Paris, and in the public libraries of Strasbourg and Munich. I should conjecture its date to be somewhere about 1466.* The present is a clean and sound, but much cropt copy.

————— *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz*. Folio. 1471-2. 2 vols. A remarkably fine large copy, almost uncut: in modern russia binding. This must form a portion of the impression by the same printers, with the Commentary of De Lyra, in five folio volumes.

————— *Printed by Hailbrun*. 1476. Folio. Here are *two* copies; of which one is UPON VELLUM, and the other upon paper: both beautiful — but the vellum copy is, I think, in every respect, as lovely a book as is Lord Spencer's similar copy. It measures eleven inches one sixteenth by seven one eighth. It has, however, been bound in wretched taste, some fifty years ago, and

* See page 287, ante.

† Lord Spencer has now obtained a copy of it—as may be seen in the *Ædes Athorpianæ*, vol. ii. pp. 39-40, where a fac-simile of the type is given.

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is a good deal cropt in the binding. The paper copy, in 2 vols. is considerably larger.

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by Jenson.* 1479. Folio. Here, again, are two copies; one upon paper, the other UPON VELLUM. Of these, the vellum copy is much damaged in the principal illumination, and is also cropt in the binding. It was *taken to Paris* in its old wooden covers, and *restored* in a spruce red morocco coat. The paper copy can hardly be surpassed, if equalled. Upon the whole, this is one of the noblest specimens extant of Jenson's press. The previous edition of 1476, by the same printer, is executed in the smaller—and this in the larger—gothic type of Jenson.

————— *Without Date, &c.* Folio. This Bible is well known by the peculiar formation of the letter R: of which a fac-simile appears, in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. i. p. 40. This edition is there said, perhaps with not sufficient certainty, to have been probably printed by Mentelin; but I now incline to think otherwise. The present copy of this book,—and the *only* one which I have seen upon the continent, is a remarkable and beautiful one—in its original binding of wood. But I notice it here more particularly, in order to send you a transcript of an old ms. memorandum prefixed, thus:—“*Iste liber Biblie est M. Heinrichi de Pegnitz Empt^o p(ro) 4 flor. A^o. 83 ī Noūbri p̄ter Illum^o et ligatus.*” The last four words seem to be written in a different hand, or perhaps with a different ink. From the preceding, it appears quite conclusive that the book is as old as the year 1483. The only illumination, of any consequence, is in the first page.

BIBLIA ITALICA. MALHERBI. *Printed in the month of October,* 1471. Folio. 2 vols. Perhaps one of the finest and largest copies in existence; measuring sixteen inches five eighths by eleven. It is bound (if I remember rightly) in blue morocco.

BIBLIA HEBRAICA. *Printed at Soncino.* 1488. Folio. FIRST EDITION OF THE HEBREW BIBLE. Of all earliest impressions of the sacred text, this is doubtless the MOST RARE. I am not sure that there are *two* copies of it in England or in France. In our

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own country, the Bodleian library alone possesses it. Brunet (edit. 1814) notices only one copy—which had been in the Crevenna library. On the recto of the first leaf — according to Hebrew printing, and the last according to our own — is the title, in six letters, each white, upon a black rich ground. They are each cut on a separate block of wood, and the whole is within an arabesque border, with a white rabbit, couchant, at each corner. These rabbits may have supplied the printer Colinæus with the notion of his own similar device. Below this title, are thirteen lines of text, in double columns, as indeed is the entire impression. A full page, without spaces, contains thirty-six lines. The initial spaces are filled by a word in a larger type than the text. On the 114th leaf, counting backward, including the one just described, is another title, of four letters, in white, upon a black ground as before: but here the text, which happens to be in long lines, is surmounted with a beautiful, arabesque, wood-cut border of white ornaments upon a black ground. At the bottom is a circular wreath, intended no doubt for the name or arms of the Owner of the book in the centre. This border looks very like *Florentine* art. I should add, that a blank leaf intervenes between the 113th and 114th leaves. At the thirteenth leaf onward (that is, to the left) the recto is blank; and the reverse has only one column. At the 174th leaf — including the thirteen leaves just mentioned, from the ornament last described—the first column only is printed on the recto, and a blank leaf ensues. Then the title, אשרי, in white, as before—although there are two previous specimens of similar printing. After forty-three leaves onward, the recto is again blank; followed by a whole blank leaf. Then fifty-one more leaves—which conclude the impression; forming in the whole 382 leaves. The colophon is thus:*

עלי לבנותלו כית כורך שלם אשר ב
 ביחודה מיי בנם מכל עמו יהור אל
 אלדיך עמו
 ויעל:

* In the above, the points are omitted. The original has them.

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This is a beautiful, clean copy, but cropt a little too much in the binding. It has had a journey to *Paris*, and gained a coat of blue morocco by the trip. The binder was Bozérain. This was the first time that I had seen a copy of the FIRST HEBREW BIBLE. There was only one *other* feeling to be gratified: that *such* a copy were safely lodged in—"you know where."

BIBLIA POLONICA. 1563. Folio. The Abbé Strattman, at Mölk, had apprised me of the beauty and value of this copy—of one of the scarcest impressions of the sacred text. This copy was, in fact, a PRESENTATION COPY to the Emperor Maximilian II., from Prince Radzivil the Editor and Patron of the work; as the following prefix, in the hand writing of the Prince himself, attests: "*Sacratismæ Majstatî Regiæ Maximiliano Divina Favente Clementia Romanorum Vngariæ Bohemiæ Regi, &c. Dnō Dnō et Dnō suo Longe Clementissimo Nicolaus Radzjujl, &c. deditismæ observatiæ necnō Fidei et perpetuæ Seruitutis ergo D. D.*" This copy is rather beautifully white, for the book—which is usually of a brown or sombre complexion. The leaves are rather tender. It is bound in red velvet; but it is a pity they do not keep it in a case—as the back is going fast. Notwithstanding the Abbé Strattman concluded his accout of this book with the exclamation of—"Il n'y en a pas comme celui-là," I must be allowed to say, that Lord Spencer may yet indulge in a strain of triumph . . on the possession of the copy, of this same work, which I secured for him at Augsbourg;* and which is, to the full, as large, as sound, and in every respect as genuine a book.

JERONIMI STI. EPISTOLÆ. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1468. Folio. 2 vols. A magnificent and unique copy, UPON VELLUM. "There are ONLY SIX VELLUM Sweynheymys and Pannartz in the world,"—said the Abbé Strattman to me, in the

* See pages 228, 239, ante. His Lordship's first copy of the POLISH PROTESTANT BIBLE had been obtained from three imperfect copies at VIENNA; for which I have understood that nearly a hundred guineas were paid. The Augsbourg copy now supplies the place of the previous one; which latter, I learn, is in the Bodleian library, at Oxford.

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brary of the Monastery of Molk. "Which be they?" replied I. "They are these" — answered he . . "the *Cæsar*, *Aulus Gellius*, and *Apuleius* — each the edit. prin.—of the date of 1469: and the *Epistles of St. Jerom*, of 1468—all which four books you will see at Vienna:—the *Livy*, which Mr. Edwards bought; and the *Pliny* of 1470, which is in the library of Lord Spencer. These are the only known vellum Sweynheym's and Pannartz." I looked at the volumes under consideration, therefore, with the greater attention. They are doubtless noble productions; and this copy is, upon the whole, fine and genuine. It is not, however, so richly ornamented, nor is the vellum quite so white, as Lord Spencer's *Pliny* above mentioned. Yet is it bound in quiet old brown calf, and belonged formerly to Cardinal Bessarion, whose hand writing is on the fly leaf. It measures fifteen inches three eighths, by eleven one sixteenth.

LACTANTII OPERA. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1465. Folio. Here are two copies of this earliest production of the Italian press. That which is in blue morocco binding, is infinitely the worse of the two. The other, in the original binding of wood, is, with the exception of Mr. Grenville's copy, the finest which I have ever seen. This however is slightly stained, by water, at top.

————— *Printed at Rostoch.* 1476. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM—which I had never seen before. The vellum is thin and beautiful, but this is not a *comfortable* book in respect to binding. A few leaves at the beginning are stained. Upon the whole, however, it is a singularly rare and most desirable volume.*

MISSALE MOZARABICUM. 1500. Folio. First Edition. A book of exceedingly great scarcity, and of which I have before endeavoured to give a pretty full and correct history.† The present

* A particular account of this edition will be found in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. iv. page 522.

† See the *Bibl. Spencer.*; vol. i. page 135-144.

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which has been so often printed by bibliographers, is in red, in a very fresh and perfect state. You will give me credit for having asked for a sight of this precious book, the very first thing on my entrance into the room where it is kept. It is, however, preserved in rather a loose and shabby binding, and should certainly be protected by every effort of the bibliopegistic art. The truth is, as M. Kopitar told me, that every body — old and young, ignorant and learned — asks for a sight of this marvellous volume — and it is, in consequence, rarely kept in a state of quiescence one week throughout the year: except in the holiday-time.

PSALTERIUM. Latinè. *Printed by Crewsner. Without Date.* Quarto. The type is not unlike that of the early Bamberg type: being a large square gothic. A full page contains nineteen lines. The colophon expressly mentions the edition to be printed by "*Crewsner of Nuremberg.*" This is a sound, clean copy; but most probably crompt.

PSALTERIUM. Latinè. *Without Printer's name or Date.* Folio. This is doubtless a magnificent book, printed in the gothic letter, in red and black, with musical lines not filled up by notes. The text has services for certain Saints days. But what rendered this volume particularly interesting to my eyes, was, that on the reverse of the first leaf, beneath two lines of printed text, (in the smaller of two sizes of gothic letter) and two lines of scored music in red, I observed an impression of the very same copper-plate of coat-armour, which I had noticed in the Wurtzburg Missal of 1482, at Oxford, described in the Bibliographical Decameron, vol. i. p. 30. Although M. Bartsch had noticed this copper-plate, in its outline character, in the above previously described Wurtzburg Missal, he seemed to be ignorant of its existence in this Psalter. The whole of this book is as fresh as if it had just come from the press.

PSALTERIUM. Germanicè. Quarto. This scarce impression of the Psalter, in the German language, is printed apparently in the same types as the erroneously supposed first edition of the German Bible.

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PSALTERIUM. Græcè. *Printed by Aldus. 1497. Quarto.* A very beautiful copy; in old morocco binding. An edition of NONNUS, Gr., by the same printer, is bound up with it. These two works are contained in one of the finest old bound books in the Imperial Library.

TESTAMENTUM NOV. Bohemicè. *Without Date. Folio.* This is probably one of the very rarest impressions of the sacred text, in the xvth century, which is known to exist. It is printed in the gothic type, in double columns, and a full page contains thirty-six lines. There are running titles. On the recto of the 210th and last leaf, at the bottom of the first and only column—which has thirty lines—there is a device of two shields, suspended to a bough. One of these shields has an open figure like an M, upon a black ground, and the other a black M upon a white ground. Between them, is the old Arabic figure of 4. According to some bibliographers, this is intended to represent the year 1471: the first M being the thousand, and the last M like an old arabic 7 and 1. Others pretend that this date is 1475; and others, with better reason, that it is 1477; as the M looks like two Arabic 7's. The text, at first glance, has much of the appearance of Bämmler's printing at Augsbourg; but it is smaller, and more angular. Why should not the book have been printed in Bohemia? This is a very clean, desirable copy, in red morocco binding.

TURRECREMATA I. DE. IN LIBRUM PSALMORUM. *Printed at Crause in Suabia. Folio.* This, and the copy described as being in the Public Library at Munich, are supposed to be the only known copies of this impression. The colophon, in two lines, runs thus:

*Iohānis de turre cremata. Cardinalis sc̃i Sixti
vulgarit̃ nūcupati explanatio ī psalteriū finit.
Cracis imp̃ssa.*

Below this colophon, in pencil, is the date of 1475: but quære upon what authority? This copy is in most miserable condition; especially at the end.

ANCIENT CLASSICAL AUTHORS.

ÆSOPUS. Gr. Quarto. EDITIO PRINCEPS. A sound and perfect copy : ruled.

———. *Lat.* At the end : in three lines—“ *Vita Esopi una cū suis fabulis per Rynutium e greco in latinum translata finit feliciter LAVS DEO.*” This edition is printed in a roman type, apparently by Guldinbeck. The copy, which is bound in red morocco, was Prince Eugene’s.

———. *Ital.* 1491. Quarto. In Italian poetry, by Manfred de Monteferrato.

———. 1492. Quarto. In Italian prose, by the same. Of these two versions, the Italian appears to be the same as that of the Verona impression of 1479 : the cuts are precisely similar. The present is a very sound copy, but evidently cropt.

APULEIUS. 1469. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* Folio. Editio Princeps. This copy is UPON VELLUM. See page 489, ante. It is tall and large, but not so fine as is the following article :

———. *Printed by Jenson.* 1472. Folio. A fine sound copy ; in red morocco binding. Formerly belonging to Prince Eugene.

AULUS GELLIUS. 1469. Folio. Edit. Prin. This is without doubt one of the very finest VELLUM copies of an old and valuable Classic in existence. There are sometimes (as is always the case in the books from the earlier Roman press) brown and yellow pages ; but, upon the whole, this is a wonderful and inestimable book. It is certainly unique, as being printed upon vellum. Note well : the *Jerom*, *Apuleius*, and *Aulus Gellius*—with one or two others, presently to be described — were Cardinal Bessarion’s OWN COPIES ; and were taken from the library of St. Mark at Venice, by the Austrians, in their memorable campaign in Italy. Have these books been *restored* ? It is clear they have

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NOT; the Italians not being likely to pay *that* sort of retributive-justice visit to the Austrians, which these latter paid to France in 1814. I own that there are hardly any volumes in the Imperial Library at Vienna which interested me so much as these VELLUM SWEYNHEYMS and PANNARTZ!

AUSONIUS. 1472. Folio. Editio Princeps. The extreme rarity of this book is well known. The present copy is severely cropt at top and bottom, but has a good side marginal breadth. It has also been washed; but you are only conscious of it by the scent of soap.

CÆSAR. 1469. *Printed by S. and Pannartz.* Folio. Edit. Princeps. A beautiful and unique copy—UPON VELLUM. This was formerly Prince Eugene's copy; and I suspect it to be the same which is described in the *Bibl. Huziana*, vol. i. n^o. 3072—as it should seem to be quite settled that the printers, Sweynheym and Pannartz, printed only *one* copy of their respective first editions upon vellum. It is however but too manifest that this precious volume has been cropt in binding—which is in red morocco.

———. 1472. *Printed by the same.* Folio. This also was Prince Eugene's copy; and is much larger and finer than the preceding—on the score of condition.

CALPHURNIUS. 1471. See SILIUS ITALICUS.

CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, &c. With the STATII SYLVÆ. *Printed by Corallus.* 1473. Folio. A rare edition; but the text of Catullus is defective at the beginning. This is a large and almost uncut copy, but it has been much written upon.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS. 1465, Quarto. Here are *two* copies: each UPON VELLUM. One, in blue morocco, is short and small; but in very pretty condition. The other is stained and written upon. It should be cast out.

———. 1466. Quarto. UPON VELLUM. A beautiful copy, which measures very nearly ten inches in height.* In all these copies, the title of the “Paradoxes” is printed.

* It is singular enough that the Curators of this Library, some twenty years ago,

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CICERONIS. EPIST. FAM. 1467. Folio. Edit. Princeps. Cardinal Bessarion's own copy, and unquestionably the finest that exists. The leaves are white and thick, and crackle aloud as you turn them over. It is upon paper, which makes me think there never was a copy upon vellum—for the Cardinal, who was a great patron of Sweynheym and Pannartz, the printers, would doubtless have possessed it in that condition. At the beginning, however, it is slightly stained, and at the end slightly wormed. Yet is this copy, in its primitive binding, finer than any which can be well imagined. The curious are aware that this is supposed to have been the *first book printed at Rome*; and that the hiatuses, left for the introduction of Greek characters, prove that the printers were not in possession of the latter when this book was published. The Cardinal has written two lines, partly in Greek and partly in Latin, on the fly leaf. This copy measures eleven inches three eighths by seven inches seven eighths.

By the same Printers. 1469. Folio. Second Edition: as indifferent, imperfect, and wretched a copy as the preceding is excellent in every respect. There are even defective leaves supplied by ms. in the gothic letter—whereas the original text is in the roman. This copy should be discarded. It consoled me to think of the matchless copy of the same edition which I had purchased at Augsbourg.* This *might* have been in the Imperial Library.

CICERO. DE SENECTUTE. SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS. PARADOXA. DE AMICITIA. Printed by Ulric Han. Folio. These form a portion of the Philosophical Works of Cicero, from the press of Ulric Han—probably not later than the year 1469. They are of extreme rarity; but this copy is in a most unsatisfactory condition from being much washed and written upon. The hand writing

threw out PRINCE EUGENE's copy of the above edition, as a duplicate—which happened to be somewhat larger and finer. This latter copy, bound in red morocco, with the arms of the Prince on the sides, now graces the shelves of Lord Spencer's Library. See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 305, 7.

* See page 228, ante.

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of the late Mr. Edwards is over the beginning of the Paradoxes—which happens to be unbound.

CICERO. RHETORICA VETUS. Printed by Jenson. When I had anticipated the beauty of a VELLUM COPY of this book (in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. i. p. 349—here close at hand) I had not of course formed the idea of seeing such a one HERE. This vellum copy is doubtless a lovely book; but the vellum is discoloured in many places, and I suspect the copy has been cut down a little.

———. De ORATORE. Printed by V. de. Spira. Folio. A perfect copy—for size and colour: in primitive boards.

CICERONIS ORATIONES. Printed by S. and Pannartz. 1471. Folio. A beautifully white and genuine copy; but the first few leaves are rather soiled, and it is slightly wormed towards the end. A fairer Sweynheym and Pannartz is rarely seen.

———. OPERA OMNIA. 1498. Folio. 4 vols. A truly beautiful copy, bound in red morocco; but it is not free from occasional ms. annotations, in red ink, in the margins. It measures sixteen inches and three quarters in height, by ten inches and three quarters in width. A fine and perfect copy of this *First Edition of the Entire Works* of Cicero, is obtained with great difficulty. A nobler monument of typographical splendour, the early annals of the press cannot boast of.

CLAUDIANUS. 1482. Folio. This book is among the rarer of the *Editiones Principes*: and the present is a fine, sound copy, in red morocco binding.

HOMERI OPERA OMNIA. Gr. 1488. Folio. Editio Princeps. A sound, clean copy; formerly Prince Eugene's; but not comparable with many copies which I have seen.

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA. Gr. Without date or place. Quarto. Edit. Prin: executed in red and black lines, alternately. This is a sound, clean, and beautiful copy; perhaps a little crompt. In modern russia binding.

JUVENALIS. Folio. Printed by Ulric Han, in his larger type. A cruelly crompt copy, with a suspiciously ornamented title page. This once belonged to Count Delci.

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JUVENALIS. *Printed by I. de Fivizano. Without date. Folio.* This is a very rare edition, and has been but recently acquired. It contains twenty-seven lines in a full page. There are neither numerals, signatures, nor catchwords. On the sixty-ninth and last leaf, is the following colophon:

FINIS

Octo bis satyras Iuuenalis perlege aquini:
 Scripsit quas Jacobus ære notante manu
 De Fiuizano: veneta sed doctus in urbe:
 Iampridem Lunæ patria clara tenet.
 Solve preces solve quicunq; volumina cernis:
 Maxime qui pauper porrige uota deo.

This is a sound and desirable copy; though not free from soil.

LUCIANI OPUSCULA QUÆDAM. Lat. *Printed by S. Bevilacquaensis.* 1494. Quarto. At the opening we have the following poetical prefix:

Hæc lege plena iocis: immistaq; seria ludo
 Quando relaxandi cura tibi ē animi.
 Luciano ex græco plures fecere latina:
 Collecta hinc illinc: pressaq; Bordo dedit.

This is really one of the most covetable little volumes in the world. It is a copy printed UPON VELLUM; with most beautiful illuminations, in the purest Italian taste. Look—if ever you visit the Imperial Library—at the last illumination, at the bottom of *o v*, recto. It is indescribably elegant. But the binder should have been hung in chains. He has cut the book to the very quick—so as almost to have entirely sliced away several of the border decorations.

LUCRETII. 1486. Folio. Second Edition. A beautiful, tall, clean copy: perhaps the finest which I have seen. It is bound in red morocco, and was formerly Prince Eugene's.

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LUCRETIUS. 1495. *Printed by T. de Ragozonibus.* Quarto. A good copy of a very rare book.

———. 1500. Quarto. *Printed by Aldus.* A sound copy of a book of yet greater rarity.

MACROBIUS. *Printed by Jenson.* 1472. Folio. Edit. Prin. This copy is quite unworthy of an Imperial collection. It should be discarded without hesitation. It is cut down to two thirds of its legitimate size.

MARTIALIS. *Without Date.* Folio. This edition is probably the *first* of the author. The type looks like the worn out type of *Ulric Han*; but Audiffredi, *Edit. Rom.* p. 414, apprehends it to be Laver's. The first two leaves are MS. The copy, in other respects, though large and clean, is, what we call, a *doctored* copy.

OVIDII FASTI. *Printed by Azoguidi.* 1471. Folio. This is the whole of what they possess of this wonderfully rare *EDIT. PRIN.* of Ovid, printed at Bologna by the above printer:—and of this small portion, the first leaf is wanting.

———, OPERA OMNIA, *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1471. Folio. 2 vols. This is a clean, large copy; supplied from two old libraries. The volumes are equally large, but the first is in the finer condition.

———, EPISTOLÆ et FASTI. I know nothing of the printer of this edition, nor can I safely guess where it was printed. The *Epistles* begin on the recto of *aa ii* to *gg v*: the *Fasti* on *A i* to *VV ix*, including some few other opuscula; of which my memorandum is misplaced. At the end, we read the word *FINIS*.

PLINIUS SENIOR. *Printed by I de Spira.* 1469. Folio. Edit. Princeps. We have here the identical copy—printed upon VELLUM—of which I remember to have heard it said, that the Abbé Strattman, when he was at the head of this library, declared, that whenever the French should approach Vienna, he would march off with *this* book under *one* arm, and the *FIRST* Psalter under the other! This was heroically declared; but whether such declaration was ever *acted* upon, is a point upon

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which the bibliographical annals of that period are profoundly silent. To revert to this membranaceous treasure. It is in one volume, beautifully white and clean—but, “horresco referens,” it has been cruelly deprived of its legitimate dimensions. In other words, it is a palpably cropt copy. The very first glance of the illumination at the first page confirms this. In other respects, also, it can bear no comparison with the VELLUM copy in the Royal Library at Paris.* Yet is it a book . . for which I know more than *one* Roxburgher who would promptly put pen to paper and draw a check for 300 guineas—to become its possessor.

—————. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1470. Folio. A fine large copy; but written upon and washed towards the beginning.

—————. *Printed by Jenson.* 1472. Folio. Another early Pliny—UPON VELLUM: very fine, undoubtedly; but somewhat cropt, as the encroachment upon the arms, at the bottom of the first illuminated page, evidently proves. The initial letters are coloured in that sober style of decoration, which we frequently observe in the illuminated volumes of Sweynheym and Pannartz; but they generally appear to have received some injury. Upon the whole, I doubt if this copy be so fine as the similar copies, upon vellum, in the libraries of the Duke of Devonshire and Sir M. M. Sykes. This book is bound in the highly ornamented style of French binding of the xviiith century; and it measures almost sixteen inches one eighth, by ten inches five eighths.

PLINIUS. *Italicè.* *Printed by Jenson.* 1476. Folio. A fine, large, pure, crackling copy; in yellow morocco binding. It was Prince Eugene's copy; but is yet inferior, in magnitude, to the copy at Paris.†

SALLUSTIUS. 1470. Quarto. Editio Princeps. A very excellent copy of this uncommon book; of which the printer should seem even to be yet unknown.

* See vol. ii. p. 271.

† See vol. ii. p. 274.

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SALLUSTIUS. *Printed by Gering, &c. Quarto.* A sound, fair copy of a very early printed edition of Sallust; perhaps as ancient as the preceding. I have nothing here to add to what has been already observed upon it in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. ii. p. 326-7. This copy is bound in red morocco.

SILIUS ITALICUS. *Printed by S. and Pannartz. 1471. Folio. Edit. Prin.* With Calphurnius. This copy, although wide, and upon the whole sufficiently desirable, is not free from worm holes and soil.

—————. *Printed by Laver. 1471. Folio.* The largest, soundest, and cleanest copy of this very rare impression, which I remember to have seen:—with the exception, perhaps, of that in the Bodleian Library.

SUETONIUS. *Printed by S. and Pannartz. 1470. Folio. Second Edition.* A fine, sound copy, yet somewhat crompt. The first page of the text has the usual border printed ornament of the time of printing the book. This was Prince Eugene's copy.

—————. *Printed by Jenson. 1471. Quarto.* An excellent, sound, and desirable copy.

TACITUS. *Printed by I. de Spira. Folio. Edit. Prin.* This is the whitest and soundest copy, of this not very uncommon book, which I have seen. It has however lost something of its proper dimensions by the cropping of the binder.

TERENTIUS. *Printed by Mentelin, without date. Folio. Editio Princeps.* Of exceedingly great rarity. The present copy, which is in boards—but which richly deserves a russia or morocco binding—is a very good, sound, and desirable copy.

—————. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1472. Folio.* This is a very rare edition; but the present copy is cruelly written upon.

—————. *Printed by Cæsar and Stoll. Folio.* A beautiful copy of a comparatively late, but somewhat uncommon, edition.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS. *Printed by Mentelin. Without date. Folio. Editio Princeps.* This book, which I should by no means call of the *first* degree of rarity, is usually found in a fair and sound

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condition. The present copy may be entitled to the same praise; with the exception of the first twenty-five leaves—which are much written upon.

———. *Printed by V. de Spira. Without date.* Folio. A beautiful copy; in primitive wooden binding; but it appears to want something of the Rubric at the end.

———. *Printed by Schoeffher. 1472.* Folio. UPON VELLUM; a charming, sound copy. This book is not very uncommon upon vellum.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Mentelin. Without date.* Folio. Perhaps the rarest of all the early Mentelin classics; and probably the second edition of the author. The present is a beautiful, white, sound copy, and yet probably somewhat crompt. It is in red morocco binding. Next to the very extraordinary copy of this edition, in the possession of Mr. George Hibbert, I should say that *this* was the finest I had ever seen.

———. *Printed by V. de Spira. 1470.* Folio. It is difficult to find a thoroughly beautiful copy of this very rare book. The present is tolerably fair and rather large, but I suspect washed. The beginning is brown, and the end very brown.

———. *Printed by the Same. 1471.* Folio. This copy is perhaps the most beautiful one in the world of the edition in question. It has the old ms. signatures in the corner, which proves how important the preservation of these *witnesses* is to the confirmation of the size and genuineness of a copy of an old book. No wonder the French got possession of this matchless volume on their memorable visit to Vienna in 1805 or 1809. It was bound in France, in red morocco, and is honestly bound. This is, in short, a perfect book.

———. *Printed by Leonard Achates. 1473.* Folio. A fine, broad-margined copy; except that some former capricious, or rather mad-headed owner, of it, has cut one third of the leaves to the quick, close to the very text. The first few leaves (and especially the first) are much stained, and full of marginal scribbling: among these latter, is this strange note—apparently in the

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hand writing of the seventeenth century, — “*T’vè Littere iucundissime mihi fuerunt quia non omnes possunt salui esse.*” This copy is in its original wooden binding.

———. *Printed by Jenson. 1475. Folio.* A very fine, crackling copy, in the old wooden binding; but the beginning and end are somewhat stained.

Here is a fragment of an edition (having the XIIIth book) which looks like a *Milan* or *Parma* book. It is without numerals, signatures, or catchwords. The *Bucolics* have five lines (including three for the words “*Collocutores, Melibœus, Tityrus*”) before the first verse of the poem. The first among the smaller poems, is the “*Copa.*”

———. *Comment. Servii in Virg. No date. Folio.* Executed in the well known shaped capital R. a sound and desirable copy. This is an uncommon book.

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ÆNEAS SYLVIUS DE DUOBUS AMANTIBUS. Without date. Quarto. This is the only copy which I have seen, of probably what may be considered the FIRST EDITION, of this interesting work. It has twenty-three lines in a full page, and is printed in the large and early roman type of *Gering, Crantz, and Friburger.* Cæsar and Stoll doubtless reprinted this edition. In the whole, there are forty-four leaves. The present is a fair sound copy.

ALEXANDER GALLUS: vulgò DE VILLA DEI: DOCTRINALE. Without date. Folio. There are few books which I had so much wished to see as the present. The bibliographers of the old school had a great notion of the typographical antiquity of this work if not of *this edition* of it: but I have very little hesitation, in the first place, of attributing it to the press of *Vindelin de Spira* — and, in the second place, of assigning no higher antiquity to it than that of the year 1471. It is however a book of

* Including LEXICOGRAPHY.

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some intrinsic curiosity, and of unquestionably great rarity. I saw it here for the first time. The present copy is a decidedly much-cropt folio; but in most excellent condition. It begins thus:

s CRIBERE CLERICVLIS Paro
 Doctrinale Nouellis
 Pluraq; doctorū sociabo scripta meorū
 Iamq; legēt pueri pro nugis Maximiani
 Quæ ueteres sociis uolebant pandere caris
 P ræsens huic operi sit gratia pneumatis almi.
 M e iuu&: & faciat cōplere quod utile fiat.
 S i pueri primo nequeant attendere plene
 H ic tamen attend&: qui doctoris uice fungens.
 A tq; lcgens pueris laica lingua reserabit.
 E t pueris etiam pars maxima plana palebit.

u Oces in primis quas per casus uariabis
 Vt leuius potero te declinare docebo.
 I stis confinem retinent eteroclitita sedem:
 A tq; gradus triplices collatio subditur istis:
 C uiq; sit articulo quæ uox socianda docebo
 H inc de præteritis Petrū sequar atq; supinis:
 H is defectiua suberunt et anomala uerba.

I select a specimen, indiscriminately, from the recto of the twelfth leaf.

C hristallum tamen hoc dicem': & hic paradisus
 H oc uulgu pelagus: indeclinabile uirus
 O s græcum sæpe mutamus in us muliebre
 H oc terne dabit us si non ten& u genitiuus
 D at lepus hic: ten& itercus gen' omne uetusq;
 D ant hæc si crescat genitiuus & u sibi seruat
 &c. &c.

On the reverse of the forty-fourth, and last leaf, the two last verses of the work end thus:

N il reor assertum qd' non quæat esse tenendū
 P luraq; signaui quæ non debes imitari.

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Then the colophon :

d Octrinale dei uirtute iuuante peregi
Grates reddo tibi genitor deus & tibi christe
N ate dei deus atq ; tibi deus alitus alme
Q uas tres personas in idem credo deitatis.

FINIS.

Ille ego sum : doceo pueros qui & recta locutos
Arte uiros : sine me doctior esse nequit
Quem quanq̄ indocti sæpe aspernātur : habendū
Iure domi doctus me tamen esse putat.

This copy is in calf binding.

ANTONII DE S. GEORGIO. COMMENT. DECRET. *Printed by A. de Carcano. Pavia. 1476. Folio.* This book is printed in close gothic, in double columns ; but the first leaf of the text exhibits a much more beautiful aspect than the generality of the others—which are very blotchy in the press-work. It should seem indeed as if this first leaf were afterwards printed and inserted. The following is the colophon of the work :

Anno Dei Mcccclxxvi. Domināte Illustrissimo ac Felicissimo Galeaz Maria dei gratia Mediolani duce Quīto. et die. xxiiij mēsis madij et cetera Antonius de Carcano Mediolanensis impresi Papie. The present is a large, beautiful copy ; in red morocco binding.

APOLLINARIS OFFREDUS adv. P. MANTUANUM. *Printed by Bonus Gallus. 1478. Quarto.* The title runs thus ; “ *Illustris philosophi et medici Apollinaris Offredi cremonensis de p & uliō īstanti īdefensiōez cōrs opiniōrs aduersus Petrū mātuanū felicit̄ incipit.*” The preceding on a i. On e xii, reverse—the signatures running in eights—is the following colophon :

*Mgr Bonus Gallus ipressit ī oppido Collēse mā
cipio Florentino Anno dni Mcccclxxviii.*

This uncommon book is executed in a barbarous and closely printed gothic type, upon very indifferent paper : but the condition of this copy is most desirable. It is also almost uncut.

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AQUINAS THOMAS. SECUNDA SECUNDÆ. *Printed by Schoeffer.* 1467. Folio. A fine, large copy, printed UPON VELLUM: the vellum is rather too yellow but this is a magnificent book, and exceedingly rare in such a state. This copy is bound in red morocco.

—————. *Printed by Paulus de Puzpach, a German, at Mantua. Without date.* Folio. This edition is executed in a small, close gothic letter, in double columns; and the present is a most beautiful and large copy, unbound.

—————. OPUS QUARTISCRIPITUM. *Printed by Schoeffer.* 1469. Folio. We have here another magnificent specimen of the early Mentz press, struck off UPON VELLUM, and executed in the smallest gothic type of the printer. This is a gloriously genuine copy; having the old pieces of vellum pasted to the edges of the leaves, by way of facilitating the references to the body of the text. There is a duplicate copy of this edition, upon paper, wanting some of the earlier leaves, and which had formerly belonged to Prince Eugene. It is, in other respects, fair and desirable.

—————. IN EVANG. MATTH. ET MARC. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1470. Folio. A fine, large, white, and crackling copy; but somewhat cut; and not quite free from the usual foxy tint of the books executed by these earliest Roman printers.

BARTHOLUS. LECTURA. *Printed by V. de Spira.* 1471. Folio. One of the finest specimens imaginable of the press of V. de Spira. It is a thick folio, executed in double columns. The first page of this copy is elegantly illuminated with portraits, &c.; but the arms at bottom prove that some portion of the margin has been cut away—even of this magnificent copy. At the end—just before the date, and the four colophonic verses of the printer—we read: *Finis prime ptis lecture dn̄i Bartoli super ffito nouo.*”

BELLOVACENSIS (P.) SPECULUM HISTORIALE. Folio. The four volumes in ONE!—of eight inches in thickness, including the

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binding. This gigantic folio may therefore compete with some of the ms. romance volumes in the Royal Library at Paris.* The present copy of this extraordinary performance of Peter de Beauvais is as pure and white as possible. The type is a doubtful gothic letter; doubtful, as to assigning to it the proper printer.

BESSARION (CARD.) CONTRA CALUMN. PLATONIS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1469. Folio.* I take notice of this copy, not so much for the beauty of its condition or breadth of its margin, as to transcribe a very pompous note—or ‘Monitum’—pasted on the inside of the binding, in a large lower case printed gothic letter, of the time. “Emptus est iste liber per nos doctorem Joannem Fabrum Episcopum Viennensem, et Coadiutorem Nove Ciuitatis, Gloriosissimi & clementissimi, Romanorum, Hungarie, Bohemieq; etc Regis ac Archiducis Austrie Ferdinandi pientissimi a Consilijs & a Confessionibus. Et quidem non ea pecunia, que ex prouentibus et censib: Episcopatus prouenit, sed ea, quam ex honestissimis nostris laboribus aliunde accepimus. Proinde liberum est nobis donare et legare cui voluerimus. Donamus igitur Collegio nostro apud sanctum Nicolaum ordinamusq; vt ibi in perpetuum Studentibus vsui sit, iuxta statuta et prescripta nostra. Actum Vienne in Episcopali Curia, prima die Septembris.. Anno salutis. M. D. xxxx.” The present copy of this FIRST EDITION of Bessarion’s Defence of Plato may be considered fine as to condition; but it appears to have suffered at top and bottom by the tools of its first binder. It is in wooden boards.

ORATIO AD INCLITISSIMIS. ITALIÆ PRINCIPIBUS. *Without date or place. Quarto.* This rare volume is printed in the earliest, or as it is called, Sorbonne type of *Gering, Crantz, and Friburger*. The copy before me is in fine crackling condition, but cruelly crompt. What is singular, the first two leaves (containing the prefatory epistle of Fichetus) are printed UPON VELLUM.

* See vol. ii. p. 220-1, &c.

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BOCCACIUS. DE PRECLARIS MULIERIBUS. Folio. Of this edition I know nothing. It is executed in what may be called a round gothic type, to which the date of MCCCCLXX is very suspiciously added in ms.

BONIFACII LIBER SEXTUS DECRETALIUM. *Printed by Fust and Schoeffer.* 1465. Folio. A magnificent copy; UPON VELLUM.

CARATZULUS. DE TIMORE DIVINORUM JUDICIORUM. *Printed by Arnoldus de Bruxella.* 1473. Folio. The works executed by the printer of this volume, are generally of rare occurrence. I had never seen this book before; and shall probably never see the unique copy of the HORACE, printed by the same artist in the following year.* The present copy, which is unbound, is in good sound condition.

CATHOLICON. 1460. Folio. 2 vols. A tolerably fair good copy; in red morocco binding.

———. 1469. *Printed by Gunther Zeiner.* 2 vols. Folio. This copy is UPON VELLUM, of a fair and sound quality. I suspect that it has been somewhat diminished in size, and may not be larger than the similar copy at Göttwic Monastery.† This is in calf binding.

———. *Without name of printer, place, or date.* 2 vols. Folio. This is always a sumptuous book, and is more common upon the Continent than in England. The present copy, which was Prince Eugene's, is decidedly most magnificent. The edition is a reprint of Gutenberg's, even to the very colophon—with the omission of the date—and the types have no very remote resemblance to those used in the supposed first German Bible.

CHRONICON PONTIFICUM. *Printed by I. P. de Lignamine.* 1474. Quarto. A large and desirable copy of this very curious chronicle (see B. S. vol. iii.) but in a tender condition. In calf binding.

* This apprehension has been dissipated—by the sight and the description of the very copy above alluded to; formerly in the library of the DUKE DI CASSANO, and now in that of EARL SPENCER.

† See page 428 ante.

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CHRONICON. NORIMBERGENSE. 1493. Folio. All the world (that is, the book world) is well acquainted with this very extraordinary volume; and I notice it here, only to express my surprise that this copy, which was formerly Prince Eugene's, and is sufficiently clean, should have been so much cut down in the binding. His Highness was sometimes but shabbily served by his book-foragers.

CHRYSOLOGAS. EROTEMATA. Gr. *Without date, place, or name of printer.* Quarto. This is doubtless the EDITIO PRINCEPS of the work—at present wanting in Lord Spencer's library. It is executed in the type of the first Florentine Homer. The title (as above—reversing the words) is printed in Greek capitals, in four lines, on the recto of *a i*. There are thirteen lines below. A full page has nineteen lines. On the recto of folio eighty-two, and last, we read—

TEAOC. THC. ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙ
KHC. TOT. XPYCO
ΑΩΠΑ.

The Greek alphabet is below. The present is a soiled and cropt copy, but most desirable, as being one of the very rarest books in early Greek literature. I insert this description of it in the present place, among the Latin books, as I have no distinct division for its introduction.

CLEMENTIS PAPÆ V. CONSTITUTIONES. *Printed by Fust and Schoeffer.* 1460. Folio. This copy (like every other copy of this edition, I believe) is printed UPON VELLUM—which is here of a yellowish tint. It is also cropt; but perfect—as having at the end “the execrable Constitution of Pope John XXII.” The copy of this impression in the Spencer Library, is, for colour and size, greatly superior.

DURANDUS. RAT. DIV. OFFIC. *Printed by Fust and Schoeffer.* 1459. Folio. This book, which is always UPON VELLUM, was the Duke de La Valliere's copy. It is the thinnest I ever

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saw, but it is quite perfect. The condition is throughout sound, and the margins appear to retain all their pristine amplitude. It is bound in morocco.

FICHETI RHETORICA. *Printed by Gering, &c.* Quarto. This copy is UPON VELLUM, not indifferently illuminated: but it has been cruelly cropt.

LUDOLPHUS. DE TERRA SANCTA and ITINERE IHEROSOLIMITANO. *Without date or place.* Quarto. I never saw this book, nor this work, before. The present edition commences thus: "Reverendissimo in cristo patri ac domino dño sro gratioſo Baldwino de steimcordia padebornen̄. ecclesie episcopo ludolphus parochialis ecclesie in Suchen rector debitā reuerentiam et honorem, &c." The text describes a journey to Jerusalem, undertaken by Ludolphus, between the years 1336 and 1350. This preface is very interesting; but I have neither time nor space for extracts. At the end: "*Finit feliciter libellus de itinere ad terram sanctam, &c.*" The type is gothic, loosely put together, and I should think resembles that of a Cologne printer. This impression is printed in long lines, and contains thirty-six leaves. At the end are some curious old hexameter and pentameter verses.

MAMMOTRECTUS. *Printed by Schoeffher.* 1470. Folio. Here are two copies; of which one is UPON VELLUM—but the paper copy is not only a larger, but in every respect a fairer and more desirable, book. The vellum copy has quite a foggy aspect. This is the first edition of the work; and though by no means a common book, it is yet more easy of acquisition than the edition printed at Ergow, by Helias de Louffen, with the same date; but of which the colophon is, in fact, a reprint of Schoeffher's. Consult, if you have time, the B. S. vol. i. p. 154-6.

NONIUS MARCELLUS. *Without name of printer or place.* 1471. Folio. This is the first edition of the work with a date, but the printer is unknown. It is executed in a superior style of typographical elegance; and the present is as fine and white a copy of it as can possibly be possessed. I think it even larger than the Göttwic copy.

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PANHORMITE EPISTOLÆ. (*Supposed to be printed by Reisinger.*) Without date. Folio. This is a desirable copy of a very rare book, which has been fully described in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. iii. p. 451.

PETRARCHA. HISTORIA GRISELDIS. *Printed by G. Zeiner.* 1473. Folio. Whether *this* edition of the HISTORY of PATIENT GRISEL, or that printed by Zel, without date, be the earliest, I cannot pretend to say. I saw a copy of this book in the library of Professor Veessenmeyer at Ulm,* which was however destitute of printer's name and place, but the Professor considered it as a production of the Ulm press. The colophon of the present edition renders the point quite decisive. The title, however, is this: "De insigni obedientia. et. Fide Vxor. Griseldis in Waltherum." There is an ornament round the inner margin of the first page. A full page has thirty lines. On the reverse of the tenth and last leaf, is the colophon, thus:

*Vlme impressum per Johānem zeiner de
Reutlingen Anno Domini. 1. 4. A 3.*

This edition is printed in the roman type, and perhaps is among the very earliest specimens of the printer so executed. It is however a thin, round, and scraggy type. The book is doubtless of extreme rarity. This copy was formerly Prince Eugene's, and is bound in red morocco.

PHALARIDIS EPISTOLÆ. Lat. 1471. Quarto. This is the first time (if I remember rightly) that the present edition has come under my notice. It is doubtless of excessive rarity. The type is a remarkably delicate, round, and widely-spread roman letter. At the end we read this colophon, in capital letters:

Phalaridis Epistolarum opus no
bilissimum a Bartho Fontio Flo
rentino a Latino in vulgarem
Sermonem Tradvctvm feliciter
finit M.CCCC.LXXI.

* See page 194 ante.

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The present is a sound, clean copy, in red morocco binding, and was formerly Prince Eugene's. I may here briefly notice another work, in folio without date, printed precisely in the same type. It has this colophon: *Petri apponi Medici Clarissimi in Librum Joannis Messvæ Additio feliciter finit.*" A sound, desirable copy, in red morocco binding.

PHALARIDIS EPISTOLÆ. *Printed by Ulric Han. Without date.* Folio. This is among the rarest editions of the Latin version of the Epistles of Phalaris. It is executed in the second, or ordinary roman type of Ulric Han. In the whole there are thirty leaves; and I know not why this impression may not be considered as the first, or at least the second, of the version in question. The present is a sound and desirable copy; and with the copy of the Epistles of Panhormita above described, has red edges to the leaves—both appearing to have been taken out of the same volume.

PETRARCHA. DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI et DE VITA SOLITARIA. Folio. Printed in the peculiarly shaped capital R. I notice this copy of a book, by no means of uncommon occurrence, in order to mention that it contains an apparently coeval ms. date of 1473. The present is a fine large copy; in the original binding of wood.

POGGII FACETIÆ. *Without name of Printer, Place, or Date.* Folio. It is for the first time that I examine the present edition, which I should not hesitate to pronounce the FIRST of the work in question. The types are those which were used in the *Eusebian Monastery* at Rome. A full page has twenty-three lines. At the end, we read:

*Poggi florentini secretarii
apostolici facetiarum liber
absolutus est feliciter. . . .*

This is a sound, clean copy; in calf binding.

PRISCIANUS. *Printed by V. de Spira.* 1470. Folio. Editio princeps. A beautiful, large, white, and crackling copy, in the

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original wooden binding. Is one word further necessary to say that a finer copy, upon paper, cannot exist?

PRISCIANUS. *Printed by Ulric Han.* Folio. With the metrical version of *Dionysius de Situ Orbis* at the end. This is a very rare book. The fount of Greek letters clearly denotes it to come from a press at Rome, and that press was assuredly Ulric Han's. This appears to have been Gaignat's copy, and is sound and desirable, but not so fine as the copy of this edition in the library of Göttwic Monastery.

PTOLEMÆUS. Lat. *Printed at Bologna.* 1462. Folio. There can be no doubt of this date being falsely put for 1472 or even 1482. But this is a rare book to possess, with all the copper plates, which this copy has—and it is moreover a fine copy.

———. *Printed by Buckinck.* 1478. Folio. Another fine and perfect copy of a volume of considerable rarity, and interest to the curious in the history of early engraving.

REGULÆ JURIS CANON. *Printed by Adam Rot.* 1472. Folio. Adam Rot is a very rare printer, and his name to this volume forms its chief typographical curiosity. His type is very like Simon de Bopardia; and this is the *third* specimen of his printing which I have seen on this side of the Rhine. The present is a large and beautiful copy.

SUIDAS, Gr. 1499. Folio. 2 vols. As I have before observed, the *Chrysoloras* and *Suidas* find a place here—from not deeming it worth while to assign a distinct division to them. This editio princeps of Suidas is always, when in tolerable condition, a wonderfully striking book: a masterpiece of solid, laborious, and beautiful Greek printing. But the copy under consideration—which is in its pristine boards, covered with black leather—was LAMBECIUS'S OWN COPY, and has his autograph. It is, moreover, one of the largest, fairest, and most genuine copies ever opened.

TRACTATUS de PTATE et CONCILII GENERALIS. *Printed by Quentel.* 1480. Folio. A wood cut is on the first leaf, and another (the crucifixion) beneath the colophon. This book is hand-

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somely executed. I suspect Quente (who was a Cologne printer) to be the printer of many dateless and nameless volumes which appear to have issued from a Cologne press. This was Prince Eugene's copy; and is a rare specimen of a fine old book not injured by modern binding.

TURRECREMATA I de. MEDITATIONES. *Printed by Ulric Han.* 1467. Folio. This wonderfully rare volume is justly shewn among the "great guns" of the Imperial Library. It was deposited here by the late Mr. Edwards; with whom neither request nor entreaty could prevail to suffer it to remain in a certain noble library in England, where it had long been considered among the chief desiderata, but where such desiderated treasure is now no longer acknowledged: for even a finer copy than that before me at this moment graces the shelves of the Spencer Library.* To return to the copy under consideration. It is considered by some to be the *first book printed at Rome*, and is filled with strange wood-cuts. The text is uniformly in the large gothic character of Ulric Han. The French were too sensible of the rarity and value of this precious book, to suffer it to remain upon the shelves of the Imperial library after their first triumphant visit to Vienna; and accordingly it was carried off, among other book trophies, to Paris—from whence it seems, naturally as it were, to have taken up its present position. This is a very fine copy; bound in blue morocco, with the cuts uncoloured. It measures thirteen inches and a quarter, by very nearly nine and a quarter: being, what may be fairly called, almost its pristine dimensions. Whenever you visit this library, ask to see, among the very first books deserving of minute inspection, this copy of the Meditations of John de Turrecremata: but, remember—a *yet finer* copy is within thirteen miles of your own residence.

* *the shelves of the Spencer Library.*] The copy here alluded to was procured by Mr. Horn; and is absolutely in its primitive vellum binding, with the cuts and the text as white and pure as snow. It is fully described, with fac-similes of two of the cuts, in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*; vol. ii p. 273.

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VALTURIUS DE RE MILITARI. 1472. Folio. Edit. Prin. A fine, clean copy ; in red morocco binding. Formerly, in the collection of Prince Eugene. Such a hero, however, should have possessed it UPON VELLUM ! — although, of the two copies of this kind which I have seen, neither gave me the notion of a very fine book.

Italicè. *Without Date or Place.* Folio. The printer is *Sixtus Riesinger* : — his name appearing, in a large gothic letter, at the end of the book ; where it is succeeded by a register. The titles to the Books and Chapters are in the same full black letter as the name of the printer ; but the text is in a roman type, larger than is usually seen as belonging to this printer. The letter is comparatively tall, yet close. I apprehend this to be a very rare book.

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Bastiano Foresi. *Without Date or Place.* Quarto. “ Libro chiamato ambitione, composto per Ser Bastiano foresi notario fiorentino al Magnifico Lorenzo de Medici, &c.” I know not why an Italian version of the *Georgics of Virgil*—which this work undoubtedly is—should have a title like the preceding. It is the only copy of the book which I have ever met with. The signatures run to M vj, in eights. At the end, there is only the word “ Finis.” A full page has twenty-four lines. This edition, executed in the round roman Florentine type, appears to have been printed between the years 1480 and 1490. This copy is much stained, and unbound.

Bella (La) Mano. *Without name of Printer.* 1474. Quarto. This is the first time of my inspecting the present volume ; of which the printer is not known — but, in all probability, the book was printed *at Venice*. It is executed in a round, tall, roman letter. On the reverse of the first leaf, is an Italian Sonnet by I. Baptista de Ferrara, in praise of the work. On the recto of the opposite leaf, the text begins thus :

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IVSTI DECOMITIBVS ROMANI
VTRIVSQUE IVRIS INTERPRE
TIS AC POETAE CLARISSIMI LI
BELLVS FOELICITER INCIPIT IN
TITVLATVS LA BELLA MANO:.

MOR QUANDO PER
FARMIBEN FELICE

Lalta amorosa spina
nel cor mio
Pianto collagran for
za del disio

Che fin nelle mie piante ha la radice :
Mi fe uia singular piu che phenice
Mentre amia uoglia amorte lalma inuio
Epoi mi tinse nel tenace oblio :
&c. &c.

On the sixty-ninth and last leaf :

VENECIIS . DIE . DUODECIMO . DECE
MBRIS . M. CCCC. LXXIIII.
FINIS.

This is a cropt and soiled, but upon the whole, a desirable copy : it is bound in red morocco, and was formerly Prince Eugene's.

Berlinghieri. Geografia. Without Place or Date. Folio. Prima Edizione. It does the heart good to gaze upon such a copy of so estimable and magnificent a production as the present. This book belonged to Prince Eugene, and is bound in red morocco. It is quite perfect—with all the copper-plate maps.

Boccaccio. Il Decamerone. Printed by Zarotus. 1476. Folio. This is an exceedingly rare edition of the Decameron. It is executed in the small and elegantly formed gothic type of the printer, with which the Latin *Æsop*, of the same date, in 4to, was printed. Notwithstanding this copy is of a very brown hue, and

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most cruelly cut down—as the illuminated first page but too decisively proves—it is yet a sound and desirable book.

This is the only early edition, as far as I had an opportunity of ascertaining, which they appear to possess of the Decameron of Boccaccio. Of the *Philocolo*, there is a folio edition of 1488; and of the *Nimphale* there is a sound and clean copy of a dateless edition, in 4to., without name of place or printer, which ends thus—and which possibly may be among the very earliest impressions of that work:

Finito il nimphale di fiesole
che tracto damore.

Burchiello Sonetti del : in ueniegia per maestro Tomaso dalexandrio nel anno M. ccclxxvii. adi xxix. di iuglio Regnante lo inclyto principe Messer Andrea uendramino. Quarto. This is the second edition of the Sonnets of Burchiello, and is doubtless of uncommon occurrence. The present copy is cut down to the size of an octavo volume, and is in very sombre condition. In red morocco binding.

Caterina da Bologna. Without Date, or name of Printer. Quarto. This is a very small quarto volume of great rarity; concluding with some poetry, and some particulars of the Life of the female Saint and author. It appears to have wholly escaped Brunet. It commences thus:

In comenza uno libretto coposto da
una beata religiosa del corpo de cristo So
re Caterine da bologna.

There are seventeen lines below. A full page has twenty-one lines.

On the reverse of the fifty-second leaf:

Caterine pouerella bolognese cioe i bolo
gna acqstata nata & alleuata & i ferrara da
xpo sposata

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Io da me stessa sopranoīata cagnolaperdi
uina īspiratione scrissi de mia propria māo
q̄sto libretto nel monasterio del cōpo de
x̄po na la cella doue io habitaua laq̄le era
copta distore: & al tēpo dela nostra Reue
rēdissima madre & abbatesa Sore Tadia
sorella ch' fu de miss m̄aco dipii circa ti a
ni del Signore miser iesu christo. M. cccc.
xxviii. & in uita mia' non lo manifestato
a persona che sia a laude de christo Iesu &

& Amen. &

Then follow ten pages of poetry, including the last page, with this prefix :

Incomēzao alcune cose d'la uita d'la sopra
nominata beata Caterina.

The register is beneath. There are neither manuals, signatures, nor catchwords. This volume looks like a production of the *Bologna* or *Mantua* press. I never saw another copy of this curious little work.

Caterina da Siena Legenda di. Printed in the Monastery of St. James, at Florence. 1477. Quarto. This is the edition which Brunet very properly pronounces to be "excessively rare." It is printed in double columns, in a small, close, and scratchy gothic type. On the 158th and last leaf, is the colophon, thus :

Anno domini mille quattroceto
settanta sette addi uentiquattro
dimarço Estata questa legēda in
prontata infirencæ almonisterri
o disanto iacopo diripoli dellor
dine de frati predicatori pmano
didue religiosi frate domenico
dapistoia et frate piero dapisa
DEO. GRATIAS.

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Dante. Printed by Numeister. 1472. Folio. Prima Edizione. This copy is ruled, but short, and in a somewhat tender condition. Although not a first rate copy, it is nevertheless desirable; yet, at the best, this book is but a secondary typographical performance. The paper is always coarse in texture, and sombre in tint.

Dante. 1481. Folio. With the commentary of Landino. This is doubtless a precious copy; inasmuch as it contains TWENTY COPPER-PLATE IMPRESSIONS, and is withal in fair and sound condition. The fore-edge margin has been however somewhat deprived of its original dimensions.

Decor Puellarum. Printed by Jenson. Quarto. With the false date of 1461 for 1471. This volume, which once gave rise to such elaborate bibliographical disquisition, now ceases to have any very extraordinary claims upon the attention of the collector. It is nevertheless a *sine qua non* in a library with any pretension to early typographical curiosities. The present copy is clean and tolerably large: bound by De Rome.

Fazio. Dita Mundi. Printed by L. Basiliensis. 1474. Folio. Prima Edizione. Of unquestionably great rarity; and unknown to the earlier bibliographers. The printer, or printers, appear to have been Rugerius and Bertochus, and the the book was most probably executed at Bologna. It is printed in double columns, with signatures, to o in eights: o has only four leaves. This copy has the signatures considerably below the text, and they seem to have been a clumsy and *posterior* piece of workmanship. It has been recently bound in russia.

Frezzi. Il Quadriregio. 1481. Folio. Prima Edizione. I have before sufficiently expatiated upon the rarity of this impression.* The present is a large copy, but too much beaten in the binding. The first leaf is much stained. A few of the others are also not free from the same defect.

Fulgosii Bapt. Anteros: sive de Amore. Printed by L. Pachel. Milan. 1496. I doubt whether Brunet (from his

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brief description, vol. i. p. 531. edit. 1814) had ever seen this rare book. On the reverse of the title, is a very singular woodcut—where Death is sitting upon a coffin, and a blinded Cupid stands leaning against a tree before him: with a variety of other allegorical figures. On the recto of signature *a ij* is a Latin metrical address in praise of the work. On the reverse, it commences thus:

AVCTOR. TYRONIBVS. AMORIS.

Come che non stîl rozo inculto e humile:

Onuoui amanti e stopra legerete

Par uî dimostrera la sutil rete:

Gli dannie mal damor. e quanto e uile.

Si chese mai human buono gentile:

Forsel stimando laudato lharete:

Pentuti: credo adrieto tornarete:

This is a grave moral work, written in prose, in the Italian language, with references to moral authors of antiquity; having many quotations both in Latin and Italian verse. The colophon is thus:

*Impressum Mediolani per Magistrum Leonardum
Pachel Anno Domini. M.cccc.lxxxxvi. die. x. Maii.*

The present is a beautiful copy, in red morocco binding.

Gloria Mulierum. Printed by Jenson. Quarto. This is another of the early Jenson pieces which are coveted by the curious, and of which a sufficiently particular account has been already given to the public.* This copy is taller than that of the *Decor Puellarum* (before described) but it is in too tender a condition.

Legende Di Sancti per Nicolao di Manerbi. Printed by Jenson. Without date. Folio. It is just possible that you

* *Bibl. Spenceriana*; vol. iv. p. 121.

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may not have forgotten a brief mention of a copy of this very rare book in the Mazarine Library at Paris.* That copy, although beautiful, was upon paper: the present is UPON VEL-LUM—illuminated, very delicately, in the margins, with figures of divers Saints. I take the work to be an Italian version of the well known LEGENDA SANCTORUM. The book is doubtless among the most beautiful from the press of JENSON; who is thus noticed in the prefatory advertisement of Manerbi. “come NICOLAO JENSŌ ducēte lorīgē de la illustre & generosa Gallia: dapoi li instaurati quasi infiniti diuini & preclari uolumi. liquali per lantiqta crēo stati depditi & q̄si exticti: el diuino del q̄le fase mentiōe uolūe de le legēde di sācti uulgarizato: cō mirabile īgegno & diuīa arte ha īpresso & stāpito: & quella cosa laq̄le p rarita era quasi stata incognita: hora cō larte & industria sua a tutti e māifesta: p la cui uirtu glie da esserli cōtribuito el prēio cō ppetua lauda.” Manerbi’s address is dated 1475, in which year it is not improbable that the book was printed. At the end, we read the following colophon:

A laude de Dio finesse le legēde de tutti li sancti & le sancte dalla romana sedia acceptati & honorati impresse per maestro Nicolo ienson franzose regnante siato quarto pontifice maximo: Pietro mozenigo inclyto duce de Venetia.

Luctus Christianorum. Printed by Jenson. Quarto. Another of the early pieces of Jenson’s press; and probably of the date of 1471. The present is a fair, nice copy; but has something of a foggy and suspicious aspect about it. I suspect it to have been washed.

Monte Sancto di Dio. 1477. Folio. The chief value of this book consists in its having good impressions of the THREE COPPER PLATES. Of these, only *one* is in the present copy, which represents the Devil eating his victims in the lake of Avernus, as given

* Vol. ii. p. 365-6.

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in the La Valliere copy. Yet the absence of the two remaining plates, as it happens, constitutes the chief attraction of this copy; for they are here supplied by two FAC-SIMILES, presented to the Library by Leopold Duke of Tuscany, of the most wonderfully perfect execution I ever saw.

Parole Devote de Lanima, &c. Printed by Jenson. Without date. Quarto. I consider this to be the *rarest* of all the little quarto tracts published by Jenson pretty nearly at the same time, and unquestionably in the same type and form. A full page contains twenty-two lines.

The work opens in the following manner:

PAROLE DEVOTE DE LANI,
MA INAMORATA IN MISSE
IESV.

MOR AMOR ANCI

Jesu mio signore

Che posto ma nel cor accesa
fiamma

Ea uolta ne la trama.

De quel diuin amor qual ma ferito

Beati son color che lan seruito.

&c.

In the whole, there are only ten leaves. The colophon is thus:

M.CCCC.LXXI. OCTAVO IDVS

*Aprilis: per Nicolaum Jenson gallicū
opusculū hoc feliciter impressum est.*

Petrarcha. Sonetti e Trionfi. Printed by V. de Spira. 1470. Folio. Prima Edizione. The last leaf of the table is unluckily manuscript; and the last leaf but one of the text is smaller than the rest—which appear to have been obtained from another copy. In other respects, this is a large, sound, and desirable copy. It belonged to Prince Eugene.

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Petrarcha. Sonetti e Trionfi. Printed by Zarotus. 1473. Folio. This edition (if the present copy of it be perfect) has no prefix of table or biographical memorandum of Petrarch. A full page contains forty, and sometimes forty-two, lines. On the recto of the last leaf is the colophon, thus :

M.CCCCLXXIII.

Impressum p Antonium zarotū parmēsem.

This is a sound and clean, but apparently cropt copy : in old blue morocco binding.

Petrarcha Sonetti e Trionfi. Printed by Jenson. 1473. Folio. A sound and desirable copy, in red morocco binding : formerly belonging to PRINCE EUGENE.

—————. *Comment. Borstii in Trionfi. Printed at Bologna. 1475.* Folio. Here are two copies of this beautifully printed, and by no means common, book. One of them belonged to Prince Eugene ; and a glance upon the top-corner ms. pagination evidently proves it to have been cropt. It is in red morocco binding. The other copy, bound in blue morocco, has the table inlaid ; and is desirable—although inferior to the preceding. You must not forget a description of an edition of *Philadelphus' Commentary upon the Sonnets*, published the following year at Bologna ; of which a copy in the Stuttgart Library supplied me with the intelligence.*

Poggio. Historia Fiorentina. Printed by I. de Rossi. (Jacobus Rubeus) 1476. Folio. First edition of the Italian version. This copy is really a great curiosity. The first seven books are printed *upon paper* of a fine tone and texture, and the leaves are absolutely *uncut* : a few leaves at the beginning are soiled—especially the first : but the remainder are in delightful preservation, and shew what an old book *ought* to be. The eighth book is

* See page 145, ante.

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entirely printed UPON VELLUM: and some of these vellum leaves are perfectly enchanting. They are of the same size with the paper, and *also uncut*. This volume has never been bound. I entreated M. Bartsch to have it handsomely bound, but not to touch the fore edges. He consented readily.

Pulci. Il Driadeo. 1481. Quarto. Seconda Edizione. This is a very rare book, but doubtless of considerably less scarcity than the previous edition of 1479. A prose prefix begins on *a i* reverse, and concludes on *a ii* reverse. The poem begins on the recto of *a iii*, and concludes on the reverse of *h vj*, the signatures running in eights. Then follows a leaf, to me unaccountable—as it does not tally with the gatherings, and is printed in a large, clear, fresh Florentine type—having this imprint, beneath an Italian sonnet ;

*Impressum Florentiæ per me Antonium
Bartolomei Miscomini. A. D. M.CCCC
LXXXI. Die primo februarii. Feliciter.*

The body of the work is executed in a rounder and blurred type, looking very like a production from a Milan press. This copy, bound in red morocco, is cropt almost to the size of an octavo volume.

——. *Pistole di Luca.* 1492. Quarto. The title is on the recto of the first leaf. On the recto of the following leaf, A A z, a metrical epistle to Lorenzo de Medici commences thus :

Lucretia a Lauro pistola prima
Auro sopra i monti caluanei
l Sola & pensosa per uederti asceti
Doue sō nimphe & muse & semedei
Come lampi del sole in celo acceti
Fra uerdi faggi alombra una napea
Ma parse & larmonia soaue intesi
&c.

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On the recto of GG iijj, is this colophon :

*Impresso in Venetia Per Thomas di
Piasi. MCCCC. LXXXVII.*

The first signature has eight, the rest six leaves : with the exception of G, which has only four. This copy, which is bound in red morocco, formerly belonged to Prince Eugene.

Pulci Morgante Maggiore. Printed at Florence. 1500. Quarto—" *ad petitione et instantia di Ser Piero Pacini de Pescia.*"—The device of the printer is below, in the colophon. This edition is full of pretty wood-cuts, in the purest Florentine taste ; but the present copy has been most barbarously cut down.

Regula Confitendi Peccata Sua. 1473. Quarto. Of this book I never saw another copy. The author is PICENUS, and the work is written throughout in the Italian language. There are but seven leaves — executed in a letter which resembles the typographical productions of Bologna and Mantua. At the end, we only observe :

LAVS DEO

.M.

.CCCC.

.LXXIII.

Ruberto P. F. El Quadragesimale. Printed by M. Manzolo. 1479. Quarto. This book is printed in an elegant, round, roman type, in double columns. The following is the colophon, in nine lines : *Finisce el quadragesimale del nouello Paullo Fra Ruberto facto ad cōplacētia dela Sacra Maiesta del Re Ferdinādo. Impresso nela citta de Triuisi per Maestro Michel Manzolo da palma. Nel. MCCCCLXXVIII. Ad di XVIII. di Marzo.*

FINIS.

A register is on the ensuing and last leaf.

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

Thibaldeo da Ferraro. Printed at Florence. Without Date. Quarto. "Opere del Thibaldeo da Ferrara." Sonetti cclxxxiii. Decalogo. i. Epistolè iii. Egloghe. iiiii. Disperata. Capitoli xix." The preceding is at the opening of the volume—beneath "a sonnet in praise of Tibaldeo"—surrounded by a wood cut border of the Florentine school of art. The following is the colophon:

*Impresso in Firēze a petitione
di ser Piero pacini da pescia.*

The present is a clean, sound copy; but cut so closely as to appear of an octavo form.

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

Bōne Vie (Livre De); qui est appelee Madenie. Printed by A. Neyret at Chambery. 1485. Folio. As far as signature l vj, the subject is prose: afterwards commences the poetry—"appelle la somme de la vision Iehan du pin." The colophon, on the reverse of the last leaf but one, is as follows:

*La somme de trestout le livre
Imprime tout par bonne voye
Dedans chambery en sauoye
Par vng dit anthoine neyret
Ce moys de may tant verdiret
Lan courant mil et quatre cens
Quatre vings et .v. se bien sens
Dont loue soit le tout puissent
Et sa douce mere. AMEN.*

A wood-cut is on the last leaf. This small folio volume is printed in a tall, close, and inelegant gothic type; reminding me much of the LIVRE DE CHASSE printed at the same place, in 1486, and now in Lord Spencer's library.*

* This book is fully described, with numerous fac-similes of the wood-cuts, in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, vol. ii. p. 204--213.

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

Brandt Stultifera Navis. Germanicè. 1499. Quarto. This is, I think, the prettiest edition of Brandt's popular work of the xvth century. The type is a sort of cursive gothic, and the wood-cut borders are fanciful and pretty. The present is a beautiful copy, although a little cropt; in its original wooden binding.

Breydenbach. Itineraire. 1488. Folio. It is doubtful how to designate this work. It should seem to be rather the Peregrinations of NICOLAS LE HUEN to Jerusalem: yet the cuts are the same as in Breydenbach.* The printers are *Topie* and *Heremberek*, of Lyons. This copy has the copper-plate maps as in the Breydenbach at Paris, and formerly belonged to the Duke de la Valliere.

Chevalier (Le) Delibre. 1488. Quarto. This book is filled with some very neat wood cuts, and is printed in the gothic letter. The subject matter is poetical. We have first the author's colophon, thus:

Ce traicte fut parfait lan mil
 Quatre cens quatre vings et troys
 Ainsy que sur la fin dapuril
 Que liuer est en son exil
 Et que leste fait ses exploiz
 Au bien soit prins en tous endroiz
 De ceulx a qui il est offert
 Par celluy qui tant a souffert.

This is succeeded by a prose colophon of the printer, of the date of 1488. No name appears, but I suspect this edition to have been printed in the office of Verard.

Cité des Dames (Le Tresor de la)—"selon dame christine." Without Date. Folio. A fine, tall, clean copy; upon

* See a particular account of the edition in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*; vol. ii. p. 214.

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

VELLUM. The printer seems in all probability to have been *Verard*. In red morocco binding.

Coronica del Cid ruy Diaz. Printed at Seville. Without Date. Quarto. The preceding title is beneath a neat wood-cut of a man on horseback, brandishing his sword: an old man, coming out of a gate, is beside him. The signatures from *a* to *i vj*, are in eights. On *f ij* is a singular wood-cut of a lion entering a room, where a man is apparently sleeping over a chess-board, while two men are rising from the table: this cut is rudely executed. On *i v* is the following colophon:

Aquí fenece el breue tratado delos hechos & batallas que el buen cauallero Cid ruy dıaz vencio: cō fauor & ayuda d' nuestro señor. El qual se acabo nel mes de mayo de nouenta y ocho años. y fue emprendido por tres compañeros alemanes: en la muy noble & muy leal cibdad de Seuilla.

Adios gracias.

On the recto of the ensuing, and last leaf, is the very neat device of the three German printers — having the initials I M T in the centre of a circle — upon a jet black ground. “This edition is executed in that peculiarly rich and handsome style of printing, in a bold gothic letter, which distinguishes the early annals of the Spanish press. The present beautifully clean copy belonged to PRINCE EUGENE; but it has been severely crompt.

Ein nuizlich büchlin das man nennet den Pilgrim das hat der würdig doctor keyserperg zü Augspurg geprediget.” Such is the title of this singular tract, printed by *Lucas Zeisenmair* at Augsbourg in 1498. Small 4to. It has many clever and curious wood-cuts; and I do not remember, in any part of Germany where I have travelled, to have seen another copy of it.

Fierbras. Printed by *G. Le Roy*. 1486. Folio. The colophon is thus: “Cy finist Fierabras imprime a lyon par maistre

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

guillaume le roy le. xx. iour de ianuier M. cccc. lxxxvi." This is a small folio, and the third edition of the work. This copy is quite perfect; containing the last leaf, on which is a large wood-cut. All the cuts here are coloured after the fashion of the old times. This sound and desirable copy, in red morocco binding, once graced the library of PRINCE EUGENE.

Iosephe. Printed by Verard. 1492. Folio. "*Cy finist l'hystoire de Josephus de la bataille Judaique, &c.*" This is a noble folio volume; printed in the large handsome type of Verard, abounding with wood cuts. It is in red morocco binding.

Jouvencel (Le). Printed by Verard, 1497. Folio. This is a fine copy, with coloured cuts, printed UPON VELLUM. It is badly bound.

Lancelot Du Lac. Printed by Verard. 1488. Folio. 2 vols. First Edition. A fine clean copy, but somewhat crompt. It once belonged to PRINCE EUGENE, and is bound in red morocco.

————— Printed by the Same. 1496. Folio. 3 vols. UPON VELLUM. In fine old red morocco binding, beautifully tooled. This copy measures fifteen inches six-eighths in height, by ten inches five-eighths in width.

Les Deux Amans. Printed by Verard. 1493. Quarto. The title is beneath the large L, of which a fac-simile appears in the first vol. of my edition of our *Typographical Antiquities*. The work is old French poetry. Verard's device is on the last leaf. A copy of this book is, in all probability, in a certain black-letter French-metrical cabinet in Portland Place.

Maguelone (La Belle). Printed by Trepperel. 1492. Quarto. The preceding title is over Trepperel's device. The wood cuts in this edition have rather unusual merit: especially that on the reverse of Ciiii. The colophon is thus: "*Imprimee a paris par Iehan Triperel Libraire et marchand demourant sur le pont nostre dame a lymaige saint Laurens. La xv. iour de May. Mil cccc. quatre et douze.*" A very desirable copy.

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

Marco Polo. Von Venedig des Grost Landtfarer. Germanicè. Printed by Creusner. 1477. Folio. This is the FIRST EDITION of the Travels of MARCO POLO; and I am not sure whether the present copy be not considered unique.* A completely paginary and even lineal transcript of it was obtained for Mr. Marsden's forth-coming translation of the work, into our own language — under the superintendence of M. Kopitar. Its value, therefore, may be appreciated accordingly.

Regnars (Les) "trauersant les perilleuses voyes des folles frances du môde." Printed by Verard. No Date. 4to. This is a French metrical version from the German of Sebastian Brandt. The present edition is printed in the black letter, double columns, with wood cuts. This is a fair good copy, bound in red morocco, and formerly belonging to PRINCE EUGENE.

Tewrdannckh. 1517. Folio. The Emperor Maximilian's own copy! — of course UPON VELLUM. The cuts are coloured. The Abbé Strattman had told me that I should necessarily find this to be the largest and completest copy in existence. It is very white and tall, measuring fifteen inches, by nine and three quarters; and perhaps the largest known. Yet I suspect, from the smooth glossy surface of the fore edge — in its recent and very commonplace binding, in russia—that the side margin was once broader.† The cuts should not have been coloured, and the binding should have been less vulgar. Here is ANOTHER COPY, not quite so large, with the cuts uncoloured.

While upon the subject of this book, it may not be immaterial

* Since the above was written, Lord Spencer has obtained a very fine and perfect copy of it, through Messrs. Payne and Foss: which copy will be found fully described, with a fac-simile of a supposed whole length portrait of MARCO POLO, in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, vol. ii. p. 176.

† I think I remember to have seen, at Messrs. Payne and Foss's, the finest copy of this book in England. It was upon vellum, in the original binding, and measured fourteen inches three quarters by nine and a half. Unluckily, it wanted the whole of the table at the end. Lord Spencer's copy of this book, at Althorp, is worth a day's pilgrimage to examine. See the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. i. p. 202.

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to add, that I saw the *original paintings* from which the large wood blocks were taken for the well known work entitled “the *Triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian*” in large folio. These paintings are in water colours, upon rolls of vellum, very fresh—and rather gaudily executed. They do not convey any high notion of art, and I own that I greatly prefer the blocks (of which I saw several) to the original paintings. These were the blocks which our friend Mr. Douce entreated Mr. Edwards to examine when he came to Vienna, and with these he printed the well-known edition of the *Triumphs*, of the date of 1794. Upon this point, however, I have already, in another place,* spoken sufficiently at large.

Tristran: chlr de la table ronde “*nouvellement Imprime a Paris.*” Folio. Printed by Verard. Without Date. This is a fine sound copy, in old handsome calf binding.

Thucydide (L'hystoire de). Printed by G. Gourmont. Without Date. Folio. The translator was Claude de Seysset, when Bishop of Marseilles, and the edition was printed at the command of Francis the First. It is executed in the small, neat, secretary gothic type of Gourmont; whose name is at the bottom of the title-page. This is a beautiful copy, struck off UPON VELLUM; but it is much cut in the fore edge, and much choked in the back of the binding, which is in red morocco. It belonged to PRINCE EUGENE.

Copious and particular as may be the preceding list, I fear it will not satisfy you unless I make some mention of **Block Books**, and inform you whether, as you have long and justly supposed, there be not also a few **Cartons** in the Imperial Library. These two points will occupy very little more of my time and attention.

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. i. page 201-5.

First then of *xylographical* productions — or of books supposed to have been printed by means of wooden blocks. I shall begin with a unique article of this description. It is called **LIBER REGUM, SEU VITA DAVIDIS** : a folio, of twenty leaves : printed on one side only, but the leaves are here pasted together. Two leaves go to a signature, and the signatures run from A to K. Each page has two wood-cuts, about twice as long as the text ; or, rather, about one inch and three quarters of the text doubled. The text is evidently xylographic. The ink is of the usual pale, brown colour. This copy is coloured, of the time of the publication of the book. It is in every respect in a fine and perfect state of preservation. Here is the second, if not third edition, of the **BIBLIA PAUPERUM** ; the second edition of the **APOCALYPSE** ; the same of the **HISTORY OF THE VIRGIN** ; and a coloured and cropt copy of **HARTLIB'S BOOK** upon **CHIROMANCY** : so much is it cropt, that the name of *Schopff*, the supposed printer, is half cut away. The preceding books are all clumsily bound in modern russia binding. As some compensation, however, there is a fine bound copy, in red morocco binding, of the Latin edition of the **SPECULUM HUMANÆ SALVATIONIS** ; and a very fine large copy, in blue morocco binding, of the first edition of the **ARS MEMORANDI per FIGURAS** ; which latter had belonged to Prince Eugene.

Of the **CAXTONS**, the list is more creditable ; and indeed very much to be commended ; for, out of our own country, I question whether the united strength of all the continental libraries could furnish a more copious supply of the productions of our venerable

first printer. I send you the following account — just as the several articles happened to be taken down for my inspection. CHAUCER'S BOOK OF FAME: a neat, clean, perfect copy: in modern russia binding. The MAYSTER OF SENTENCE, &c. This is only a portion of a work, although it is perfect of itself, as to signatures and imprint. This copy, in modern russia binding, is much washed, and in a very tender state. GAME OF CHESS; second edition. In very tender condition: bound in blue morocco, with pink lining. An exceedingly *doctored* copy. IASON: a crompt, and rather dirty copy: which formerly belonged to Gulstone. It appears to be perfect; for Gulstone has observed in ms. "*This book has 148 leaves, as I told them carefully. 'Tis very scarce and valuable, and deserves an extraordinary good binding.*" Below, is a note, in French; apparently by Count Reviczky. GODFREY OF BOUCLOGNE; a perfect, large copy, in old red morocco (apparently Harleian) binding. On the fly leaf, Count Reviczky has written a notice of the date and name of the printer of the book. Opposite the autograph of Ames (to whom this copy once belonged) the old price of 16 l. 16s. is inserted. On the first page of the text, is the ancient autograph of *Henry Norreys*. This is doubtless the most desirable Caxtonian volume in the collection. This department of bibliography may be concluded by the mention of a sound and desirable copy of the first edition of LITTLETON'S TENURES by *Letton* and *Machlinia*, which had formerly belonged to Bayntun of Gray's Inn. This, and most of the preceding articles, from the early English press, were supplied to the Imperial library by the late Mr. Edwards.

And now, my good friend, I hope to have fulfilled even your most ardent wishes respecting the earlier and more curious book-treasures in the Imperial Library. But I must candidly affirm, that, although *you* may be satisfied, it is not so with myself. More frequent visits, and less intrusion upon the avocations of Messrs. BARTSCH and KOPITAR—who ought, during the whole time, to have been inhaling the breezes of Baden, — would doubtless have enabled me to render the preceding catalogue more copious and satisfactory ; but, whatever be its defects, either on the score of omission or commission, it will at least have the merit of being the first, if not the only communication of its kind, which has been transmitted for British perusal. To speak fairly, there is a prodigious quantity of lumber—in the shape of books printed in the fifteenth century — in this Imperial Library, which might be well disposed of for more precious literary productions. The MSS. are doubtless, generally speaking, of great value ; yet very far indeed from being equal, either in number or intrinsic worth, to those in the Royal Library at Paris. It is also to be deeply regretted, that, both of these, MSS. and printed books — with the exception of the ponderous and digressive work of Lambecius upon the former, — there should be no printed *raisonné* catalogue. But I will hope that the “*Saturnia regna*” are about to return ; and that the love of bibliographical research, which now seems generally to pervade the principal librarians of the public collections upon the continent, will lead to the appearance of some solid and satisfactory performance

upon the subjects of which this letter has treated. Fare you well. The post will depart in a few minutes, and I am peremptorily summoned to the operatical ballet of *Der Berggeist*.

LETTER XLIX.

POPULATION. STREETS AND FOUNTAINS. CHURCHES.
 CONVENTS. PALACES. THEATRES. THE PRATER.
 THE EMPEROR'S PRIVATE LIBRARY. COLLECTION OF
 DUKE ALBERT. THE RAMPARTS. SUBURBS. MONAS-
 TERY OF CLOSTERNEUBURG. PROPOSED DEPARTURE
 FROM VIENNA.

Vienna, September 18, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Extremum hunc—mihi concede laborem.” In other words, I shall trouble you for the last time with an epistle from the Austrian territories: at any rate, with the last communication from the capital of the empire. Since my preceding letter, I have stirred a good deal abroad: even from breakfast until a late dinner hour. By the aid of a bright sky, and a brighter moon, I have also visited places of evening entertainment; and having completed my researches at the library, I was resolved to devote the mornings to society and sights out of doors. I have also made a pleasant day's trip to the MONASTERY of CLOSTERNEUBURG—about nine English miles from hence; and have been led into temptation by the sight of some half dozen folios of a yet more exquisite condition than almost any thing previously beheld. I have even bought sundry tomes, of monks with long bushy beards, in a monastery in the suburbs, called the ROSSAU; and might, if I had

pleased, have purchased their whole library—covered with the dust and cobwebs of at least a couple of centuries.

This exordium will, I know, provoke your high expectations ; but I am resolved to be methodical in this my “ *extremus labor*.” As, in all previous letters, when arrived at a new capital, I must begin the present by giving you some account of the population, buildings, public sights, and national character of the place in which I have now tarried for the last three weeks ; and which—as I think I observed at the conclusion of my *first* letter from hence—was more characteristic of English fashions and appearances than any thing before witnessed by me . . . even since my landing at Dieppe. The CITY of VIENNA may contain a population of 60,000 souls ; but its SUBURBS, which are *thirty-three* in number, and I believe the largest in Europe, contain full *three times* that number of inhabitants.* This estimate has been furnished me by M. Bartsch, according to the census taken in 1815. Vienna itself contains 7150 houses ; 123 palaces ; and 29 Catholic parishes ; 17 convents, of which three are filled by *Religieuses* ; one Protestant church ; one of the reformed persuasion ; two churches of the united Greek faith, and one of the Greek, not united.† Of

* In Hartmann Schedel's time, these suburbs seem to have been equally distinguished. “Habet (says he, speaking of Vienna) SUBURBIA MAXIMA et AMBICIOSA.” *Chron Norimb.* 1493. fol. xcviij rev.

† Schedel's general description of the city of Vienna, which is equally brief and spirited, may deserve to be quoted. “VIENNA autem urbs magnifica ambitu murorum cingitur duorum millium

synagogues, I should think there must be a great number ; for even *Judaism* seems, in this city, to be a thriving, and wealthy profession. Hebrew bibles and Hebrew almanacks are sufficiently common. I bought a recent impression of the former, in five crown octavo volumes, neatly bound in sheep skin, for about seven shillings of our money ; and an atlas folio sheet of the latter for a penny. You meet with Jews every where : itinerant and stationary. The former, who seem to be half Jew and half Turk, are great frequenters of hotels, with boxes full of trinkets and caskets. One of this class has regularly paid me a visit every morning, pretending to have the genuine otto of roses and rich rubies to dispose of. But these were not to my taste. I learnt, however, that this man had recently married his daughter,—and boasted of having been able to give her a dowry equal to 10,000*l.* of our

passuum : habet fossa et vallo cincta : urbs autem fossatum magnum habet : undique aggerem prealtum : menia deinde spissa et sublimia frequentesque turres ; et propugnacula ad bellum prompta. *Ædes* civium amplæ et ornatae : structura solida et firma, altæ domorum facies magnificæque visuntur. Unum id dedecori est, quod tecta plerumque ligna contegunt pauca lateres. Cetera edificia muro lapideo consistunt. Pictæ domus, et interius et exterius splendent. Ingressus cuiusque domum in ædes te principis venisse putabis." *Ibid.* This is not an exaggerated description. See post. A little below, Schedel says "there is a monastery, called St. Jerome, [much after the fashion of our *Magdalen*] in which reformed bad women are kept ; and where, day and night, they sing hymns in the Teutonic dialect. If any of them are found relapsing into their former sinful ways, they are thrown headlong into the Danube." "But (adds he) they lead, on the contrary, a chaste and holy life."

money. He is short of stature, with a strongly-expressive countenance, and a well-arranged turban—and laughs unceasingly at whatever he says himself, or is said of him.

As Vienna may be called the key of Italy, on the land side—or, speaking less figuratively, the concentrating point where Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Italians meet for the arrangement of their mercantile affairs throughout the continent of Europe—it will necessarily follow that you see a great number of individuals belonging to these respective countries from whence they migrate. Accordingly, you are constantly struck with the number and variety of characters, of this class, which you meet in a sort of half square and half street—and which may be called the Bond Street of Vienna—from about the hour of three till five. Short clokes, edged with sable or ermine, and delicately trimmed mustachios, with the throat exposed, mark the courteous Greek and Albanian. Long robes, trimmed with tarnished silver or gold, with thickly folded girdles and turbans, and beards of unrestrained growth, point out the majestic Turk. The olive-tinted visage, with a full, keen, black eye, and a costume half Greek and half Turkish, distinguish the citizen of Venice or Verona. Most of these carry pipes, of a varying length, from which volumes of fragrant smoke occasionally issue; but the exercise of smoking is generally made subservient to that of talking: while the loud laugh, or reiterated reply, or emphatic asseveration, of certain individuals in the passing throng, adds much to the general interest of the scene.

Smoking, however, is a most decidedly general charac-

teristic of the place. Two shops out of six in some streets are filled with pipes, of which the *bowls* exhibit specimens of the most curious and costly workmanship. The handles are generally short. A good Austrian thinks he can never pay too much for a good pipe; and the upper classes of society sometimes expend great sums in the acquisition of these objects of comfort or fashion. It was only the other evening, when, in company with my friends Messrs. G. and S., and Madame la Comtesse de———a gentleman drew forth from his pocket a short pipe, which screwed together into three divisions, and of which the upper part of the bowl—(made in the fashion of a black-a-moor's head) near the aperture—was composed of diamonds of great lustre and value. Upon enquiry, I found that this pipe was worth about 1000*l.* of our money; and what surprised me yet more, was, the cool and unconcerned manner in which the owner pulled it out of a loose great-coat pocket—as if it had been a tobacco box not worth half a dozen kreutzers! Such is their love of smoking here, that, in one of their most frequented coffee-houses—where I went after dinner for a cup of coffee—the centre of the room was occupied by two billiard tables, which were surrounded by lookers on:—from the mouths of every one of whom, including even the players themselves, issued constant and pungent puffs of smoke, so as to fill the whole room with a dense cloud, which caused me instantly to retreat . . as if grazed by a musket ball!

Of female society I can absolutely say little or nothing. The upper circles of society are all broken up for the gaieties of Baden. Yet, at the opera, at the

Prater, and in the streets, I should say that the general appearance and manners of the females are very interesting; strongly resembling, in the former respect, those of our own country. In the streets, and in the shops, the women wear their own hair, which is generally of a light brown colour, apparently well brushed and combed, platted and twisted into graceful forms. In complexion, they are generally fair, with blue eyes; and in stature they are usually short and stout. The men are, I think, every where good-natured, obliging, and extremely anxious to pay you every attention of which you stand in need.*

* In a short anonymous pamphlet published at Paris, in 1805, after the first capture of Vienna, and entitled "*Coup d'œil rapide sur Vienne*"—the VIENNOIS are thus, not very unaptly, described: "Les Viennois sont en général bons et simples dans leurs manières. Si l'on remarque quelquefois en eux une politesse un peu étudiée, une sorte d'affectation à prodiguer les titres et les égards, qui semblent contraster avec leur maintien et leur manières un peu brusques, on doit l'attribuer à l'influence de la cour, dont tout le monde cherche à copier le langage, et à celle d'une infinité d'agens diplomatiques résidans dans cette capitale, où le plus petit Prince d'Allemagne a des intérêts à ménager. La politesse est extrême, et les manières étudiées dans les hautes classes. LES FEMMES sont jolies, douces, et conservent souvent leurs charmes jusques dans un age très avancé. Elles aiment la parure et les jouissances du luxe. Leur esprit n'est pas sans culture quoiqu'elles soient restreintes dans le choix de leurs livres. C'est la musique qu'elles cultivent le plus." p. 37. This, upon the whole, is just enough. But it is at VIENNA, if any where, that the PRIDE OF ANCESTRY most powerfully prevails. I suppose the FAMILIES OF LICHTENSTEIN and ESTHERHAZY may be said to have noble blood enough in their veins to inoculate the half of Europe!

If I could but speak the language fluently, I should quickly fancy myself in England. The *French* language here, is less useful than the *Italian*, in making yourself understood.

So much for the living, or active life. Let me now direct your attention to quiescent and inanimate objects; and these will readily strike you as relating to buildings — in their varied characters of houses, churches, and palaces. First, of the STREETS. I told you, a little before, that there are upwards of one hundred and twenty palaces, so called, in Vienna; but, the truth is, almost every street may be said to be filled with palaces—so large and lofty are the houses of which they are usually composed. Sometimes a street, of a tolerable length, will contain only a dozen houses—as, for instance, that of the *Wallnerstrasse*: at the further end of which, to the right, lives Mr. ——— the second banker (Count Fries being the first) in Vienna. Some of the banking-houses have quite the air of noblemen's chateaux: and in the square, or *place*, of which I before made mention—as the chief rendezvous for afternoon promenade—there are some few houses of exceedingly large dimensions; and one, in particular, apparently even larger than Meurice's hotel at Paris. It is true, that these houses, like our Inns of Court, are inhabited by different families; yet the external appearance, being uniform, and frequently highly decorated, have an exceedingly picturesque appearance. The architectural ornaments, over the doors and windows — so miserably wanting in our principal streets and squares, and of which the absence gives to Portland Place the

look, at a distance, of a range of barracks—are here, yet more than at Augsbourg or Munich, boldly and sometimes beautifully managed. The *Palace of Prince Eugene*,* in the street in which I reside, and which no Englishman ought to gaze at without emotions of pleasure — is highly illustrative of the justice of the foregoing remark. This palace is now converted into the *Mint*. The door-ways and window-frames are, generally, throughout the streets of Vienna, of a bold and pleasing architectural character. From one till three, the usual hour of dining, the streets of Vienna are stripped of their full complement of population; but from three till six—at the latter of which hours the plays and opera begin, there is a numerous and animated population. Notwithstanding the season of the year, the days have been sometimes even sultry; while over head has constantly appeared one of the bluest and brightest skies ever viewed by human eyes.

Among the most pleasing accompaniments or characteristics of street scenery, at Vienna, are the FOUNTAINS. They are very different from those at Paris; exhibiting more representations of the human figure, and less water. In the *Place*, before mentioned, is probably the most lofty and elaborate of these sculptured accom-

* *the Palace of Prince Eugene.*] I suspect that the houses opposite the Palace are of comparatively recent construction. In *Pfeffel's Viva et Accurata Delineatio* of the palaces and public buildings of Vienna, 1725 (oblong folio), the palace faces a wide place or square. Eighteen sculptured human figures, apparently of the size of life, there grace the topmost ballustrade in the copper-plate view of this truly magnificent residence.

paniments of a fountain ; but, in a sort of square called the *New Market*, and through which I regularly passed in my way to the Imperial Library—there is a fountain of a particularly pleasing, and, to my eye, tasteful cast of character ; executed, I think, by *DONNER*. A large circular cistern receives the water, which is constantly flowing into it, from some one or the other of the surrounding male and female figures, of the size of life. One of these male figures, naked, is leaning over the side of the cistern, about to strike a fish, or some aquatic monster, with a harpoon or dart—while one of his legs (I think it is the right) is thrown back with a strong muscular expression, resting upon the earth—as if to balance the figure, thus leaning forward—thereby giving it an exceedingly natural and characteristic air. Upon the whole, although I am not sure that any *one* fountain, of the character just mentioned, may equal that in the High Street at Augsburg, yet, taken collectively, I should say that Vienna has reason to claim its equality with any other city in Europe, on the score of this most picturesque, and frequently salutary, accompaniment of street scenery. In our own country, which has the amplest means of any other in the world, of carrying these objects of public taste into execution, there seems to be an infatuation — amounting to hopeless stupidity—respecting the uniform exclusion of them.

While I am on these desultory topics, let me say a word or two respecting the *quoi vivre* in this metropolis. There are few or no *restaurateurs* : at least, at this moment, only two of especial note. I have dined at each — and very much prefer the *vin ordinaire*, of the

better sort*—which is red, and called *vin d'Offner* (or some such name) to that at Paris. But the *meats* are less choice and less curiously cooked; and I must say that the sense of smelling is very obtuse in the Germans. The mutton can only be attacked by teeth of the firmest setting in the head. The beef is always preferable in a stewed or boiled state; although at our Ambassador's table, the other day, I saw and partook of a roasted sirloin which would have done honour to either tavern in Bishopsgate-street. The veal is the *safest* article to attack. The pastry is upon the whole relish-

* *the vin ordinaire, of the better sort.*]—In Hartmann Schedel's time, there appears to have been a very considerable traffic in wine at Vienna: "It is incredible (says he) what a brisk trade is stirring in the article of wine,† in this city. Twelve hundred horses are daily employed for the purposes of draught—either for the wine drunk at Vienna, or sent up the Danube — against the stream — with amazing labour and difficulty. It is said that the wine cellars are frequently as deep *below* the earth, as the houses are *above* it." Schedel goes on to describe the general appearance of the streets, and the neatness of the interiors of the houses: adding, "that the windows are generally filled with stained glass, having iron-gratings without, where numerous birds sing in cages. The winter (remarks he) sets in here very severely." *Chron. Norimb.* 1493, fol. xcix.

† The vintage about Vienna should seem to have been equally abundant a century after the above was written. In the year 1590, when a severe shock of earthquake threatened destruction to the tower of the Cathedral—and it was absolutely necessary to set about immediate repairs—the *liquid* which was applied to make the most astringent *mortar*, was WINE: "Pon se servit de vin, qui fut alors en abondance, pour faire le plâtre de cette batise." *Denkmahle der Baukunst und Bildneren des Mittelalters in dem Oesterreichischen Kaiserthume. Germ. Fr.* Part iii. p. 36. 1817-20.

ing and good. The bread is in every respect the most nutritive and digestive which I have ever partaken of. The *fruit*, at this moment, is perfectly delicious, especially the pears. But peaches and grapes are abundant in the streets, and exceedingly reasonable in price. Last Sunday, we dined at the palace of *Schönbrunn*; or rather, in the suite of apartments, which were formerly servants' offices, — but which are now fitted up in a very tasteful and gay manner, for the reception of Sunday visitors: it being one of the principal fashionable places of resort on the Sabbath. We had a half boiled and half stewed fowl, beefsteak, and fritters, for dinner. The beef was perfectly unsailable, as being entirely *gone* — but the other dishes were good and well served. The dessert made amends for all previous grievances. It consisted of peaches and grapes — just gathered from the imperial garden: the Emperor allowing his old servants (who are the owners of the taverns, and who gain a livelihood from Sunday visitors) to partake of this privilege. The choicest table at Paris or at London could not boast of finer specimens of the fruit in question. I may here add, that the *slaughter-houses* are all in the suburbs — or, at any rate, without the ramparts. This is a good regulation; but it is horribly disgusting, at times, to observe carts going along, with the dead bodies of animals, hanging down the sides, with their heads cut off.

Of all cities in Europe, Vienna is probably the most distinguished for the excellence of its CARRIAGES of every description — and especially for its *Hackney Coaches*. I grant you, that there is nothing here com-

parable with our London carriages, made on the nicest principles of art : whether for springs, shape, interior accommodations, or luxury. But I say, generally speaking, you will get the nicest and most reasonable carriages at Vienna. The other day, I was half tempted to dispose of my landaulet (as the cold weather was coming on) for a close carriage, or chariot—made in a very elegant form, of substantial workmanship, in every part . . for about fourscore guineas with the exchange—and I am certain that, for almost every species of carriage to be obtained at London, you may purchase them *here* at half the price. Satin linings of yellow, pink, and blue, are very prevalent . . even in their hackney coaches. These latter are, in truth, most admirable, and of all shapes : landau, barouche, phaeton, chariot, or roomy family coach. Glass of every description, at Vienna—from the lustre that illuminates the Imperial Palace to that which is used in the theatre — is excellent ; so that you are sure to have plate glass in your fiacre. The coachmen drive swiftly, and delight in rectangular turns. They often come thundering down upon you unawares, and as the streets are generally very narrow, it is difficult to secure a retreat in good time. At the corners of the streets are large stone posts, to protect the houses from the otherwise constant attrition from the wheels. The streets are paved with large stones, and the noise of the wheels, arising from the rapidity of their motion, — re-echoed by the height of the houses—is a trial to nervous strangers.

“ Paullò majora canamus.” Of the chief objects of architecture which decorate street scenery, there are none, to my old-fashioned eyes, more attractive and

more entirely beautiful and interesting—from a thousand associations of ideas—than PLACES OF WORSHIP—and of course, among these, none stands so eminently conspicuous as the Mother-Church, or the CATHEDRAL, which, in this place, is dedicated to *St. Stephen*. The spire has been long distinguished for its elegance and height. Probably these are the most appropriate, if not the only, epithets of commendation which can be applied to it. After Strasbourg and Ulm, it appears a second-rate edifice. Not but what the spire may even vie with that of the former, and the nave may be yet larger than that of the latter: but, as a *whole*, it is much inferior to either — even allowing for the palpable falling off in the nave of Strasbourg cathedral. The spire, or tower—for it partakes of both characters—is indeed worthy of warm admiration. It is oddly situated, being almost detached—and on the *south* side of the building. Indeed the whole structure has a very strange, and I may add capricious, if not repulsive, appearance, as to its exterior. The western and eastern ends have nothing deserving of distinct notice or commendation. The former has a porch, which is called “*the Giant’s porch* :” it should rather be designated as that of the *Dwarf*. It has no pretensions to size or striking character of any description. Some of the oldest parts of the cathedral appear to belong to the porch of the eastern end. As you walk round the church, you cannot fail to be struck with the great variety of ancient, and to an Englishman, whimsical looking mural monuments, in basso and alto relievo. Some of these are doubtless both interesting and curious.

But the spire* is indeed an object deserving of particular admiration. It is next to that of Strasbourg in height; being 432 feet of Vienna measurement. It may be said to begin to taper from the first stage or floor; and is eminently distinguished for its open and sometimes intricate fretwork. About two-thirds of its height, just above the clock, and where the more slender part of the spire commences, there is a gallery or platform, to which the French quickly ascended, on their possession of Vienna, to reconnoitre the surrounding country. The very summit of the spire is bent, or inclined to the north; so much so, as to give the notion that the cap or crown will fall in a short time. As to the period of the erection of this spire,† it is supposed to have

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE; engraved on a reduced scale from that published in a large form at Vienna in 1792, measuring twenty inches by sixteen. There is a good sized (folded) view of the church, or rather chiefly of the south front of the spire, in the “*Vera et Accurata Delineatio Omnium Templorum et Cœnobiorum*” of Vienna, published by Pfeffel in the year 1724, oblong folio.

† In few words, the period of the entire building may be stated as follows. Little is known with certainty before the fires, which nearly destroyed the whole—in the middle of the thirteenth century. The famous *Rudolphus* celebrated Te Deum in the cathedral towards the latter end of that century. The not less famous Duke Albert employed ANTONY PILGRAM, a native of Brunn, to build it almost anew—after its destruction by fire. From the year 1313 to 1360 he is supposed to have built the greater part of the side aisles, as well as the choir. But Duke Albert III. and the Emperor Frederick III. divide the glory between them of having completed the tower, or spire—under the architectural direction of GEORGE HAUSER, a native of Closterneuburg, about the year



THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF S^t STEPHEN, VIENNA.



been about the middle, or latter end, of the fifteenth century. It has certainly much in common with the highly ornamental gothic style of building in our own country, about the reign of Henry the VIth. The coloured glazed tiles of the roof of the church are very disagreeable and *unharmonising*. These colours are chiefly green, red, and blue. Indeed the whole roof is exceedingly heavy and tasteless. I will now conduct you to the interior. On entering, from the south-east door, you observe, to the left, a small piece of white marble — which every one touches, with the finger or thumb charged with holy water, on entering or leaving the cathedral. Such have been the countless thousands of times that this piece of marble has been so touched, that, purely, from such friction, it has been worn nearly half an inch below the general surrounding surface. I have great doubts, however, if this mysterious piece of masonry be as old as the walls of the church, (which may be of the fourteenth century) which they pretend to say it is.

The first view of the interior of this cathedral — seen even at the most favourable moment, which is from about three till five o'clock — is far from prepossessing. Indeed, after what I had seen at Rouen, Paris, Strasbourg, Ulm, and Munich, it was a palpable disappointment. In the first place, there seems to be no grand leading feature of simplicity: add to which, darkness reigns every where. You look up, and dis-

1460. I doubt if there be any visible portion of the cathedral (except the crypt) older than the beginning of the thirteenth century.

cern no roof—not so much from its extreme height, as from the absolute want of windows. Every thing not only looks dreary, but is dingy and black — from the mere dirt and dust which seem to have covered the great pillars of the nave — and especially the figures and ornaments upon it—for the last four centuries. This is the more to be regretted, as the larger pillars are highly ornamented ; having human figures, of the size of life, beneath sharply pointed canopies, running up the shafts. The extreme length of the cathedral is 342 feet of Vienna measurement. The extreme width, between the tower and its opposite extremity—or the transepts—is 222 feet.

There are comparatively few chapels ; only four—but many *Bethstücke*, or *Prie-Dieu*. Of the former, the chapels of *Savoy* and *St. Eloy* are the chief : but the large sacristy is more extensive than either. On my first entrance, whilst attentively examining the choir, I noticed—what was really a very provoking, but probably not a very uncommon, sight,—a maid servant deliberately using a long broom in sweeping the pavement of the high altar, at the moment when several very respectable people, of both sexes, were kneeling upon the steps, occupied in prayer. But the devotion of the people is incessant—all the day long,—and in all parts of the cathedral. The little altars, or *Prie-Dieu*, seem to be innumerable. Yonder kneels an emaciated figure, before a yet more emaciated crucifix. It is a female — bending down, as it were, to the very grave. She has hardly strength to hold together her clasped hands, or to raise her downcast eye. Yet she prays—earnestly, loudly, and from the heart. Near her,

kneels a group of her own sex : young, active, and ardent—as she *once* was ; and even comely and beautiful . . . as she might have been. They evidently belong to the more respectable classes of society—and are kneeling before a framed and glazed picture of the Virgin and Child, of which the lower part is absolutely smothered with flowers. There is a natural, and as it were well-regulated, expression of piety among them, which bespeaks a genuineness of feeling and of devotion. Such was the group which Mr. Lewis saw early in the morning ; and which is now *before you*—from the exquisite fidelity of his pencil.

*J. M. W. Turner*

Meanwhile, service is going on in all parts of the cathedral. They are singing here: they are praying there: and they are preaching in a third place. But during the whole time, I never heard one single note of the organ. I remember only the other Sunday morning—walking out beneath one of the brightest blue skies that ever shone upon man—and entering the cathedral about nine o'clock. A preacher was in the principal pulpit;—(of which pulpit, hereafter) while a tolerably numerous congregation was gathered around him. He preached, of course, in the German language, and used much action. As he became more and more animated, he necessarily became warmer, and pulled off a black cap — which, till then, he had kept upon his head: the zeal and piety of the congregation at the same time seeming to increase with the accelerated motions of the preacher. In other more retired parts, solitary devotees were seen—silent, and absorbed in prayer. Among these, I shall not easily forget the head and the physiognomical expression of one old man—who, having been supported by crutches, which lay by the side of him — appeared to have come for the last time to offer his orisons to heaven. The light shone full upon his bald head and elevated countenance; which latter indicated a genuineness of piety, and benevolence of disposition, not to be soured . . . even by the most bitter of worldly disappointments. It seemed as if the old man were taking leave of this life, in full confidence of the rewards which await the righteous beyond the grave. Not a creature was near him but myself;—when, on the completion of his devotions, finding that those who had attended him thither were not at hand

to lead him away—he seemed to cast an asking eye of assistance upon me; nor did he look twice before that assistance was granted. I helped to raise him up; but, ere he could bring my hand in contact with his lips, to express his thankfulness—his friends . . . apparently his daughter, and two grandchildren . . . arrived—and receiving his benediction, quietly, steadily, and securely, led him forth from the cathedral. No pencil . . . no pen . . . can do justice to the entire effect of this touching picture.

So much for the living. A word or two now for the dead. Of course this latter alludes to the MONUMENTS of the more distinguished characters once resident in and near the metropolis. Among these, doubtless the most elaborate is that of the *Emperor Frederick III.*—in the florid gothic style, surmounted by a tablet, filled with coat-armour, or heraldic shields. Some of the mural monuments are very curious, and among them are several of the early part of the xvth century—which represent the chins and even mouths of females, entirely covered by drapery: such as is even now to be seen . . . and such as we saw it on descending from the Vosges,* which anciently separated France from Germany. But among these monuments—both for absolute and relative antiquity—none will appear to the curious eye of an antiquary so precious as that of the head of the ARCHITECT of THE CATHEDRAL, whose name was *Pilgram*. This head is twice seen—first, on the wall of the south side aisle, a good deal above the spectator's eye—and therefore in a fore-

* See vol. ii. p. 553.

shortened manner: and, secondly, in a bold alto-relievo style, as one of the heads in the hexagonal pulpit — in the nave, and in which the preacher was holding forth as before mentioned. Some say that these heads represent one and the same person; but I was told that they were designated for those of the MASTER and APPRENTICE: the former being the apprentice, and the latter the master. Be this as it may, they have been both copied by the pencil of Mr. Lewis — and I enclose you his delicately executed drawing of them.*

The preceding may suffice for a description of this cathedral; in which, as I before observed, there is a palpable want of simplicity and of breadth of construction. The eye wanders over a large mass of building, without being able to rest upon any thing either striking from its magnificence, or delighting by its beauty and elaborate detail. The pillars which divide the nave from the side aisles, are however excluded from this censure. There is one thing—and a most lamentable

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. It is worth remarking, that the *lower* head of the two, now before the reader, has been recently published, as the first plate in the third livraison of the ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES of Vienna—accompanied by French and German letter-press. I have no hesitation in saying that, without the least national bias or individual partiality, the performance of Mr. Lewis—although much smaller, is, by far, the most *faithful*; nor is the engraving less superior, than the drawing, to the production of the Vienna artist. This latter is indeed faithless in design and coarse in execution. Beneath the head, in the original sculpture, and in the latter plate, we read the inscription M. A. P. 1313. It is no doubt an interesting specimen of sculpture of the period.

K48



MASTER,

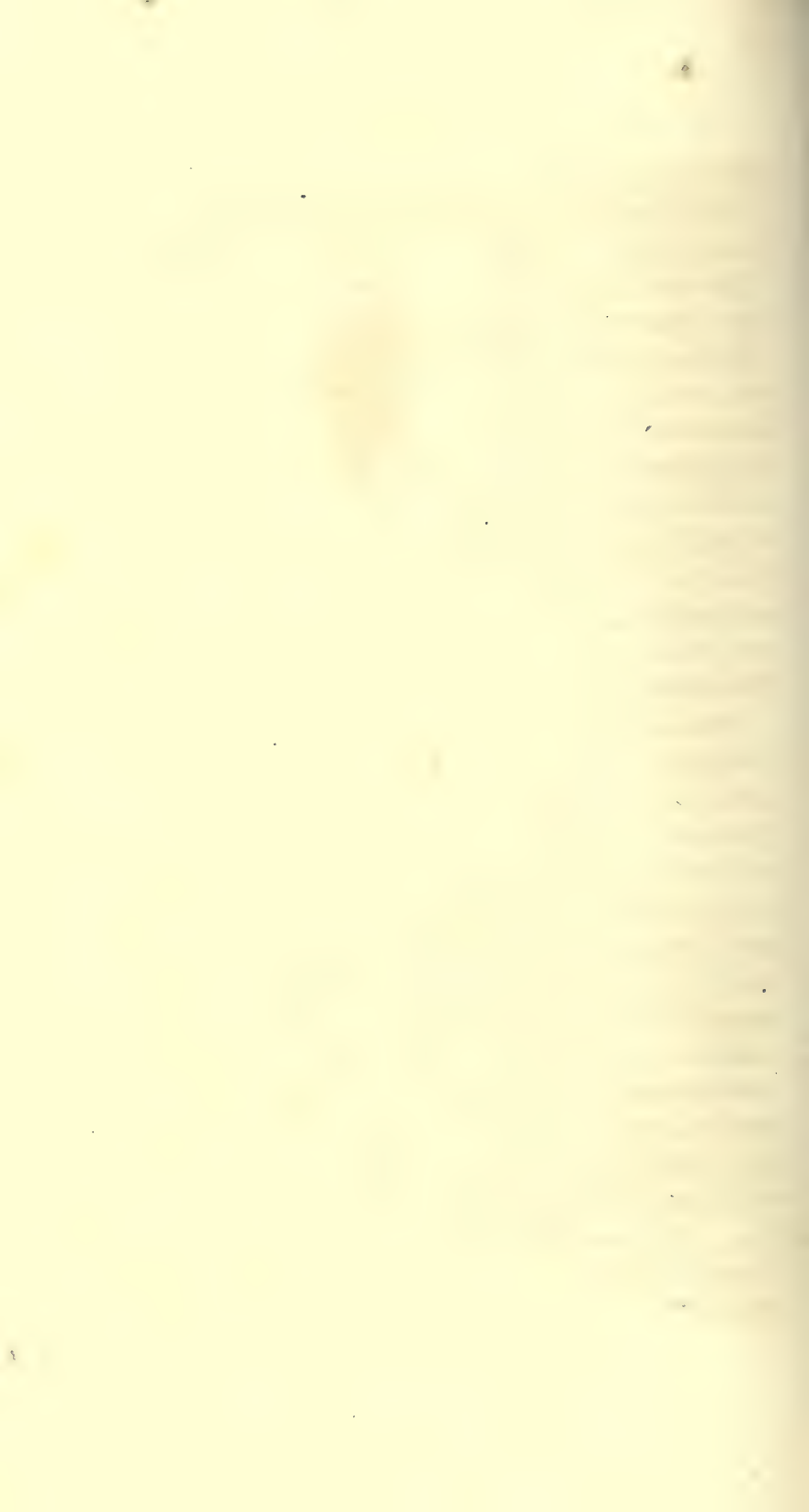


J. Lewis del.

B. Minn. sc.

APPRENTICE,

Architects of Vienna Cathedral.



instance of depraved taste it undoubtedly is—which I must not omit mentioning. It relates to the representation of our Saviour:—whether as a painting, or a piece of sculpture, this sacred figure is generally made most repulsive—even in the cathedral. It is meagre in form, wretched in physiognomical expression, and marked by disgusting appearances of blood about the forehead and throat. In the church of *St. Mary*, supposed to be the oldest in Vienna, as you enter the south door, to the left, there is a whole-length standing figure of Christ—placed in an obscure niche—of which the part, immediately under the chin, is covered with red paint, in strong imitation of blood—as if the throat had been recently cut,—and drops of blood are also seen upon the feet!

The mention of this church leads me—having, as I conceive, got pretty well rid of the cathedral—to notice a few *other* ecclesiastical edifices; and yet, although I have entered the greater part of them, I do not know that I have been impressed with any thing meriting particular detail—except it be as connected with that of ST. MARY (before noticed) and the CHURCH OF THE AUGUSTINS. As to St. Mary, although they call parts of it of the XIIth and XIIIth centuries—yet, both within and without, there is absolutely nothing which, according to my notions, the tasteful antiquary can select as particularly attractive. All sorts of styles are blended; and a want of decisive effect, in any one of them, is sufficiently obvious. They have, however, taken great pains with a recent publication, in which the antiquities and

supposed beauties of this church are detailed* by the pen and the burin. The altar, at the end of the choir, is doubtless grand—although entirely of a recent date, and of Grecian or Roman architecture. Masses of floating, or rather descending clouds, accompanied by angels—the whole in white—which

* *a recent publication, in which the antiquities and supposed beauties of this church are detailed.*] This is the publication alluded to in the last note, and is published in an atlas folio form. The title of it will be found at the end of the note at page 544. *Three parts* are published—from the year 1817 to 1820 inclusively. There are three title-pages to the first part; of which the two latter are engraved—and especially the third—in rather a splendid style. Among the plates, not fewer than nine are devoted to exterior and interior views of *St. Mary*. It is painful to speak disparagingly of well intended and creditably published works of art; but if the city of Vienna wishes to boast of INDIGENOUS talent, she must not boast of this publication. The engravings are in the line manner: coarse, black, and repulsive. It is difficult to say which is the best of the views—whether exterior or interior; but not *one* of the exterior views should have been *chosen*, (to say nothing of the defective style of the engraving) and both the interior views are executed in an inferior style of art. The two plates of portions of the ornaments of the church are somewhat better, though much too black. There are two plates of an Italian church, of the order of the Minorites; of which one, containing the portal, in outline, has a good deal of merit. The other, which is a view of the exterior, is below criticism. A third plate, of a “*bas relief in the entrance of Mariazeller Hofes*” has very considerable merit—and is greatly beyond any which precedes it. The engraver’s name is *Steinmüller*. The subject is a really beautiful piece of bas relief composition; and the appearance of stone is well given by the artist. The whole,

appear to encircle the altar, have an imposing effect ; especially when the stops of the organ are opened, and the loud and united voices of the congregation are heard from one extremity of the church to the other. But, to my eye, the most curious—and really striking piece of art—connected with this church, is, a group on the outside, as you enter a door in a passage or court—through which the whole population of Vienna should seem to pass in the course of the day. This group, or subject, represents our *Saviour's agony in the garden of Gethsemane* : the favourite subject of

however, seems to be a little too coarsely executed, or perhaps *bit in*.

The *third part*, or livraison, contains seven plates—all illustrative of the cathedral. They have various merit, but are doubtless much preferable to those of St. Mary's church. The monuments are the best in the series. But when one thinks of what the CATHEDRAL of a great empire *ought* to, and generally *does*, produce—as connected with the subject of ART—one is wofully disappointed at the inadequate representations of what is most curious and beautiful in the cathedral of Vienna. Surely the guiding counsel, if not the dexterous hand, of A. de BARTSCH has been wanting in this publication. Comparisons are said to be odious and invidious ; but they are sometimes salutary and useful. Let the designers and engravers of Vienna cast an eye upon what has been done in THIS COUNTRY (*absit invidia* !) in *that* department of art which has been evidently *imitated* in the publication under review, and they will learn to give more truth to the pencil, and more delicacy and tone to the burin. From my heart, I wish all such publications, in every quarter of the globe—all imaginable success. The *originals* must, in the lapse of a few centuries, perish from the imperfectability of their materials : the *copies* will continue to be fresh and vigorous when even twenty centuries shall have passed away.

representation throughout Austria. In the foreground, the figure of Christ, kneeling, is sufficiently conspicuous. Sometimes a handkerchief is placed between the hands, and sometimes not. His disciples are asleep by the side of him. In the middle ground, the soldiers, headed by Judas Iscariot, are leaping over the fence, and entering the garden to seize him: in the back ground, they are leading him away to Caiphas, and buffeting him in the route. These latter groups are necessarily diminutive. The whole is cut in stone—I should think about three centuries ago—and painted after the life. As the people are constantly passing along, you observe, every now and then, some devout citizen, dropping upon his knee, and repeating a hurried prayer before the figure of Christ.

The *Church of the Augustins* is near at hand; and the contents of *that* church are, to my taste and feelings, more precious than any of which Vienna may boast. I allude to the famous monument erected to the memory of the wife of the present venerable DUKE ALBERT OF SAXE TESCHEN. It is considered to be the chef d'œuvre of CANOVA; and with justice. Will you forgive me if I confess to you, that, in looking at it, I *sometimes* even forgot the monument, or sculptured portrait, of the architect of the cathedral—*Anthony Pilgram*? But it is even so. The church of the Augustins lay directly in my way to the Imperial Library; and I think I may safely say that I used, two mornings out of three, to enter it—on purpose to renew my acquaintance with the monument in question. My admiration increased upon every such renewal. Take it, all in all, I can conceive nothing in art to go

beyond it. It is alone worth a pilgrimage to Vienna: nor will I from henceforth pine about what has perished from the hand of Phidias or Praxiteles—it is sufficient that this monument remains . . . from the chisel of CANOVA.

I will describe it briefly, and criticise it with the same freedom which I used towards the *Madonna* of the same sculptor, in the collection of the Marquis de Sommariva at Paris.* At the time of my viewing it, a little after ten o'clock, the organ was generally playing—and a very fine chant was usually being performed: rather soft, tender, and impressive—than loud and overwhelming. I own that, by a thousand associations of ideas, (which it were difficult to describe) this coincidence helped to give a more solemn effect to the object before me. You enter a door, immediately opposite to it—and no man of taste can view it, unexpectedly, for the first time, without standing still . . . the very moment it meets his eyes. This monument, which is raised about four feet above the pavement, and is encircled by small iron palisades—at a distance just sufficient to afford every opportunity of looking correctly at each part of it—consists of several figures, in procession, which are about to enter an opened door, at the base of a pyramid of gray marble. Over the door is a medallion, in profile, of the deceased . . . supported by an angel. To the right of the door is a huge lion couchant, asleep. You look into the entrance . . . and see nothing . . . but darkness: neither boundary nor termination being visible. To the right, a young man—resting his arm

* See vol. ii. p. 487.

upon the lion's mane, is looking upwards, with an intensity of sorrowful expression. This figure is naked, and intended to represent the protecting genius of the afflicted husband. To the left of the door, is the moving procession. One tall majestic female figure, with dishevelled hair, and a fillet of gold round her brow, is walking with a slow, measured step, embracing the urn which contains the ashes of the deceased. Her head is bending down, as if her tears were mingling with the contents of the urn. The drapery of this figure is most elaborate and profuse, and decorated by wreaths of flowers. Two children—symbolical, I suppose, of innocence and purity—walk by her side . . . looking upwards, and scattering flowers. In the rear, appear three figures, which are intended to represent the charitable character of the deceased: of these, two are eminently conspicuous . . . namely, an old man leaning upon the arm of a young woman . . . illustrative of the bounty and benevolence of the Duchess:—and intended to represent her liberality and kind-heartedness, equally in the protection of the old and feeble, as in that of the orphan and helpless young. The figures are united, as it were, by a youthful female, with a wreath of flowers; with which, indeed, the ground is somewhat profusely strewn; so as, to an eye uninitiated in ancient costume, to give the subject rather a festive character. The whole is of the size of life.*

* There is a large print of it (which I saw at Vienna) in the line manner, but very indifferently executed. But of the last, detached group, above described, there is a very fine print in the line manner.

Such is the mere dry descriptive detail of this master-piece of the art of CANOVA. I now come to a more close and critical survey of it; and will first observe upon what appear to me to be the (perhaps venial) defects of this magnificent monument. In the first place, I could have wished the medallion of the duchess and the supporting angel—*elsewhere*. It is a common-place, and indeed, here, an irrelevant ornament. The deceased has passed into eternity. The apparently interminable excavation into which the figures are about to move, helps to impress your mind with this idea. The duchess is to be thought of . . . or seen, in the mind's eye . . . as an inhabitant of *another world* . . . and therefore not to be brought to your recollection by a common-place representation of her countenance in profile—as an inhabitant of *earth*. Besides, the chief female figure or mourner, about to enter the vault, is carrying her ashes in an urn: and I own it appears to me to be a little incongruous—or, at least, a little defective in that pure classical taste which the sculptor unquestionably possesses,—to put what may be considered visible and invisible—or tangible and intangible—representations of the *same* person, before you at the *same time*. If a representation of the figure of the duchess be necessary, it should not be in the form of a medallion. The pyramidal back-ground would doubtless have had a grander effect without it.

The lion is also, to me, an objectionable subject. If allegory be necessary, it should be pure and not mixed. If a *human figure*, at one end of the group, be considered a fit representation of benevolence . . .

the notion or idea meant to be conveyed by a lion, at the other end, should not be conveyed by the introduction of an *animal*. Nor is it at all obvious—supposing an animal to be necessary—to understand why a lion, who may be considered as placed there to guard the entrance of the pyramid, should be represented *asleep*? If he be sympathising with the general sorrow, he should not be sleeping; for acute affliction rarely allows of slumber. If his mere object be to guard the entrance, by sleeping, he shews himself unworthy of trust. In a word, allegory, always bad in itself, should not be *mixed*: and we naturally ask what business lions and human beings have together? or, we suppose that the females in view have well strung nerves to walk thus leisurely with a huge lion—even sleeping—in front of them!

The human figures are indeed delightful to contemplate. Perfect in form, in attitude, and expression, they proclaim the powers of a consummate master. A fastidious observer might indeed object to the bold, muscular strength of the old man—as exhibited in his legs and arms—and as indicative of the maturity, rather than of the approaching extinction, of life . . but what sculptor, in the representation of such subjects, can resist the temptation of displaying the biceps and gastrocnemian muscles? The countenances are all exquisite: all full of nature and taste . . with as little introduction, as may be, of Grecian art. To my feelings, the figure of the young man—to the right of the lion—is the most exquisitely perfect. His countenance is indeed heavenly; and there is a play and harmony in the position and demarcation of his limbs, infinitely beyond

any thing which I can presume to put in competition with it. In every point of view, in which I regarded this figure, it gained upon my admiration ; and on leaving the church, for the last time, I said within myself—“ if I have not seen the *Belvedere Apollo*, I have again and again viewed the monument to the memory of the *Duchess Albert of Saxe-Teschen*, by CANOVA . . and I am satisfied to return to England in consequence.”

From churches we will walk together to CONVENTS. Here are only two, about which I deem it necessary to give you any description ; and these are, the *Convent of the Capuchins* near the new Market Place, and that of the *Franciscans*, near the street in which I lodge. The former is tenanted by long-bearded monks. On knocking at the outer gate, the door was opened by an apparently middle-aged man, upon whose long, silvery, and broad-spreading beard, the light seemed to dart down with a surprisingly picturesque effect. Behind him was a dark cloister ; or at least, a cloister very partially illumined—along which two younger monks were pacing in full costume. The person who opened the outward door proved to be the *porter*. He might, from personal respectability, and amplitude of beard, have been the *President*. On my servant's telling him our object was to view the IMPERIAL TOMBS, which are placed in a vault in this monastery, he disappeared ; and we were addressed by a younger person, with a beard upon a comparatively diminutive scale, and with the top of his hair very curiously cut into a circular form. He professed his readiness to accompany us immediately into the receptacle of departed imperial grandeur. He spoke Latin with my-

self, and his vernacular tongue with the valet. I was soon satisfied with the sepulchral spectacle. As a whole, it has a poor and even disagreeable effect: if you except one or two tombs, such as those of *Francis I.* Emperor of the Romans, and *Maria Theresa*—which latter is the most elaborately ornamented of the whole: but it wants both space and light to be seen effectually, and is moreover, I submit, in too florid a style of decoration. Like the generality of them, it is composed of bronze. The tombs of the earlier Emperors of Germany lie in a long and gloomy narrow recess—where little light penetrates, and where there is little space for an accurate examination. I should call them rather *coffin-shells* than monuments. When I noticed the tomb of the Emperor Joseph II. to my guide, he seemed hardly to vouchsafe a glance at it . . adding, “yes, he is well known every where!” They rather consider him (from the wholesale manner in which the monasteries and convents were converted by him to civil purposes) as a sort of *softened-down Henry VIII.* Upon the whole, the living interested me more than the dead . . in this gloomy retirement . . notwithstanding these vaults are said to contain very little short of fourscore tombs of departed Emperors and Monarchs.

THE MONASTERY OF THE FRANCISCANS is really an object worth visiting . . . if it be only to convince you of the comfort and happiness of . . . *not* being a *Franciscan monk*. I went thither several times, and sauntered in the cloisters of the quadrangle. An intelligent middle-aged woman—a sort of housekeeper of the establishment—who conversed with me pretty fluently

in the French language, afforded me all the information which I was desirous of possessing. She said she had nothing to do with the kitchen, or dormitories of the monks. They cooked their own meat, and made their own beds. You see these monks constantly walking about the streets, and even entering the hotels. They live chiefly upon alms. They are usually bare-headed, and bare-footed—with the exception of sandals. Their dress is a thick brown cloak, with a cowl hanging behind in a peaked point: the whole made of the coarsest materials. They have no beards—and yet, altogether, they have a very squalid and dirty appearance. It was towards eight o'clock, when I walked, for the first time, in the cloisters; and there viewed, amongst other mural decorations, an oil painting—in which several of their order are represented as undergoing martyrdom—by hanging, and severing their limbs. It was a horrid sight . . . and yet the *living* was not very attractive.

Although placed in the very heart of the metropolis of their country, this Franciscan fraternity appears to be insensible of every comfort of society. To their palate, nothing seems to be so sweet as the tainted morsel upon the trencher—and to their ear, no sound more grateful than the melancholy echo from the tread of their own cloister. Every thing, which so much pleased and gratified me in the great Austrian monasteries of CHREMSMINSTER, ST. FLORIAN, MÖLK, and GÖTTWIC, would, in such an atmosphere and in such a tenement as the Franciscan monastery here, have been chilled, decomposed, and converted into the very reverse of all former and cheerful impressions. No

walnut-tree shelved libraries : no tier upon tier of clasp and knob-bound folios : no saloon, where the sides are emblazoned by Salzburg marble ; and no festive board, where the watchful seneschal never allows the elongated glass to remain five minutes unreplenished by Rhenish wine of the most exquisite flavour ! None of these, nor of any thing even remotely approximating to them, were to be witnessed, or partaken of, in the dreary abode of monachism which I have just described.

You will be glad to quit such a comfortless residence ; and I am equally impatient with yourself to view more agreeable sights. Having visited the tombs of departed royalty, let us now enter the abodes — or rather PALACES—of *living* imperial grandeur. I have already told you that Vienna, on the first glance of the houses, looks like a city of palaces : those buildings, which are professedly *palatial*, being indeed of a glorious extent and magnificence. And yet—it seems strange to make the remark . . will you believe me when I say, that, of the various palaces, or large mansions visited by me, that of the EMPEROR is the least imposing—as a whole !? The front is very long and lofty ; but it has a sort of architectural tameness about it, which gives it rather the air of the residence of the Lord Chamberlains than of their regal master. Yet the SALOON, in this palace, must not be passed over in silence. It merits indeed warm commendation. The roof, which is of an unusual height, is supported by pillars in imitation of polished marble . . but why are they not marble *itself* ? The prevailing colour is white—perhaps to excess : but the number and quality

of the looking glasses, lustres, and chandeliers, strike you as the most prominent features of this interior. I own that, for pure, solid taste, I greatly preferred the never-to-be-forgotten saloon in the monastery of St. Florian. The rooms throughout the palaces are rather comfortable than gorgeous—if we except the music and ball rooms. Some scarlet velvet, of scarce and precious manufacture, struck me as exceedingly beautiful in one of the principal drawing rooms. I saw here a celebrated statue of a draped female, sitting, the workmanship of Canova. It is worthy of the chisel of the master. As to paintings, there are none worth description on the score of the old masters. Every thing of this kind seems to be concentrated in the palace of the Belvedere.

To the BELVEDERE PALACE, therefore, let us go. I visited it with Mr. Lewis—taking our valet with us, immediately after breakfast — on one of the finest and clearest-skied September mornings that ever shone above the head of man. We had resolved to take the *Ambras*, or the LITTLE BELVEDERE, in our way; and to have a good, long, and uninterrupted view of the wonders of art—in a variety of departments. Both the little Belvedere and the large Belvedere rise gradually above the suburbs; and the latter may be about a mile and a half from the ramparts of the city. The *Ambras* contains a quantity of ancient horse and foot armour; brought thither from a chateau of that name, near Inspruck, and built by the Emperor Charles V. Such a collection of old armour — which had once equally graced and protected the bodies of their wearers, among whom, the noblest names of which Germany

can boast may be enlisted—was infinitely gratifying to me. The sides of the first room were quite *embossed* with suspended shields, cuirasses, and breast-plates. The floor was almost filled by champions on horseback—yet poising the spear, or holding it in the rest—yet *almost* shaking their angry plumes, and pricking the fiery sides of their coursers. Here rode Maximilian—and there halted Charles his Son. Different suits of armour, belonging to the same character, are studiously shewn you by the guide: some of these are the foot, and some the horse, armour: some were worn in fight—yet giving evidence of the mark of the bullet and battle axe: others were the holiday suits of armour . . with which the knights marched in procession, or tilted at the tournament. The workmanship of the full-dress suits, in which a great deal of highly wrought gold ornament appears, is sometimes really exquisite.

The second, or long room, is more particularly appropriated to the foot or infantry armour. In this studied display of much that is interesting from antiquity, and splendid from absolute beauty and costliness, I was particularly gratified by the sight of the armour which the Emperor Maximilian wore as a foot-captain. The lower part, to defend the thighs, consists of a puckered or plated steel-petticoat, sticking out at the bottom folds, considerably beyond the upper part. It is very simple, and of polished steel. A fine suit of armour—of black and gold—worn by an Archbishop of Salzburg in the middle of the fifteenth century, had particular claims upon my admiration. It was at once chaste and effective. The mace was by

the side of it. This room is also ornamented by trophies taken from the Turks ; such as bows, spears, battle-axes, and scymitars. In short, the whole is full of interest and splendor. I ought to have seen the ARSENAL—which I learn is of uncommon magnificence ; and, although not so curious on the score of antiquity, is yet not destitute of relics of the old warriors of Germany. Among these, those which belonged to my old bibliomaniacal friend Corvinus, king of Hungary, cut a conspicuous and very respectable figure. I fear it will be now impracticable to see the Arsenal as it ought to be seen.

It is now approaching mid-day, and we are walking towards the terrace in front of the GREAT BELVEDERE PALACE : built by the immortal EUGENE in the year 1724, as a summer residence. Probably no spot could have been selected with better judgment for the residence of a Prince—who wished to enjoy, almost at the same moment, the charms of the country with the magnificence of a city view . . unclouded by the dense fumes which for ever envelope our own metropolis. It is in truth a glorious situation. Walking along its wide and well cultivated terraces, you obtain the finest view imaginable of the city of Vienna. Indeed it may be called a picturesque view. The spire of the cathedral darts directly upwards, as it were, to the very heavens. The ground before you, and in the distance, is gently undulating ; and the intermediate portion of the suburbs does not present any very offensive protrusions. More in the distance, the windings of the Danube are seen ; with its various little islands, studded with hamlets and fishing huts,—lighted up by

a sun of unusual radiance. Indeed the sky, above the whole of this rich and civilized scene, was, at the time of our viewing it, almost of a dazzling hue: so deep and vivid a tint we had never before beheld. Behind the palace, in the distance, you observe a chain of mountains which extends into Hungary. As to the building itself, I must say that it is perfectly *palatial*: in its size, form, ornaments, and general effect. He must be fastidious indeed, who could desire a nobler residence for the most illustrious character in the kingdom!

Before you accompany me within-doors, you ought to know, in few words, the history of the extraordinary collection of Pictures which it contains; for extraordinary it is in every sense of the word. The Archduke LEOPOLD WILLIAM, Governor-General of the Low Countries, may be considered as the father or founder of this gallery of pictures. The *Younger Teniers* was in the habit of painting expressly for him: in short, he was his agent in the formation of that collection of paintings, which is known to the public by the copies of about two hundred and fifty engravings called after the name of their collector. All these fine paintings (including some choice specimens of *Teniers* himself) were transported to the capital, and deposited in a building called the *Stallbourg*, towards the year 1680. I should observe, however, that, on the capture of *Prague*, after the death of Rudolphus II., and on the conclusion of a thirty year's war, some very delicious specimens of the Italian school (chiefly by Correggio) were taken to Vienna—and now form a portion of this collection. The Emperor CHARLES VI., who seems to have been

born for the patronage of all that was magnificent and tasteful in the fine arts, added prodigiously to the treasures of his predecessors—and this collection, in his time, was contained within eleven large rooms of the Stallbourg. At length, Joseph II. and Maria Theresa transported the whole to the GREAT BELVEDERE—as the fittest situation, in every respect, for the reception of such numerous and valuable treasures.

Among these treasures, it is now high time to enter and to look about us. Yet what am I attempting?—to be your *cicerone* . . . in every apartment, covered with canvas or pannel, upon which colours, of all hues, are seen from the bottom to the top of the palace? It cannot be. My account, therefore, is necessarily a mere sketch: but RUBENS, if any artist, seems here to “rule and reign without control.” Two large rooms are filled with his productions; besides several other pictures, by the same hand, which are placed in different apartments. Here it is that you see verified the truth of Sir Joshua’s remark upon that wonderful artist: namely, that his genius seemed to expand with the size of his canvas. His pencil absolutely riots here—in the most luxuriant manner—whether in the majesty of an altar-piece, in the gaiety of a festive scene,* or in the sobriety of portrait-paint-

* *gaiety of a festive scene.*]—As in that of the *Feast of Venus in the island of Cythera*: about eleven feet by seven. There is also another, of himself, in the *Garden of Love*—with his two wives—in the peculiarly powerful and voluptuous style of his pencil. The picture is about four feet long. His portrait of one

ing. His *Ignatius Loyola* and *St. Francis Xavier*—of the former class—each seventeen feet high, by nearly thirteen wide—are stupendous productions . . in more senses than one. The latter is, indeed, in my humble judgment, the most marvellous specimen of the powers of the painter which I have ever seen . . and you must remember, that both England and France are not without some of his most celebrated productions—which I have frequently examined.

In the Italian school, I was struck with an old small picture—supposed to be by *Michel Angelo*—of our Saviour's Agony in the Garden. I think our friend Mr. Ottley admits this to be one of the very few genuine paintings, which remain of the pencil of that great master. Near it, is his *Dream*—or Spectacle of Human Life. If you want fine *Raffaelles*, and genuine *Titians*, you will doubtless find them here : but I could mention at least three collections, in Old England, which contain much more exquisite specimens of these masters. Here are several *VANDYKES*, and of course a portrait of *Charles I.*

In the *old German School*, the series is almost countless : and of the greatest possible degree of interest and curiosity. Here are to be seen *Wohlgemuths*, *Albert Durers*, both the *Holbeins*, *Lucas Cranachs*, *Ambergaus*, and *Burgmairs* of all sizes and degrees of merit. Among these ancient specimens—which are placed in curious order, in the very upper suite of apartments,

of his wives, of the size of life, habited only in an ermine cloak at the back (of which the print is well known) is an extraordinary production . . as to colour and effect.

and of which the back-grounds of several, in one solid coat of gilt, lighten up the room like a golden sunset—you must not fail to pay particular attention to a singularly curious old subject—representing the *Life, Miracles, and Passion of our Saviour*, in a series of one hundred and fifty-eight pictures—of which the largest is nearly three feet square, and every other about fifteen inches by ten. These subjects are painted upon eighty-six small pieces of wood; of which seventy-two are contained in six folding cabinets, each cabinet holding twelve subjects. In regard to *Teniers, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Wouvermann, and Cuyp* . . you must look *at home* for more exquisite specimens. This collection contains, in the whole, not fewer than **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PAINTINGS**: of which the greater portion consists of pictures of very large dimensions. I could have lived here for a month; but could only move along with the hurried step, and yet more hurrying eye, of an ordinary visitor.*

* I am not sure whether any publication, connecting with this extraordinary collection, has appeared since *Chrétien de Mechel's Catalogue des Tableaux de la Galerie Impériale et Royale de Vienne*; 1784, 8vo.: which contains, at the end, four folded copper-plates of the front elevations and ground plans of the Great and Little Belvederes. He divides his work into the *Venetian, Roman, Florentine, Bolognese, and Ancient and Modern Flemish Schools*: according to the different chambers or apartments. This catalogue is a mere straight-forward performance; presenting a formal description of the pictures, as to size and subject, but rarely indulging in warmth of commendation, and never in curious and learned research. The preface, from which I have gleaned the particulars of the History of the Collection, is sufficiently interesting. My friend M. Bartsch, if leisure and encouragement

About three English miles from the Great Belvedere—or rather about the same number of miles from Vienna, to the right, as you approach the Capital—is the famous palace of SCHÖNBRUNN. This is a sort of summer-residence of the Emperor; and it is here that his daughter, the ex-Empress of France, and the young Bonaparte usually reside. The latter never goes into Italy, when his mother, as Duchess of Parma, pays her annual visit to her principality. At this moment her Son is at Baden, with the court. It was in the Schönbrunn palace that his father, on the conquest of Vienna, used to take up his abode; rarely venturing into the city. He was surely safe enough here; as every chamber and every court yard was filled by the élite of his guard—whether as officers or soldiers. It is a most magnificent pile of building: a truly imperial residence—but neither the furniture nor the objects of art, whether connected with sculpture or painting, are deserving of any thing in the shape of a *catalogue raisonné*. I saw the chamber where young Bonaparte frequently passes the day; and brandished his flag staff, and beat upon his drum. He is a soldier (as they tell me) every inch of him; and rides out, through the streets of Vienna, in a carriage of state

were afforded him, might produce a magnificent and instructive work—devoted to this very extraordinary collection. Speaking fairly and critically, my own account is little better than a hurried and imperfect sketch; for so many beautiful and curious subjects presented themselves to my recollection, while writing, that it was impossible to notice one half of them, without extending the above letter to a more unconscionable length than it really has attained.

drawn by four or six horses, receiving the *homages* of the passing multitude. They say that he is handsome and very interesting; and that the Emperor (from his great fondness for his daughter) is exceedingly attached to him. The other day, on dining at one of the principal restaurateurs, there chanced to sit near us, at an adjoining table, a well-looking and well dressed gentleman — of an Italian cast of countenance. By accident, he overheard some discourse, at our own table, respecting the little Bonaparte. He seemed delighted to mingle in the conversation; and soon gave us to understand that he was one of his masters — and that his pupil was equally well versed in the German, Italian, and French languages: that his manners won the hearts of all: but that love of a military life seemed to be the predominant passion of his mind. He would march, countermarch, halt—give the word of command, and sometimes flourish his sword, or fire his gun—with a sort of joyful dexterity. “But (added he) he has a precocity of talent which does not promise a life long enough even to reach maturity.” Perhaps—but you will anticipate my reflection hereupon.

To return to the SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE. I have already told you that it is vast, and capable of accommodating the largest retinue of courtiers. It is of the *Gardens* belonging to them, that I would now only wish to say a word. These gardens are really worthy of the residence to which they are attached. For what is called ornamental, formal, gardening — enriched by shrubs of rarity, and trees of magnificence—enlivened by fountains—adorned by sculpture — and diversified

by vistos, lawns, and walks—interspersed with grottos and artificial ruins—you can conceive nothing upon a grander scale than these—while a menagerie in one place—(where I saw a large but miserably looking elephant) a flower garden in another—a labyrinth in a third, and a solitude in a fourth place — each, in its turn, equally beguiles the hour and the walk. They are the most spacious gardens which I ever visited. It was *here* the dinner, mentioned in a former part of this letter,* concluded a long and absolutely fatiguing ramble during the greater part of the day.

The preceding is all I can tell you, from actual observation, about the PALACES at Vienna. Those of the Noblesse, with the exception of that of Duke Albert, I have not visited ; as I learn that the families are from home—and that the furniture is not arranged in the order in which one could wish it to be for the purpose of inspection or admiration. But I must not omit saying a word or two about the TREASURY—where the Court Jewels and Regalia are kept—and where curious clocks and watches, of early Nuremburg manufacture, will not fail to strike and astonish the antiquary. But there are other objects, of a yet more powerful attraction: particularly a series of *crowns* studded with gems and precious stones, from the time of Maximilian downwards. If I remember rightly, they shewed me here the crown which that famous Emperor himself wore. It is, comparatively, plain, ponderous, and massive. Among the more modern regal ornaments, I was shewn a precious diamond which

* See page 545.

fastened the cloak of the Emperor or Empress (I really forget which) on the day of coronation. It is large, oval-shaped, and, in particular points of view, seemed to flash a dazzling radiance throughout the room.

It was therefore with a *refreshing* sort of delight that I turned from “the wealth of either Ind” to feast upon a set of old china, upon which the drawings are said to have been furnished by the pencil of Raffaelle. I admit that this is a sort of *suspicious* object of art: in other words, that, if all the old china, *said* to be ornamented by the pencil of Raffaelle, were *really* the production of that great man, he could have done nothing else but paint upon baked earth from his cradle to his grave—and all the *oil paintings* by him *must* be spurious. The present, however, having been presented by the Pope, may be safely allowed to be genuine. In this suite of apartments—filled, from one extremity to the other, with all that is gay, and gorgeous, and precious, appertaining to royalty—I was particularly struck with the insignia of regality belonging to Bonaparte as King of Rome. It was a crown, sceptre, and robe—of which the two former were composed of metal, like brass—but of a form particularly chaste and elegant. There is great facility of access afforded for a sight of these valuable treasures, and I was surprised to find myself in a crowd of visitors at the outer door, who, upon gaining entrance, rushed forward in a sort of scrambling manner, and spread themselves in various directions about the apartment. Upon seeing one of the guides, I took him aside, and asked him in a quiet manner “what was done with all these treasures when the

French visited their capital?" He replied quickly, and emphatically, "they were taken away, and safely lodged in the Emperor's Hungarian dominions." A wise and yet obvious precaution; for had they *not*, there would have been no restorations of diamonds and rubies as of books and pictures!

You may remember that the conclusion of my last letter left me just about to start to witness an entertainment called *Der Berggeist*, or the *Genius of the Mountain*; and that, in the opening of this letter, I almost made boast of the gaiety of my evening amusements. In short, for a man fond of music—and in the country of GLUCK, MOZART and HAYDN—not to visit the theatres, where a gratification of this sort, in all the perfection and variety of its powers, is held forth, might be considered a sort of heresy hardly to be pardoned. Accordingly, I have seen *Die Zauberflöte*, *Die Hochzeit des Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*: the two former quite enchantingly performed—but the latter greatly inferior to the representation of it at our own Opera House. The band, although less numerous and less choice than our own, seems to be perfect in every movement of the piece. You hear, throughout, a precision, clearness, and brilliancy of touch—together with a facility of execution, and fulness of instrumental tone—which almost impresses you with the conviction that the performers were *born* musicians. The principal opera house, or rather that in which the principal singers are engaged, is near the palace, and is called *Im Theater nächst dem Kärnthnerthoc*. Here I saw the Marriage of Figaro performed with great spirit and éclat. A young lady, a new

performer, of the name of *Wranizth*, played Susannah in a style exquisitely naïve and effective. She was one of the most natural performers I ever saw ; and her voice seemed to possess equal sweetness and compass. She is a rising favourite, and full of promise. Madame *Hönig* played Mazelline rather heavily, and sung elaborately, and scientifically. The Germans are good natured creatures, and always prefer commendation to censure. Hence the plaudits with which these two rival sirens were received.

The other opera house, which is in the suburbs, and called *Schauspielhause*, is by much the larger and more commodious place of entertainment. I seized with avidity the first opportunity of seeing the *Zauberflöte* here, and here also I saw Don Giovanni : the former as perfectly, in every respect, as the latter was inefficiently, performed. But here I saw the marvellous ballet, or afterpiece, called *Die Berggeist* ; and I will tell you why I think it marvellous. It is entirely performed by children, of all ages—from three to sixteen—with the exception of the venerable-bearded old gentleman, who is called the *Genius of the Mountain*. The author of the piece or ballet—" von herrn Balletmeister"—is *Friedrich Horschelt* : who, if in such a department or vocation in society a man may be said (and why should he not ?) to "deserve well of his country," is, I think, eminently entitled to that distinction. The truth is, that, all the little rogues (I do not speak literally) whom we saw before us upon the stage—and who amount to nearly one hundred and twenty in number—were absolutely beggar-children, and the offspring of beggars, or of the lowest

possible classes in society. They earned a livelihood by the craft of asking alms. Mr. Horschelt conceived the plan of converting these hapless little vagabonds into members of some honest and useful calling. He saw an active little match girl trip across the street, and solicit alms in a very winning and even graceful manner—"that shall be my *columbine*," said he;—and she was so. A young lad of a sturdy form, and sluggish movement, is converted into a *clown*; a slim youth is made to personate *harlequin*—and thus he moulds and forms the different characters of his entertainment . . . absolutely and exclusively out of the very lowest orders of society.

To witness what these metamorphosed little creatures perform, is really almost to witness a miracle. Every thing they do, is in consonance with a well-devised and well-executed plot. The whole is in harmony. They perform characters of different classes; sometimes allegorical, as præternatural beings—sometimes real, as rustics at one moment, and courtiers at another—but whether as fairies, or attendants upon goddesses—and whether the dance be formal or frolicksome—whether in groups of many, or in a *pas de deux* or *pas seul*, they perform with surprising accuracy and effect. The principal performer, who had really been the little match girl above described, and who might have just turned her sixteenth year—would not have disgraced the boards of the Paris opera—at a moment, even, when Albert and Bigotini were engaged upon them. I never witnessed any thing more brilliant and more perfect than she was in all her evolutions and pirouettes. Nor are the

lads behind hand in mettle and vigorous movement. One boy, about fourteen, almost divided the plaudits of the house with the fair nymph just mentioned—who, during the evening, had equally shone as a goddess, a queen, a fairy, and a columbine. The emperor of Austria, who is an excellent good man—and has really the moral welfare of his people at heart—was at first a little fearful about the *effect* of this early metamorphosis of his subjects into actors and actresses; but he learnt, upon careful enquiry, that these children, when placed out in the world—as they generally are before seventeen, unless they absolutely prefer the profession in which they have been engaged—turn out to be worthy and good members of society. Their salaries are fixed and moderate, and thus superfluous wealth does not lead them into temptation.

On the conclusion of the preceding piece, the stage was entirely filled by the whole juvenile *corps dramatique*—perhaps amounting to about one hundred and twenty in number. They were divided into classes, according to size, dress, and talent. After a succession of rapid evolutions, the whole group moved gently to the sound of soft music, while masses of purple tinted clouds descended, and alighted about them. Some were received into the clouds—which were then lifted up—and displayed groups of the smallest children upon their very summits, united by wreaths of roses; while the larger children remained below. The entire front of the stage, up to the very top, was occupied by the most extraordinary and most imposing sight I ever beheld—and as the clouds carried the whole of the children upwards, the curtain fell,

and the piece concluded. On its conclusion, the audience were in a perfect frenzy of applause, and demanded the author to come forward and receive the meed of their admiration. He quickly obeyed their summons—and I was surprised, when I saw him, at the youthfulness of his appearance, the homeliness of his dress, and the simplicity of his manners. He thrice bowed to the audience, laying his hand the same number of times upon his heart. I am quite sure that, if he were to come to London, and institute the same kind of exhibition, he would entirely fill Drury Lane or Covent Garden—as I saw the *Schauspiel-hause* filled—with parents and children from top to bottom.

But a truce to *in-door* recreations. You are longing, no doubt, to scent the evening breeze along the banks of the PRATER, or among the towering elms of the AUGARTEN—both public places of amusement within about a league of the ramparts of the city. It was the other Sunday evening when I visited the Prater, and when—as the weather happened to be very fine—it was considered to be full: but the absence of the court, and of the noblesse, necessarily gave a less joyous and splendid aspect to the carriages and their attendant liveries. In your way to this famous place of sabbath evening promenade, you pass a celebrated coffee house, in the suburbs, called the *Leopoldstat*, which goes by the name of the *Greek coffee-house*—on account of its being almost entirely frequented by Greeks—so numerous at Vienna. Do not pass it, if you should ever come hither, without entering it—at least *once*. You would fancy yourself

to be in Greece: so thoroughly characteristic are the countenances, dresses, and language of every one within.

But yonder commences the procession . . of horse and foot: of cabriolets, family coaches, german wag-gons, cars, phaetons, and landaulets . . all moving in a measured manner, within their prescribed ranks, towards the PRATER. We must accompany them without loss of time. You now reach the Prater. It is an extensive flat, surrounded by branches of the Danube, and planted on each side with double rows of horse chesnut trees. The drive, in one straight line, is probably a league in length. It is divided by two roads, in one of which the company move *onward*, and in the other they *return*. Consequently, if you happen to find a hillock only a few feet high, you may, from thence, obtain a pretty good view of the interminable procession of the carriages before mentioned: one current of them, as it were, moving forward, and another rolling backward. But, hark!—the notes of a harp are heard to the left . . in a meadow, where the foot passengers often digress from their own formal tree-lined promenade. A press of ladies and gentlemen is quickly seen. You mingle involuntarily with them: and, looking forward, you observe a small stage erected, upon which a harper sits and two singers stand. The company now lie down upon the grass, or break into standing groups, or sit upon chairs hired for the occasion—to listen to the notes so boldly and feelingly executed. The clapping of hands, and exclamation of *bravo!* succeed: and the sounds of applause, however warmly bestowed, quickly die away

in the open air. The performers bow: receive a few kreutschers . . retire, and are well satisfied.

The sound of the trumpet is now heard behind you. Tilting feats are about to be performed: the coursers snort and are put in motion: their hides are bathed in sweat beneath their ponderous housings; and the blood, which flows freely from the pricks of their riders' spurs, shews you with what earnestness the whole affair is conducted. There, the ring is thrice carried off at the point of the lance. Feats of horsemanship follow in a covered building, to the right; and the juggler, conjurer, or magician, displays his dexterous feats, or exercises his potent spells . . . in a little amphitheatre of trees, at a distance beyond. Here and there rise more stately edifices, as theatres . . from the doors of which a throng of heated spectators is pouring out, after having indulged their grief or joy at the Mary Stuart of Schiller, or the ——— of ——— . . In other directions, booths, stalls, and tables are fixed; where the hungry eat, the thirsty drink, and the merry-hearted indulge in potent libations. The waiters are in a constant state of motion. Rhenish wine sparkles here; confectionary glitters there; and fruit looks bright and tempting in a third place. No guest turns round to eye the company; because he is intent upon the luxuries which invite his immediate attention—or he is in close conversation with an intimate friend, or a beloved female. They talk and laugh,—and the present seems to be the happiest moment of their lives.

All is gaiety and good humour. You return again to the foot-promenade, and look sharply about you,

as you move onward, to catch the spark of beauty, or admire the costume of taste, or confess the power of expression. It is an Albanian female who walks yonder . . . wondering, and asking questions, at every thing she sees. The proud Jewess, supported by her husband and father, moves in another direction. She is covered with brocade and flaunting ribbands; but she is abstracted from every thing around her . . . because her eyes are cast downwards upon her stomacher, or sideways to obtain a glimpse of what may be called her spangled epaulettes. Her eye is large and dark: her nose is aquiline: her complexion is of an olive brown: her stature is majestic, her dress is gorgeous, her gait is measured—and her demeanour is grave and composed. “She *must* be very rich” you say—as she passes on. “She is *prodigiously* rich,” replies the friend, to whom you put the question:—for seven virgins, with nosebags of choicest flowers, held up her bridal train; and the like number of youths, with silver-hilted swords, and robes of ermine and satin, graced the same bridal ceremony. Her father thinks he can never do enough for her; and her husband, that he can never love her sufficiently.

Whether she be *happy* or not, in consequence, we have no time to stop to enquire . . . for, see yonder! three “turbaned Turks” make their advances. How gaily, how magnificently they are attired! What finely proportioned limbs, what beautifully formed features! They have been carousing, peradventure, with some young Greeks—who have just saluted them, en passant—at the famous coffee-house before mentioned. Every thing around you is novel and striking;

while the verdure of the trees and lawns is yet fresh, and the sun does not seem yet disposed to sink below the horizon. The carriages still move on, and return, in measured procession. Those who are within, look earnestly from the windows—to catch a glance of their passing friends. The fair hand is waved here; the curiously-painted fan is shaken there; and the repeated nod is seen in almost every other passing landaulet. Not a heart seems sad; not a brow appears to be clouded with care.

Such—or something like the foregoing—* is the

* *Such—or something like the foregoing*] The truth is, that almost every writer, who has attempted to describe the PRATER, has endeavoured to do his best in minuting down the motley and miscellaneous groups before him:—as the scene of action is of very considerable extent, and filled by characters of almost every situation in life. Dr. Bright visited this scene when it was enlivened by the presence of divers kings and princes during the congress of 1814-15; and his description seems to be at once happy and correct. *Travels in Lower Hungary*; 1818, 4to. p. 29, &c. Yet a French writer, whose work has been before quoted, is not much behind hand in the vigour and felicity of his description of the same scene. The following specimen may probably much gratify the reader. “ Les bois et les prairies sont remplis de l'appareil de ces banquets. On voit des tables par tout, des valets allans et revenans. Vous diriez que c'est un festin général, et Bacchus est surtout de la fête. La bonne compagnie ne prend alors que des glaces et du café à la crème; mais avant et après la promenade, elle y fait aussi ses repas. Les baladins, marchands de nouveautés, de colifichets, viennent offrir aux convives leur fertile industrie et leurs talens. Les échos d'alentour répètent par tout les sons du cor, de la flûte, et des autres instrumens qui, en charmant l'oreille, aiguïsent l'appetit. En vérité, ce bois semble frapper de la baguette magique, tant les plaisirs s'y renouvellent et s'y multiplient.”

scene which usually passes on a Sunday evening—perhaps six months out of the twelve—upon the famous PRATER at Vienna; while the tolling bell of St. Stephen's tower, about nine o'clock—and the

Pendant qu'on mange, qu'on boit, qu'on se promène, qu'on joue, qu'on folâtre, des milliers de carrosses (car les équipages sont extrêmement nombreux à Vienne) promènent leur luxe et leur élégante nouveauté dans la grande allée, par où nous sommes entrés dans ce bois. Les diables, les cabriolets entremêlés de fiacres, les wiskis aériens, se croisent, s'évitent, se choquent quelquefois dans leurs courses rapides et insensées. Les chevaux barbes, Anglais, espagnols, fiers de leur beauté, et plus encore des beautés qu'ils portent, semblent enlever leur proie dans les airs. Tous ces êtres mouvans et légers, vont, viennent, et volent à travers la forêt, dans cette grande allée, qui ne les quitte qu'au pavillon, appelé le *Lusthaus*, et qui est le but de cette course."—*Coup-d'œil rapide sur Vienne*. 1805. p. 54-6. 8vo. A little further on, the author quotes a portion of a poetical epistle, descriptive of the foregoing scene from which I select the following :

.....
 Entrons dans cette allée ; une innombrable foule
 Nous apprend à jouir de l'instant qui s'écoule,
 A charmer à-la-fois par un accord heureux,
 L'odorat et le goût, et l'oreille et les yeux.
 Ici c'est du tokai, la des sorbets d'Asie,
 Ce parfum du moka surpasse l'ambrosie ;
 Partout mille beautés offrent à mes regards
 L'étalage pompeux du luxe enfant des arts.
 De vingt peuples divers remarquez les costumes.
 Voyez le Musulman dédaignant ses coutumes,
 En dépit du prophète et de son paradis,
 Venir chez des chrétiens encenser des houris.
 Voici la jeune Eglé, sa mourante prunelle,
 Découvre de son cœur la blessure mortelle ;
 Observez Araminte assise près de vous,
 Ses beaux yeux aux passans demandent un époux ;
 Couverte de joyaux, l'altière Alcimadure
 Promène à pas tremblans son antique figure, &c.

groups of visitors hurrying back, to get home before the gates of the city are shut against them—usually conclude the scene just described. Here too, on the week-days, they have sometimes fire-works—*Feuerwerk*. About a fortnight ago, I was present at an exhibition of this kind, exceedingly splendid: for admission to which, every one pays a paper florin. There were ten distinct pieces, or representations, upon a surface of temporary scaffolding—perhaps fifty or seventy feet in length, by thirty high. The whole concluded with a representation of an Indian fort taken by a British frigate. It was cleverly managed; the report of the guns, from the battery and ship, being equally loud and incessant. Every thing was conducted in the most excellent order—beneath a cloudless sky, spotted with countless stars. As the larger Bengal lights were burning, the effect, upon a multitude of perhaps five thousand spectators, was exceedingly beautiful and interesting. I know not how it has come to pass, but I have not yet visited the *Augarten*—which presents *morning* gaieties pretty nearly of the same description as those in the evening at the Prater. It is a small island, surrounded by branches of the Danube, and displays a fine pleasure garden, flanked by a noble park; touching the Prater at its eastern extremity. The Emperor Joseph II. was the planner of this noble public place of resort; where, on a fine summer's morning, you see all the nobility and gentry of Vienna in their richest attires.

And now, my good friend, methinks I have given you a pretty fair account of the more prominent features of this city—in regard to its public sights; whe-

ther as connected with still or active life : as churches, palaces, or theatres. It remains, therefore, to return again, briefly, but yet willingly, to the subject of Books ; or rather, to the notice of two *Private Collections*, especially deserving of description — and of which, the first is that of the EMPEROR HIMSELF.

His Majesty's collection of Books and Prints is kept upon the second and third floors of a portion of the building connected with the great Imperial library. Mr. T. YOUNG is the librarian ; and he also holds the honourable office of being Secretary of his Majesty's privy council. He is well deserving of both situations, for he fills them with ability and success. He has the perfect appearance of an Englishman, both in figure and face. As he speaks French readily and perfectly well, our interviews have been frequent, and our conversations such as have led me to think that we shall not easily forget each other. But for the library, of which he is the guardian. It is contained in three or four rooms, of moderate dimensions, and has very much the appearance of an English Country Gentleman's collection of about 10,000 volumes. The bindings are generally in good taste : in full-gilt light and gray calf — with occasional folios and quartos resplendent in morocco and gold. I hardly know when I have seen a more cheerful and comfortable library ; and was infinitely gratified to find such a copious sprinkling of publications from Old England. Among these latter, Mr. Young conducted me, with a sort of exhilarating alacrity, to view *certain* works, — which shall be here nameless — ar-

ranged in goodly order, and bound in morocco, russia, and calf.

But my immediate, and indeed principal object, was, a list of a few of the **rarities** of the Emperor's private collection — as well in ms. as in print. Mr. Young placed before me much that was exquisite and interesting in the former, and splendid and creditable in the latter, department. He begged of me to judge with my own eyes, and determine for myself; and he would then supply me with a list of what he considered to be most valuable and splendid in the collection. Accordingly, what here ensues, must be considered as the united descriptions of my guide and myself:—Mr. Young having composed his memoranda in the Latin language. First, of the MANUSCRIPTS. The *Gospels*; a vellum folio:—with illuminated capitals, and thirteen larger paintings, supposed to be of the XIIIth—but I suspect rather of the XIVth—century. A *Breviary* . . . “*for the use of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.*” This vellum MS. is of the XVth century, and was executed for the distinguished character to whom it is expressly dedicated. This is really an elegant volume: written in the gothic character of the period, and sprinkled with marginal and capital initial decorations. Here are — as usual in works of this kind, executed for princes and great men — divers illuminations of figures of saints, of which there are three of larger size than the rest: and, of these three, one is eminently interesting, as exhibiting a small portrait of DUKE CHARLES himself, kneeling before his tutelary Saint. This little bit was too precious for me

to resist the temptation of asking permission to have it copied by Mr. Lewis . . who had absolutely no more time left than to execute what you here behold, with the usual fidelity of his pencil. I regret exceedingly that the whole piece should not have been introduced, but you must be thankful for the most material portion of it.



Here is an exceedingly pretty octavo volume of *Hours*, of the fifteenth century, fresh and sparkling in its illuminations, with marginal decorations of flowers, monsters, and capriccios. It is in the binding of the time—the wood, covered with gilt ornaments. *Office of the Virgin*: a neat vellum MS. of the xivth century—with ornamented capital initials and margins, and about two dozen of larger illuminations. But the chief attraction of this MS. arises from the text having been written by four of the most celebrated Princesses of the House of Austria, whose names are inscribed in

the first fly leaf. About a dozen more MS. volumes of *Hours*, written in the Latin language, and very creditably illuminated, also adorn the ms. department of the Emperor's private library. But I must not omit to notice to you "*Le Breviaire de M^{lle}. Marie de Monmorancy, Chanoinesse de St. Wandur a Mons, écrit de sa propre main.*" This is of the xvth century; as well as is a folio volume entitled *Franchini Gaffurii Laudensis Harmoniae instrumentalis Libri IV.* — exhibiting, among other decorations, an illumination of the author sitting in the cathedral, and apparently giving instructions to twelve pupils who surround him.

Here is a "*Boccace des Cas des Nobles*," by Laurent Premier Fait — which is indeed every where. Nor must a sprinkle of *Roman Classics* be omitted to be noticed, however briefly. A *Celsus*, *Portions of Livy*, the *Metamorphosis of Ovid*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, the *Æneid of Virgil*, and *Juvenal*: none, I think, of a later period than the beginning or middle of the xvth century—just before the invention of printing. Among the MSS. of a miscellaneous class, are two which I was well pleased to examine: namely, the *Funerailles des Reines de France*, in folio—adorned with eleven large illuminations of royal funerals — and a work entitled *Mayni Jasonis Juris consulti Eq. Rom. Cæs., &c Epitthalmion*, in 4to. The latter MS. is, in short, an epithalamium upon the marriage of Maximilian the Great and Blanche Maria, composed by M. Jaso, who was a ducal senator, and attached to the embassy which returned with the destined bride for Maximilian. What is its *chief* ornament, in my estimation, are two sweetly executed small portraits of the royal husband

and his consort. I was earnest to have fac-similes of them; and Mr. Young gave me the strongest assurances that my wishes should be attended to.*

Thus much, or perhaps thus little, for the MSS. Still more brief must be my account of the PRINTED BOOKS: and first for a ~~fifteen~~ or two. It is an edition of *Dio Chrysostom de Regno*, without date, or name of printer, in 4to.; but most decidedly executed (as I told Mr. Young) by *Valdarfer*. What renders this copy exceedingly precious is, that it is printed UPON VELLUM; and is, I think, the only known copy so executed. It is in beautiful condition, and I more than *hinted* that this precious tome ought to be covered (for it is now in old binding) by the morocco and gilt tooling of Charles Lewis. Yet I will not disparage the Vienna binders. In fact, Germany is the land of our *Kalthoeber*, *Staggemier*, and *Hering* — and wherefore should I disparage the bibliopegistic productions of the capital of that land? Here is a pretty volume of *Hours*, in Latin, with a French metrical version, printed in the xvth century, without date, and struck off UPON VELLUM. It has wood-cuts, which are coloured of the time. From a copy of ms. verses, at the beginning of the volume, we learn that “the author of this metrical version was *Peter Grin-*

* *my wishes should be attended to.*] — The truth is, not only fac-similes of these illuminations, but of the initial L, so warmly mentioned at page 464, ante, were executed by M. Fendi — under the direction of my friend M. Bartsch, and dispatched to me from Vienna in the month of June 1820 — but were lost on the road. It is the only packet, out of three so transmitted, which has not reached the place of its destination.

gore, commonly called *Vaudemont*, herald at arms to the Duke of Lorraine; who dedicated and brought this very copy to *Renatus of Bourbon*. I was much struck with a magnificent folio *Missal*, printed at Venice by that skilful typographical artist *I. H. de Landoia*, in 1488 — UPON VELLUM: with the cuts coloured.* A few small vellum *Hours* by *Vostre* and *Vivian* are sufficiently pretty.

In the class of books printed upon vellum, and continuing with the xvth century, I must not fail to commence with the notice of two copies of the *Tewr-dannckh*, each of the date of 1517, and each UPON VELLUM. One is coloured, and the other not coloured. Mr. Young describes the former in the following animated language: “*Exemplar omnibus numeris absolutum, optimeque servatum. Præstantissimum, rarissimumque tum typographicæ, tum xylographicæ artis, monumentum.*” Pursuing the VELLUM THEME, I come at once to modern times. *Hymn to Ceres*, in German, 1800, folio. The printer is *Degen*—the Bulmer, Bensley, Davison, or Whittingham (which you please) of Vienna. *Italian Sonnets on the marriage of the Emperor Francis with the Archduchess Louisa of Austria*, 1808, folio. Printed by *Degen*: also upon vellum. *Il Lamento di Cecco da Varlungo, di Francesco Baldovini. L'anno secolare della morte di Cecco*. 8vo. Printed by *Didot*, in royal 8vo. Only twelve copies were printed upon vellum, of which this is the twelfth.

* Lord Spencer has recently obtained a copy of this exquisitely printed book from the M'Carthy collection. See the *Ædes Althorpianae*; vol. ii. p. 192.

Stanze del Poeta Sciarra. Costant, 1550. 8vo. A reprint by Didot, in royal 8vo. Only twelve copies upon vellum, of which this is the eleventh. *Lucani Pharsalia, 1811. Folio.* Printed by Degen. A beautiful copy, of a magnificent book, UPON VELLUM; illustrated by ten copper plates. *M. C. Frontonis Opera : edidit Maius Mediol, 1815. 4to.* An unique copy; upon vellum. *Flore Medicale decrite par Chaumeton & peinte par M^{me}. E. Panckoucke & I. F. Turpin. Paris, 1814.* Supposed to be unique, as a vellum copy: with the original drawings, and the cuts printed in bistre.* Here is also a magnificent work, called "*Omaggio delle Provincie Venetæ*" upon the nuptials of the present Emperor and Empress of Austria. It consists of seventeen copper-plates, printed upon vellum, and preserved in two cases, covered with beautiful ornaments and figures, in worked gold and silver, &c. Of this magnificent production of art, there were two copies only printed upon vellum, and this is one of them.

A few words only respecting the productions of our own country, and we take leave of this tasteful collection, and of the guardian under whose eye it is kept—in a manner . . . particular, almost to preciseness. Nor dust, nor dirt, nor cobwebs are to be seen here. All exhibits the very ne plus ultra of English neatness. First, then, here are *Macklin's Bible*, *Boydell's Shakspeare*, *Bowyer's History of England*, *Thomson's Seasons*,

* Consult, however, an account of a copy of a similar description, in the private library of the King of France, in vol. ii. p. 376.

and *Houbraken's Heads of Illustrious Persons*: each, as you well know, nearly of an atlas folio size. In an equally splendid, but less imposing array—on account of comparative diminution of size — are the following works: all of genuine British art. *Lord Valentia's Travels*; a family copy, in imperial quarto. *Lackington and Harding's Illustrious Portraits*, edited by Lodge—upon which Mr. Young seemed to gaze and expatiate with renewed delight. It is, in truth, a publication full of rare merit: both as to intrinsic and extrinsic worth. Ackermann's *Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster*. I told Mr. Young, on his shewing me the *latter* work, that the Proprietor was in possession of an unique copy of it, UPON VELLUM, in two volumes, with the original drawings and other varieties interspersed,—which, added to a binding of silver gilt, at once massive, tasteful, and magnificent, rendered it, in my estimation, the most sumptuous copy of a printed book in the world.* Indeed I urged him to submit the consideration of the purchase

* *the most sumptuous copy of a printed book in the world.*]—This is not exaggerated praise. On a second and third careful and impartial examination of the copy in question, I am the more confirmed in the opinion given to the worthy Librarian of the Emperor of Austria. The volumes contain EIGHTY-FOUR ORIGINAL DRAWINGS, made expressly for the work, by Messrs. *Mackenzie, Uwins, Pugin, Villiers, Shepherd, and Thomson*: together with a reduced drawing of the original oil painting of the portrait of the late Dean of Westminster, by the pencil of Mr. Owen himself. The title pages, and the inscription to each drawing, are from the pen of the late Mr. *Tomkins* — the most perfect calligraphist of whom our country can boast. These per-

of it to his Imperial master. It is in every respect an "imperial work," and worthy of the most magnificent collection.

performances of the pen (however trifling they may seem) cost the Proprietor of the work not less than *one hundred guineas*.

The DRAWINGS, especially those by Mr. Mackenzie—and more particularly those connected with *Henry the Seventh's chapel*—are beyond praise, and even adequate description. All manner of objects, which decorate a gothic interior—such as stained glass, curious fret work, and ancient or recent monuments, are executed with singular dexterity—and produce effects of a varying and yet characteristic description. There is moon-light in one piece—the warm glow of the meridian sun in another—the pale effect of twilight in a third—and the mellowing tints of evening in a fourth. Each individual portion of the scene represented, is executed with a precision, a crispness, and brilliancy of touch—which nothing can surpass. The same praise doubtless attaches to the performances of the other artists. The TEXT is printed in the usual round legible letter of the work, UPON VELLUM—in general, of a clear tone and good quality; and there is no other copy of the work so printed.

The BINDING has, I think, nothing to equal it—in any cabinet in Europe. The mechanical process of stitching the leaves together has been very skilfully done by Hering, but the *exterior*, in silver gilt, is the performance of Mr. Aldridge, after the designs of Mr. Papworth, an architect: and in these designs one knows not which the more to admire—the correctness of their composition, or the brilliancy of their execution. They are chiefly in the gothic style, corresponding with the character of the work; and so curious, exact, and numerous are the component parts, that this binding occupied one entire twelvemonth in its completion. When opened, the work is supported by sixteen balls of solid gold; and such were the difficulties in the mechanical process, that Hering was obliged to take his work to pieces

Here are also *Britton's Cathedral Antiquities*, *Holbein's Heads*, *Lambert's Genus Pinus*, *Russell's Indian Serpents*, *Andrews's Heaths*, &c., *Curtis's Flora Londinensis*, *Fox's History of James II.*, elephant quarto copy, with portraits, "all proper:" *Magna Charta by Whitaker*, &c. and *Young's Portraits of the Emperors of Turkey*, printed in colours. I mention these, doubtless not very uncommon, books—in order simply to shew that his Majesty the Emperor of Austria is not insensible to the graphic and printing skill of our own country. Indeed, he is exceedingly partial to the more costly publications of the British press; and I must say that the foregoing works are an ornament and honour to any collection. Up stairs, on the third floor, is kept his Majesty's COLLECTION of ENGRAVED PORTRAITS—which amount, as Mr. Young informed me, to not fewer than 120,000 in

three times, before he could make it open to his wish: for, after the metallic part was finished, it was found necessary to have the whole recast. The work is bound in two massive imperial quarto volumes, preserved in cases; and the binding alone cost very little short of *three hundred guineas*. The drawings may be safely estimated at *twelve hundred guineas*. Such has been the spirit of the proprietor:—and it remains to be seen who will have the spirit to become the purchaser of such a matchless production of art?! Surely such a work may be considered meet furniture for any Royal Collection; and it is my sincere wish and hope—much as I may respect the Emperor of Austria—that some ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTER, of our own country, would come forward and bear away the prize . . which does so much honour and credit to one of the most venerable and interesting edifices in this kingdom, and where the ashes of our Sovereigns are "quietly inurned!"

number. They commence with the earliest series, from the old German and Italian masters, and descend regularly to our own times. Of course such a collection contains very much that is exquisite and rare in the series of *British Portraits*.

Mr. Young is an Italian by birth; but has been nurtured, from earliest youth, in the Austrian dominions. He is a man of strong cultivated parts, and so fond of the literature of the xvth century, that he meditates an Italian version of the "*Zodiacus Vitæ*" of *Marcellus Palingenius*—translated by our *Barnabe Googe*: of the editions of which translation he was very desirous that I should procure him a copious and correct list. But it is the gentle and obliging manners—the frank and open-hearted conversation—and, above all, the high-minded devotedness to his Royal master and to his interests, that attach, and ever will attach, Mr. Young to me—by ties of no easily dissoluble nature. We have parted . . . perhaps never to meet again; but he may rest assured that the recollection of his kindnesses ("Semper honos nomenque," &c.) will never be obliterated from my memory.

Scarcely a stone's throw from the Imperial Library, is the noble mansion of the venerable DUKE ALBERT of *Saxe-Teschen*: the husband of the lady to whose memory Canova has erected the proudest trophy of his art. This amiable and accomplished nobleman has turned his eightieth year; and is most liberal and kind in the display of all the treasures which belong to him. These "treasures" are of a first-rate character; both as to *Drawings* and *Prints*. He has no rival in the *former* department, and even surpasses the Emperor

in the latter. I visited and examined his collection (necessarily in a superficial manner) twice; paying only particular attention to the drawings of the Italian school — including those of Claude Lorraine. I do not know what is in our *own* royal collection, but I may safely say that our friend Mr. Ottley has some finer *Michel Angelos and Raffaelles*—and the Duke of Devonshire towers, beyond all competition, in the possession of *Claude Lorraines*. Yet you are to know that the drawings of Duke Albert amount to nearly 12,000 in number. They are admirably well arranged—in a large, light room—overlooking the ramparts. Having so recently examined the productions of the earlier masters in the German school, at Munich—but more particularly in Prince Eugene's collection of prints, in the Imperial Library here—I did not care to look after those specimens of the same masters which were in the port folios of the Duke Albert. The *Albert Durer* drawings, however, excited my attention, and extorted the warmest commendation. It is quite delightful to learn (for so M. Bartsch told me—the Duke himself being just now at Baden) that this dignified and truly respectable old man, yet takes delight in the treasures of his own incomparable collection. “Whenever I visit him (said my “fidus Achates” M. B.) he begs me to take a chair and sit beside him; and is anxious to obtain intelligence of any thing curious, or rare, or beautiful, which may add to the worth of his collection.”

COUNT FRIES, the head banker here, has also a fine collection of books and prints—and especially, as I learnt, of *Rembrandts*. I was conducted hastily through

his library, but saw enough to satisfy me that English literature and English art formed a very conspicuous feature of his collection. The owner himself is from home. His house is a perfect palace, of its kind. The library of PRINCE LICHTENSTEIN is much spoken of. I have passed his house, and tried twice to gain admission into his library—but the librarian was, each time, unluckily from home. I had not been three days in Vienna, before I received a letter from M. Gruber, accompanying a present of his *Fasti Triumphales*,* inviting me to see the library of COUNT APPONI, to whom he is librarian; and announcing an intended sale of a portion of the same library. You

* *a present of his Fasti Triumphales,*] It was a very unpretending production: merely a few leaves of Latin inscriptions (in capital letters, within frame work,) of the victories obtained over the French by the united arms of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England—concluding, as it well might, with the Battle of Waterloo. M. Gruber accompanied his present with the following letter:—*Carolus Antonius Gruberius, Excellentissimi Comitiss Apponii a bibliotheca, Reverendo ac . . . viro Thomae Frognall Dibdin. S. P. D.* Fastos meos triumphales, qui Vindobonae anno 1814, et eodem anno, me inscio, doctorum amicorum cura, Dresdae lucem adspexere, Tibi, vir Reverende . . . que, novis et nondum vulgatis auctos inscriptionibus, eum in finem, *erga restitutionem*, mitto, ut candide mihi rescribere non detrectes, an hos, qui eruditiss Germaniae placuere, etiam Tibi arrideant, et an illos, manu mea describendos, EXCELLENTISSIMO SPENCERO, magno patriae Tuae sideri, in sincerum observantiae meae testimonium exhibere possim? Vale et me Te magni facientem aestimare perge.

Vindobonae, ii^e Septembris,

1818.

may be sure I did not wait for a second invitation; but, within two hours after the receipt of his letter, found myself in the presence of M. Gruber.

His appearance was, doubtless, not very prepossessing; for he was attired in a short and closely cut scarlet jacket, with a little brown bob wig upon his head, and seemed, in height, to be hard upon five feet. Nevertheless, he was active and obliging in his offices of attention: shewing me what books were destined for sale, and what for retention. By the aid of a ladder, and with the printed catalogue in my hand, I made a pretty accurate survey—and noted down those which might be serviceable in a certain quarter.

The books of Count Apponi are by no means numerous or curious; but many of them are of an early date, and some few in very fine condition. Among the former, was the rare little quarto *Latin Bible* of 1475, *printed at Piacenza, by I. P. de Ferratis, of Cremona*. It was a beautiful copy; and, to my recollection, is the only one I have seen upon the Continent. There was also a fine large copy of the first *Latin Strabo, printed by S. and Pannartz, in 1469, folio*; but not free from a good portion of ms. annotation. Also the *Decreta Subaudie*, a small folio, ending thus: *EXPLICIT TAURINI: per Egregium Magistrum: Johannem fabri lingonensis: LAVS DEO*. This is a very rare book, and the copy under description is very beautiful, and bound in red morocco. But preferable to either of these, in my estimation, was a copy of a folio edition of the *Council of Lateran, printed by Mazocchio, in 1521, UPON VELLUM*, with wood cuts. This copy was perfection itself. M.

Gruber was most solicitous that I should send commissions for purchases at the sale, and assured me that every attention should be paid to them, and that they should be exactly fulfilled. I told him that he might depend upon hearing from me, when I reached England, respecting the sale in question.*

It is now high time, methinks, to take leave not only of public and private collections of books, but of almost every thing else in Vienna. Yet I must add a word connected with literature and the fine arts. As to the former, it seems to sleep soundly. Few or no literary societies are encouraged, few public discussions are tolerated, and the capital of the empire is without either *reviews* or *institutions*†—which can bear the

* *respecting the sale in question.*] This sale took place in the ensuing winter, 1818-19—and the result of it has turned out to be .. a little *whimsical*, at least. Numerous and tolerably weighty commissions were sent by two renowned champions in the English book world: and in the absence of those, who had taught the purchasers to confide in the punctuality of the execution of their wishes, these commissions were left, eventually, I apprehend, to ANTONIUS GRUBERUS himself. It so happened, that every sum or price proposed, *exactly* produced the article in question: sometimes, however, articles were obtained for a sum beyond these which had been proposed. Thus, what with the *lucky* coincidence of knowing *exactly* what each book would bring—and the yet luckier circumstance of finding it, when brought, a most *dismal*, *soiled*, and *sometimes defective* copy—add to which, the expenses of freight and duty—the speculation turned out to be ... any thing but an *encouragement* to a *second* speculation of the like nature!

† Since writing the above, a Review, upon the principles of our *Quarterly*, has been established at Vienna, of which Gentz is the Editor.

least comparison with our own. The library of the University is said, however, to hold fourscore thousand volumes. Few critical works are published there; and for *one* Greek or Roman classic put forth at Vienna, they have *half a score* at Leipsic, Franckfort, Leyden, and Strasbourg. But in Oriental literature, M. Hammer is a tower of strength, and justly considered to be the pride of his country. The Academy of Painting is here a mere shadow of a shade. In the fine arts, Munich is as six to one beyond Vienna. A torpidity, amounting to infatuation, seems to possess those public men who have influence both on the councils and prosperity of their country. When the impulse for talent, furnished by the antique gems belonging to the Imperial collection,* is considered, it is surprising how little has been accomplished at Vienna for the last century. M. Bartsch is, however, a proud exception to any reproach arising from the want of indigenous talent. His name and performances alone are a host against such captious imputations.† There wants only a few wiser heads,

* *antique gems belonging to the Imperial collection.*] ECKHEL's work upon the segems, in 1788, folio, is well known. The apotheosis of Augustus, in this collection, is considered as an unrivalled specimen of art, upon sardonyx. I regretted much not to have seen these gems, but the floor of the room in which they are preserved was taken up, and the keeper from home.

† *a host against such captious imputations.*] It will be only necessary to mention—for the establishment of this fact—the ENGRAVED WORKS alone of M. Bartsch, from masters of every period, and of every school, amounting to 505 in number: an almost incredible effort, when we consider that their author has scarcely yet passed his grand climacteric. His *Peintre-Graveur* is

and more active spirits, in some of the upper circles of society, and Vienna might produce graphic works as splendid as they would be permanent.

ARTARIA—a distant branch from the family of the same name at Manheim—is the chief printseller; the *Colnaghi* of Vienna. I used to lounge frequently at his shop, and saw sufficient to convince me that he carried on a brisk and successful trade. I bought of him a very fine impression of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, by *Müller*,* from Raphael's celebrated picture at Dresden, for about 5*l.* 5*s.*; and Mr. Lewis purchased a great number of *Klein's* pieces—an artist of rising, and indeed extraordinary, merit, residing at Nuremberg. Artaria's people are all very civil. One young man, in particular, of genteel appearance, and pleasing address, used to claim a considerable share of my attention and conversation; and he gave me some curious particulars connected with the state of the metropolis, when the news first arrived of

a literary performance, in the graphic department, of really solid merit and utility. The record of the achievements of M. Bartsch has been perfected by the most affectionate and grateful of all hands—those of his son, *Frederic de Bartsch*—in an octavo volume, which bears the following title, and which has the portrait (but not a striking resemblance) of the father prefixed:—“*Catalogue des Estampes de J. ADAM de BARTSCH, Chevalier de l'Ordre de Léopold, Conseiller aulique et Premier Garde de la Bibl. Imp. et Roy. de la Cour, Membre de l'Academie des Beaux Arts de Vienne.*” 1818. 8vo. pp. 165. There is a modest and sensible preface by the son—in which we are informed that the catalogue was not originally compiled for the purpose of making it public.

* See page 316 ante.

Bonaparte's having returned to Paris from Elba. He said that all was in motion and commotion. The Duke of Wellington sent for him, to bring Harder's great map of the Low Countries to his own house, immediately—and when he brought it, they both spread it open upon the ground, and knelt down, over it, to examine the particular places where Bonaparte would probably direct his forces on the commencement of hostilities. This was after the memorable declaration of the sovereigns, at Vienna, not to keep the sword in its scabbard so long as Bonaparte should continue head of the French empire. The Duke seemed to know every spot, as if by intuition, where his adversary would halt, or commence an attack. While they were thus occupied, the Emperor of Russia entered the room . . and the young man prepared quickly to retire—not however before he saw the Emperor and the Duke both stooping down over the map in question—and heard the former say to the latter, first jogging his elbow—“ *Enfin Wellington, ce sera pour vous de chasser l'ennemi hors du pays.*” Was ever prediction so gloriously verified?

The shops in Vienna are numerous, almost every one having a sign over it, which, in some points of view, has a very picturesque effect. China and lace are the principal manufactures. Of booksellers, Binz takes the lead as an *Antiquar*. He lives near the post-office, and I used to see him almost every day. He is a large man, with high shoulders—and sits behind his counter, immersed in dusty tomes of all sizes, like a second Magliabechi among booksellers. They tell me he is very rich ; having given a large por-

tion with his daughter in marriage—and having, during the late political convulsions, purchased entire libraries from monasteries, by which he found himself richly repaid for his spirit of enterprise. He has a sort of surly civility about him, and cares little whether you purchase or not. His premises are dark and confined, but I learn that he has several warehouses, stocked with old books, near the water-side. He boasted of having sold many a rare book to Lord Spencer; and scolded me for having written my catalogue of that nobleman's library in the English, rather than in the French or Latin, language. The only article which I saw in his possession, in the shape of a tempting book, was the *Rubeus Ovid* of 1474, in one large folio volume, for which he asked 7*l.* 7*s.*—by no means an extravagant price, if it were perfect.

Opposite to BINZ, lives a bookseller (whose name has just now escaped me) who has the rare and unenviable felicity of character of being . . . always invisible. Call when you will, he is away—and between one and three, no man thinks of stirring from his dinner at Vienna. He has a very choice collection of *Aldine* and *Variorum* classics—as I learn: and, indeed, I further learnt, that he was twice present when I called, but would not make himself known, nor show me the collection in question—kept on his first floor. SCHALBACHER, a converted Jew, who lives in the *Wallnerstrasse*, N^o. 280, does, I apprehend, more good business than any other bookseller at Vienna: both in the modern and ancient department of his trade. He is a quick, industrious, and pains-taking man; and is considered to be rich. I had not been in Vienna

forty-eight hours, before he ferretted me out ; and I quickly became the purchaser of the following articles, at the prices annexed—premising, that about ten florins go to the pound sterling : *Cancionero Generale. Anvers*, 1573, 8vo. one hundred florins : *Romancero Generale*, 1602, 4to. sixty-four florins : *Mena las Triezentas*, fourteen florins : and *Sylburg's Greek Aristotle*, eleven volumes in five, 1584–7. 4to., for ninety florins. Schalbacher, however, is rather a *Buchhandler* than an *Antiquar*. He does business with the first families in Vienna ; and tried hard to make me purchase what he considered to be a large paper copy of *Wolf's Greek and Latin edition of Demosthenes*, 1604, folio, for 6*l.* 6*s.* : but I would not be tempted. A man should reflect at least *twice*—before he purchases an enormous folio volume for 6*l.* 6*s.*—when he is some 1,200 miles from home. Of MAYERS, a very respectable *Buchhandler*, I purchased two copies of a recent reprint of the *Selva de Romances*, in a short quarto form, for ten florins.

PRINTING, in all branches, is very creditably performed at Vienna ; and *Degen's* press must be considered as that of the *Didot* of Austria. The Emperor's private library possesses every magnificent specimen which it has put forth. But they are now meditating here the erection of a *stereotype press* ; and the honour of that introduction will probably be due to two Englishmen. Messrs. Griffiths and Watts—the former a resident for several years at Vienna, and once practising as a physician—and the latter, the brother of the printer of the same name in London ; who, in the Polyglot Bible about to be published by Mr. Bagster, will prove himself to have no superior

in his art. These two gentlemen have hired a sort of chateau, about two miles from Vienna, in a remarkably pleasant and frequented neighbourhood—where they mean to commence their labours ; having but recently obtained permission from government to put such a formidable engine into motion. Catechisms, manuals of morality, and bibles, are to be the first objects upon which it is to be exercised. The chateau, before mentioned, will form their printing office—upon a scale of equal convenience and extent ; the house being roomy and commodious—and so handsomely fitted up, as to fixtures, that the rooms, which are to be devoted to the operations of the press and of pressmen, are, at this moment, decorated by paper on which cascades, grottos, rocks, and Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses are represented in a very ingenious manner. For this large and excellently well arranged mansion, the present proprietors are to give scarcely fourscore pounds per annum, including all government taxes. The large room, upon the first floor, where the late owner once gave an entertainment to about fifty couple of dancers, will form the *drying*, or *white flag*, room ;—the very sight of which would be sufficient to make our friend, the proprietor of the Shakspeare press, almost . . . uncomfortable for life ! He might put his entire office within it. I cannot quit this subject, nor take leave of the gentlemen about to be engaged in so meritorious a cause, without wishing them every success ; nor without expressing my sense of obligation for the kind attentions shown by them towards me . . . in the good old comfortable style of English hospitality.

From printing . . . a word only about *paper*. It is admirably manufactured here; especially that for the purpose of *copper-plate* printing. There is a sort of soft, silky, material mixed up with it, which renders the impressions almost perfect,* and makes the plate work what is called kindly. Indeed, in their more showy printed books, the paper, whether vellum or not, is generally excellent; but whether these bettermost papers are manufactured here, or imported, I cannot decidedly pronounce.

Before I take leave of this city, I must give you some notion of its RAMPARTS, and immediate neighbourhood. The ramparts are broad and very extensive, surrounding the whole city. Parts of them, which overlook the more magnificent portions of the suburbs, are very pleasing. But the houses, which run up to a great height above them, and have a more commanding view of the neighbourhood, are considered most desirable residences. The church of *St. Charles Borromeo*—which I have visited more than once, and which has a capricious style of exterior architecture, looking nobler without than within—the Little and Great Belvederes—the stabling of the Emperor on one side: on the other side, and at a greater distance, the hills studded with houses, of a monastic cast of character—all contribute, in their several aspects, to render a walk upon the ramparts exceedingly agreeable. I generally strolled upon them before breakfast and towards sun-set: and in one of my more recent strolls, at

* *renders the impressions almost perfect.*] The copper-plate printer of the engravings for this work, assured me that he had never witnessed paper of so soft and yielding a texture, and so fitted, in every respect, for the operations of his own press.

the latter period, in company with * * *—we both took occasion to speak largely of arts and literature, and sparingly of politics. “ But what (observed I, to my instructive (companion) can possibly be the reason that you are repairing these ramparts at such an enormous expense? Such a reparation will cost the nation at least several millions of florins . . and besides, in case of hostile attack, he who possesses your *suburbs*, must command your *city*.” “ It is true; (replied he) two millions of ducats will scarcely suffice for the undertaking—and *cui bono*? after all. When the French made their second attack here, in 1809, Andréossi, who commanded the artillery, got possession of the Emperor’s stables, and opened a fire of one hundred pieces of cannon upon us—accompanied by bombs, fire-balls, and heaven knows what other efficacious instruments of destruction. Before midnight, such an attack would have levelled the cathedral, and set half the houses of Vienna in flames. A capitulation was of course the almost immediate consequence; and thus our good city was saved from utter destruction. I had some conversation (continued my friend) with Andréossi upon the subject—when I met him at Prince *** at dinner. He told me he never desired a better position for carrying on a siege successfully than that of the Emperor’s stables: and if the surrender had not taken place, the city must inevitably have been destroyed.”

The truth is, these ramparts are not bristled (*herissés*—as the French call it) with cannon; and are too low to intercept the shot from the cannon of besiegers:

while the shot of their own cannon must inevitably lay their suburbs prostrate. Another reason — too ridiculous, I think, to be true—has been urged for keeping up the strength of these ramparts ; namely, that in case of civil commotion, or revolution, the Emperor and his court would be protected by such a formidable barrier. But this supposes a rebellious people to be insensible of the use of arms, or of maintaining an advantageous position : for the truth is, the possession of the *suburbs* must, in the end, lead to that of the capital—even if not a single shot were fired—unless you can suppose that the Emperor and his Court can exist without *provisions* !

In fact, such demonstrations of strength are now—from the recent improvements in the art of war—utterly useless and absurd ; and ramparts at Vienna are as idle as they would be at Paris or at London. Hence, monarchs may learn how infinitely more efficient, as well as honourable, it is—to trust their safety to *other* and more certain resources. I do not say that the Emperor of Austria holds no dominion in the *hearts of his subjects* ; for I verily believe—from a number of concurrent testimonies—that he is beloved by his subjects, and *deserves* to be so beloved. His only error lies, in not having a better opinion of his own talents. He is generally right in the long run—and when matters turn out contrary to the prediction of his council, but in perfect concurrence with his own, he will immediately exclaim “ did I not foresee, or predict it ? ” There are wits in this council who have more self-conceit than

common sense, and love crooked ways better than straight ones. The *Archduke Charles* is, however, a glorious exception to "wits" of this cast; for his military talents are not less generally and justly admired than are his private worth and excellent moral character. His brother, the *Archduke John*, may be considered as the head of the literary circles. He has a fine independent character; a love of a sort of romantic life; and frequently, in the summer months, embosomed among the mountains and waterfalls of Switzerland, he exchanges the society of the court and metropolis for an intercourse with these grand and soul-inspiring objects of nature.

We will now leave the city for the country, or rather for the immediate neighbourhood of Vienna; and then, having, I think, sent you a good long Vienna despatch, must hasten to take leave—not only of yourself, but of this metropolis. Whether I shall again write to you before I cross the Rhine on my return home—is quite uncertain. Let me therefore make the most of the present: which indeed is of a most unconscionable length. Turn, for one moment, to the opening of it—and note, there, some mention made of certain monasteries—one of which is situated at CLOSTERNEUBURG, the other in the suburbs. I will first take you to the former—a pleasant drive of about nine miles from hence. Mr. Lewis, myself, and our attendant Rohfritsch, hired a pair of horses for the day; and an hour and a half brought us to a good inn, or Restaurateur's, immediately opposite the monastery in question. In our route thither, the Danube continued in sight all the way—which rendered the drive

very pleasant. The river may be the best part of a mile broad, near the monastery. The sight of the building in question was not very imposing, after those which I had seen in my route to Vienna. The monastery is, in fact, an incomplete edifice; but the foundations of the building are of an ancient date.* Having postponed our dinner to a comparatively late hour, I entered, as usual, upon the business of the monastic visit. The court-yard, or quadrangle, had a mean appearance; but I saw enough of architectural splendour to convince me that, if this monastery had been completed according to the original design, it would have ranked among the noblest in Austria.

On obtaining admission, I enquired for the libra-

* *foundations of the building are of an ancient date.*] The MONASTERY of CLOSTERNEUBURG, or Nevenburg, or Nuenburg, or Newburg, or Neunburg—is supposed to have been built by Leopold the Pious in the year 1114. It was of the order of St. Augustin. They possess (at the monastery, it should seem) a very valuable chronicle, of the xiiith century, upon vellum—entirely devoted to the history of the establishment; but unluckily defective at the beginning and end. It is supposed to have been written by the head of the monastery, for the time being. It is continued by a contemporaneous hand, down to the middle of the fourteenth century. They preserve also at Closterneuburg, a Necrology—of five hundred years—down to the year 1721. “*Inter cæteros præstantes veteres codices manuscriptos, quos INSIGNIS BIBLIOTHECA CLAUSTRO-NEOBURGENSIS servat, est pervetus inclytæ ejusdem canonice Necrologium, ante annos quingentos in membrana elegantissimè manu exaratum, et a posteriorum temporum auctoribus continuatum.*” *Script. Rer. Austriacar. Cura Pex.* 1721. vol. 1. col. 435, 494.

rian, but was told that he had not yet (two o'clock) risen from dinner. I apologised for the intrusion, and begged respectfully to be allowed to wait till he should be disposed to leave the dining-room. The attendant, however, would admit of no such arrangement ; for he instantly disappeared, and returned with a monk, habited in the *Augustine* garb, with a grave aspect and measured step. He might be somewhere about forty years of age. As he did not understand a word of French, it became necessary again to brush up my Latin. He begged I would follow him up stairs, and in the way to the library, would not allow me to utter one word further in apology for my supposed rudeness in bringing him thus abruptly from his "symposium." A more good natured man seemingly never opened his lips. Having reached the library, the first thing he placed before me—as the boast and triumph of their establishment—was, a large paper copy (in quarto) of an edition of the *Hebrew Bible*, edited by I. Hahn, one of their fraternity, and published in 1806, 4 vols.* This was accomplished under the patronage of the Head of the Monastery, *Gaudentius Dunkler* : who was at the sole expense of the paper and of procuring new Hebrew types. I threw my eye over the dedication to the President, by Hahn, and saw the former with pleasure recognised as the MODERN XIMENES.

Having thanked the librarian for a sight of these

* The librarian, MAXIMILIAN FISCHER, informed me the quarto copies were rare, for that only 400 were printed. The octavo copies are not so, but they do not contain all the marginal references which are in the quarto impressions.

volumes—of which there is an impression in an octavo and cheap form, “for the use of youth”—I begged that I might have a sight of the *Incunabula Typographica* of which I had heard a high character. He smiled, and said that a few minutes would suffice to undeceive me in this particular. Whereupon he placed before me . . . such a set of genuine, unsoiled, uncropt, *undoctored*, ponderous folio tomes . . . as verily caused my eyes to sparkle, and my heart to leap! They were, upon the whole—and for their number—*such* copies as I had never before seen. You have here a very accurate account of them—taken, with the said copies “*oculis subjectis*.” *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, 1467: *Folio*. A very large and sound copy, in the original binding of wood; but not free from a good deal of ms. annotation. *Mentelin’s German Bible*; somewhat cropt, and in its second binding, but sound and perfect. *Supposed First German Bible*: a large and fine copy, in its first binding of wood. *Apuleius*, 1469. *Folio*. The largest and finest copy which, I think, I ever beheld—with the exception of some slight worm holes at the end. *Livius*, 1470. *Folio*. 2 vols. *Printed by V. de Spira*. In the original binding. When I say that this copy appears to be full as fine as that in the collection of Mr. Grenville, I bestow upon it the highest possible commendation. *Plutarchi Vit. Parall.* 2 vol. *Folio*. In the well known peculiarly shaped letter R. This copy, in one magnificent folio volume, is the largest and finest I ever saw: but—ehen! a few leaves are wanting at the end. *Polybius. Lat.* 1473. *Folio*. The printers are Sweynheym and Pannartz.

A large, fine copy; in the original binding of wood: but four leaves at the end, with a strong foxy tint at top, are worm eaten in the middle.

Let me pursue this *amusing* strain; for I have rarely, within so small a space — in any monastic library I have hitherto visited—found such a sprinkling of classical tomes. *Plinius Senior*, 1472. Folio. Printed by Jenson. A prodigiously fine, large copy. A ms. note, prefixed, says: *hunc librum comparuit Jacobus Pemperl pro viij t d. an [14]88,* &c. *Xenophontis Cyropædia*. Lat. *Curante Philelpho*. With the date of the translation, 1467. A very fine copy of a well-printed book. *Mammotrectus*, 1470. Folio. Printed by Schoeffher. A fine, white, tall copy; in its original wooden binding. *Sti. Jeronimi Epistolæ*. 1470. Folio. Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz. In one volume: for size and condition probably unrivalled. In its first binding of wood. *Gratiani Decretales*. 1472. Folio. Printed by Schoeffher. UPON VELLUM: in one enormous folio volume, and in an unrivalled state of perfection. Perhaps, upon the whole, the finest vellum Schoeffher in existence. It is in its original binding, but some of the leaves are loose. *Opus Consiliorum I. de Calderi*. 1472. Idem *Opus: Anthonii de Burtrio*. 1472. Folio. Each work printed by *Adam Rot, Metensis*: a rare printer, but of whose performances I have now seen a good number of specimens. These works are in one volume, and the present is a fine sound copy. *Petri Lombardi Quat. Lib. Sentent*. Folio. This book is without name of printer or date; but I should conjecture it to be executed in Eggestejn's largest gothic character, and from a ms. memorandum

at the end, we are quite sure that the book was printed in 1471 at latest. The memorandum is as follows: "*Iste liber est magistri Leonardi Fruman de Hyersaw, 1471.*"

Such appeared to me to be the choicer, and more to be desiderated, volumes in the monastic library of Closterneuberg—which a visit of about a couple of hours only enabled me to examine. I say "*desiderated*"—my good friend—because, on returning home, I revolved within myself what might be done with propriety towards the *possession* of them.* Having thank-

* *towards the possession of them.*] In fact, I wrote a letter to the librarian, the day after my visit, proposing to give 2000 florins in specie for the volumes above described. My request was answered by the following polite, and certainly most discreet and commendable reply: "D.... Domine! Litteris a Te 15. Sept. scriptis et 16 Sept. a me receptis, de Tuo desiderio nonnullos bibliothecæ nostræ libros pro pecunia acquirendi, me certiore reddidisti; ast mihi respondendum venit, quod tuis votis obtemperare non possim. Copia horum librorum ad cimelium bibliothecæ Claustroneoburgensis merito refertur, et maxima sunt in æstimatione apud omnes confratres meos; porro, lege civili cautum est, ne libri et res rariores Abbatiarum divenderentur. Si unum aliumve horum, ceu duplicatum, invenissem, pro æquissimo pretio in signum venerationis transmissem.

"Ad alia, si præstare possem, officia, me paratissimum invenies, simulque Te obsecro, me æstimatorem tui sincerrimum reposes, hinc me in ulteriorem recordationem commendo, ac dignum me æstimes quod nominare me possem,

..... dominationis Tuæ

E Canonia Claustroneoburgensi, 17 Septbr. 1818.

addictissimum
MAXIMILIANUM FISCHER.
Can. reg. Bibliothec. et
Archivar."

ed the worthy librarian, and expressed the very great satisfaction afforded me by a sight of the books in question—which had fully answered the high character given of them—I returned to the auberge — dined with an increased appetite in consequence of such sight—and, picking up a “white stone,” as a lucky omen, being at the very extent of my *Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour* — returned to Vienna, to a late cup of tea; well satisfied, in every respect, with this most agreeable and instructive excursion.

There now remains but one more subject to be noticed—and, then, farewell to this city — and hie for Manheim, Paris, and Old England! That one subject is again connected with old books and an old Monastery . . . which indeed the opening of this letter leads you to anticipate. In that part of the vast suburbs of Vienna which faces the north, and which is called the ROSSAU—there stands a church and a *Capuchin convent*, of some two centuries antiquity: the latter, now far gone to decay both in the building and revenues. The outer gate of the convent was opened—as at the Capuchin convent which contains the imperial sepulchres—by a man with a long, bushy, and wiry beard . . . who could not speak one word of French. I was alone, and a hackney coach had conveyed me thither. What was to be done. “*Bibliothecam hujusce Monasterii valdè videre cupio — licetne, Domine?*” The monk answered my interrogatory with a sonorous “*imo:*” and the gates closing upon us, I found myself in the cloisters—where my attendant left me, to seek the Principal and librarian. In two mi-

minutes, I observed a couple of portly Capuchins, pacing the pavement of the cloister, and approaching me with rather a hurried step. On meeting, they saluted me formally—and assuming a cheerful air, begged to conduct me to the library. We were quickly within a room, of very moderate dimensions, divided into two compartments, of which the shelves were literally thronged and crammed with books, lying in all directions, and completely covered with dust. It was impossible to make a selection from such an indigested farrago: but the backs happening to be lettered, this afforded me considerable facility. I was told that the “WHOLE LIBRARY WAS AT MY DISPOSAL!”—which intelligence surprised and somewhat staggered me. The monks seemed to enjoy my expression of astonishment.

I went to work quickly; and after upwards of an hour's severe rummaging, among uninteresting folios and quartos of medicine, canon-law, scholastic metaphysics, and dry comments upon the decretals of Popes Boniface and Gratian—it was rather from courtesy, than complete satisfaction, that I pitched upon the following . . . of a miscellaneous description—begging to have the account, for which the money should be immediately forthcoming. They replied that my wishes should be instantly attended to—but that it would be necessary to consult together to reconsider the prices—and that a porter should be at the hotel of the *Crown of Hungary*, with the volumes selected—to await my final decision. As a *book-bill* sent from a monastery, and written in the Latin language, may be considered *unique* in our own

country—and a curiosity among the *Roxburghers*—I venture to send you a transcript of it: premising, that I retained the books, and paid down the money: somewhere about 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* You will necessarily smile at the epithets bestowed upon your friend.

Plurimum Reverende, ac Venerande Domine!

Mitto cum hisce, quos tibi seligere placuit, libros, eosdemque hic breviter describo, addito pretio, quo nobis conventum est; et quidem ex catalogo desumptos:

	Florins.
Missale Rom. pro Pataviensis Ecclæ ritu. 1494	5
Missa defunctorum. 1499	3
Val. Martialis Epigrammatum opus. 1475	25
Xenophontis Apologia Socratis	3
Epulario &c.	1
De Conceptu et triplici Mariæ V. Candore	1
ac demum Trithemii Annales Hirsang. et Aristotelis opera Edit. Sylburgii	35

73

Quæ cuncta Tibi optime convenire, Teque valere perpetim precor et opto.

P. JOAN. SARCANDER MRA.

Ord. Serv. B. M. V.

This is the last *bibliomaniacal* transaction in which I am likely to be engaged at Vienna; for, within thirty-six hours from hence, the post horses will be in the archway of this hotel, with their heads turned towards the Kensington *Lares* — provided I shall be able to procure them:—for the Emperor and his suite have commanded *only one hundred pair* of horses to convey them to the much talked of meeting at *Aix-la-Chapelle*. In that direction my face will be also turned . . for the next month or five weeks to come; being resolved upon spending the best part of a fortnight of those five weeks, at *Ratisbon, Nuremberg, and Manheim*. You may therefore expect to hear

from me again — certainly for the *last* time—at Manheim, just before crossing the Rhine for *Chalons sur Marne*, *Metz*, and *Paris*. I shall necessarily have but little leisure on the road—for a journey of full 500 miles is to be encountered before I reach the hither bank of the Rhine at Manheim. Artaria has promised to do for me—with books and prints—what the obliging M. Nockher did, on the like occasion, at Munich.

Farewell then to VIENNA:—a long, and perhaps final farewell! If I have arrived at a moment when this capital is comparatively thinned of its population, and bereft of its courtly splendors—and if this city may be said to be *now* dull, compared with what its *winter* gaieties will render it—I shall nevertheless not have visited it IN VAIN. Books, whether as MSS. or printed volumes, have been inspected by me with an earnestness and profitable result—not exceeded by any previous similar application: while the company of men of worth, of talents, and of kindred tastes, has rendered my social happiness complete. The best of hearts, and the friendliest of dispositions, are surely to be found in the capital of Austria. Farewell. It is almost the hour of midnight—and not a single note of the harp or violin is to be heard in the streets. The moon shines softly and sweetly. God bless you.

Supplement.

RATISBON, NUREMBERG, MANHEIM.

Supplement.

HAVING found it impracticable to write to my friend—on the route from Vienna to Paris, and from thence to London—the reader is here presented with a few SUPPLEMENTAL PARTICULARS with which that route furnished me; and which, I presume to think, will not be considered either misplaced or uninteresting. They are arranged quite in the manner of MEMORANDA, or heads: not unaccompanied with a regret that the limits of this work forbade a more copious detail. I shall immediately, therefore, conduct the reader from Vienna to

RATISBON.

I left VIENNA, with my travelling companions, within two days after writing the last letter, dated from that place—upon a beautiful September morning. But ere we had reached *St. Pölten*, the face of the heavens was changed, and heavy rain accompanied us till we got to *Mölk*, where we slept: not however before I had written a note to the worthy *Benedictine Fraternity* at the monastery—professing my intention of breakfasting with them the next morning. This self-invitation was joyfully accepted, and the valet, who returned with the written answer, told me that it was a high day of feasting and merry-making at the monastery—and that he had left the worthy monks in the plenitude of their social banquet. We were much gratified the next morning, not only by the choice and excellence of the breakfast, but by the friendliness of our reception. So simple are manners here, that, in going up the hill, towards the monastery, we met the worthy

Vice Principal, Pallas, habited in his black gown—returning from a baker's shop, where he had been to bespeak the best bread. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with the Abbé Strattman, and again solicited permission for Mr. Lewis to take the portrait of so eminent a bibliographer. But in vain: the Abbé answering, with rather a melancholy, and yet mysterious air, that “the world was lost to him, and himself to the world.” Although it rained during the whole time of our stay, I could not resist asking to be conducted to one of the upper libraries, from whence there is so magnificent a view of the course of the Danube.

We parted—with pain on both sides; and on the same evening slept, where we had stopt in our route to Vienna, at *Lintz*. The next morning (Sunday) we started betimes to breakfast at *Efferding*. Our route lay chiefly along the banks of the Danube . . . under hanging woods on one side, with villages and villas on the other. The fog hung heavily about us; and we could catch but partial and unsatisfactory glimpses of that scenery, which, when lightened by a warm sunshine, must be perfectly romantic. At Efferding our carriage and luggage were examined, while we breakfasted. The day now brightened up, and nothing but sunshine and “the song of earliest birds” accompanied us to *Sigharding*—the next post town. Hence to *Scharding*, where we dined, and to *Fürsternell*, where we supped and slept. The inn was crowded by country people below, but we got excellent quarters in the attics, and were regaled with peaches, after supper, which might have vied with those out of the Imperial garden at Vienna. We arose betimes, and breakfasted at *Vilshofen*—and having lost sight of the Danube, since we left Efferding, we were here glad to come again in view of it: and especially to find it accompany us a good hundred miles of our route, till we reached *Ratisbon*.

Straubing, where we dined—and which is within two posts of Ratisbon—is a very considerable town. The Danube washes parts of its suburbs. As the day was uncommonly serene and mild, even to occasional sultriness, and as we were in excellent

time for reaching Ratisbon that evening, we devoted an hour or two to rambling in this town. Mr. Lewis made sketches, and I strolled into churches, and made enquiries after booksellers shops, and possessors of old books: but with very little success. As I walked in the meadows, a passage-boat, conveying bipeds, quadrupeds, and goods of every description, made towards the spot where I was rambling, for the purpose of mooring, and of giving a little recreation to its animal freight. A droller sight can scarcely be imagined. It was difficult to know men from women, or young people from old people; dogs from sheep, or calves from cows—so completely had close stowage and an inattention to costume altered their appearances. It seemed to me as if this animal freight enjoyed the luxury of stretching their legs upon the greensward, prodigiously. A fine hard road, as level as a bowling green, carries you within an hour to *Pfätter*—the post town between Straubing and Ratisbon—and almost twice that distance brings you to the latter place.

It was dark when we entered Ratisbon; but my good friend Dr. Griffiths, of Vienna—whom I had left animated with the hope of setting up a stereotype press in the capital, and who had given me my *carte de voyage*—had recommended me to the hotel of the *Agneau Blanc*. Accordingly we drove thither, and alighted . . . close to the very banks of the Danube, and heard the roar of its rapid stream, turning several mills—close as it were to our very ears. The master of the hotel, whose name is *Cramer*, and who talked French very readily, received us with peculiar courtesy; and, on demanding the best situated room in the house, we were conducted on the second floor, to the chamber which had been occupied, only two or three days before, by the Emperor of Austria himself, on his way to *Aix-la-Chapelle*. We had bed-rooms in a more secluded part of the house. The next morning was a morning of wonder to us. Our sitting room, which was a very lantern, from the number of windows—gave us a view of the rushing stream of the Danube, of a portion of the bridge over it, of some beautifully undulating and vine-covered hills, in the distance, on the opposite side—and, lower down the

stream, of the town-walls and water-mills, of which latter we had heard the stunning sounds on our arrival.* The whole had a singularly novel and pleasing appearance.

But if the sitting room was thus productive of gratification, the very first walk I took in the streets was productive of still greater. On leaving the inn, and turning to the left, up a narrow street, I came in view of a house...upon the walls of which were painted, full three hundred years ago, the figures of *Goliath and David*. The former could be scarcely less than twenty feet high : the latter, who was probably about one-third of that height, was represented as if about to cast the stone from the sling. The costume of Goliath marked the period when he was thus represented ;† and I must say, considering the time that has elapsed since that representation, that he is yet a fine, vigorous, and fresh looking fellow. I continued onwards, now to the right, and afterwards to the left, without knowing a single step of the route. An old, but short square gothic tower—upon one of the four sides of which was a curious old clock, supported by human figures—immediately caught my attention. The *Town Hall* was large and imposing ; but the *Cathedral*, surrounded by booths—it being fair-time—was, of course, the great object of my attention. In short, I saw enough within an hour to convince me, that I was visiting a large, curious, and well-peopled town—replete with antiquities, and including several of the time of the Romans, to whom it was necessarily a very important station. Ratisbon is said to contain a population of about 20,000 souls.

The Cathedral can boast of little antiquity. It is almost a building of yesterday ; yet it is large, richly ornamented on the

* The Emperor of Austria having stopped at this hotel, the landlord asked his permission to call it from henceforth by his *Majesty's name* ; which was readily granted. There is an *Album* here, in which travellers are requested to inscribe their names, and in which I saw the *imperial autograph*.

† marked the period when he was thus represented.] Especially in the striped broad shoes ; which strongly resemble those in the series of woodcuts descriptive of the triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian.

outside, especially on the west, between the towers—and is considered one of the noblest structures of the kind in Bavaria.* The interior wants that decisive effect which simplicity produces. It is too much broken into parts, and covered with monuments of a very heterogeneous description. Near it I traced the cloisters of an old convent or monastery of some kind, now demolished, which could not be less than five hundred years old. The streets of Ratisbon are generally picturesque, as well from their undulating forms, as from the antiquity of a great number of the houses. The modern parts of the town are handsome, and there is a pleasant intermixture of trees and grass plats in some of these more recent portions. There are some pleasing public walks, after the English fashion ; and a public garden, where a colossal sphinx, erected by the late philosopher *Gleichen*, has a very imposing appearance. Here is also an obelisk erected to the memory of Gleichen himself, the founder of these gardens ; and a monument to the memory of Keplar, the astronomer ; which latter was luckily spared in the assault of this town by the French in 1809.

But these are, comparatively, every day objects. A much more interesting source of observation, to my mind, were the very

* *one of the noblest structures of the kind in Bavaria.*] There is a lithographic print of it recently published, from the drawing of Quaglio—of the same folio size with the similar prints of Ulm and Nuremberg. The date of the *towers* of the Cathedral of Ratisbon may be ascertained with the greatest satisfaction. From the *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493. folio xeviii, recto, it appears that when the author (Hartmann Schedel) wrote the text of that book, “ the edifice was yet incomplete.” This incomplete state, alludes, as I suspect, to the towers ; for in the wood-cut, attached to the description, there is a crane fixed upon the top of *one* of the towers, and a stone being drawn up by it—this tower being one story shorter than the other. Schedel is warm in commendation of the numerous religious establishments, which, in his time, distinguished the city of Ratisbon. Of that of St. Emmeram, the following note supplies some account. In *Zeiller's Topographia Bavarix*, 1655, &c., there are views of the city of Ratisbon ; in one of which the towers of the Cathedral appear (as now) much shorter than in the Nuremberg print. Another of these views exhibits the front of the curious Town Hall.

few existing relics of the once celebrated monastery of ST. EMMERAM—and a great portion of the remains of another old monastery, called ST. JAMES—which latter may indeed be designated the *College of the Jacobites*; as the few members who inhabit it were the followers of the house and fortunes of the Pretender, James Stuart. The monastery or *Abbey of St. Emmeram* was one of the most celebrated throughout Europe; and I suspect that its library, both of MSS. and printed books, was among the principal causes of its celebrity.* The intelligent and truly obliging Mr. A. Kraemer, librarian to the Prince of Tour and Taxis, accompanied me in my visit to the very few existing remains of St. Emmeram—which indeed are incorporated, as it were, with the church close to the palace or residence of the Prince. As I walked along the corridors of this latter building, after having examined the Prince's library, and taken notes of a few of the rarer or more beautiful books,† I could look through the windows into the body

* Lord Spencer possesses some few early Classics from this monastic library, which was broken up about twenty years ago. His Lordship's copy of the *Pliny* of 1469, folio, from the same library, is, in all probability, the finest which exists. The MONASTERY OF ST. EMMERAM was doubtless among the "most celebrated throughout Europe." In Hartmann Schedel's time, it was "an ample monastery of the order of St. Benedict." In the *Acta Sanctorum, mense Septembris, vol. vi. die Sep. 22, p. 469*, the writer of the life of St. Emmeram supposes the monastery to have been built towards the end of the viith century. It was at first situated *without* the walls,—but was afterwards (A. D. 920) included within the walls. Hansizius, a Jesuit, wrote a work in 1755, concerning the origin and constitution of the monastery—in which he says it was founded by Theodo in 688. The body of St. Emmeram was interred in the church of St. George, by Gaubaldus, in the viiith century, which church was reduced to ashes in 1642; but three years afterwards, they found the body of St. Emmeram, preserved in a double chest, or coffin, and afterwards exposed it, on Whitsunday, 1659, in a case of silver—to all the people.

† *taken notes of a few of the rarer or more beautiful books.*—The notes, above alluded to, are as follow: *Valerius Flaccus*, printed in the monastery of St. James de Ripoli: without date, 4to. with signatures. *Donatus*: without date, &c. 4to. I suspect this edition to have been printed by Bamler, at

of the church itself. It is difficult to describe this religious edifice, and still more so to know what portions belonged to the old monastery. I saw a stone chair—rude, massive, and almost shapeless—in which *Adam* might have sat . . if dates are to be judged of by the barbarism of form. Something like a crypt, of which the further part was uncovered—reminded me of portions of the crypt at *Freysing*; and among the old monuments belonging to the abbey, was one of *Queen Hemma*, wife of Ludovic, King of Bavaria :

Augsbourg. The paginary numbers are very unequally executed. There is a sort of metrical advertisement on the reverse of the last leaf, ending thus :

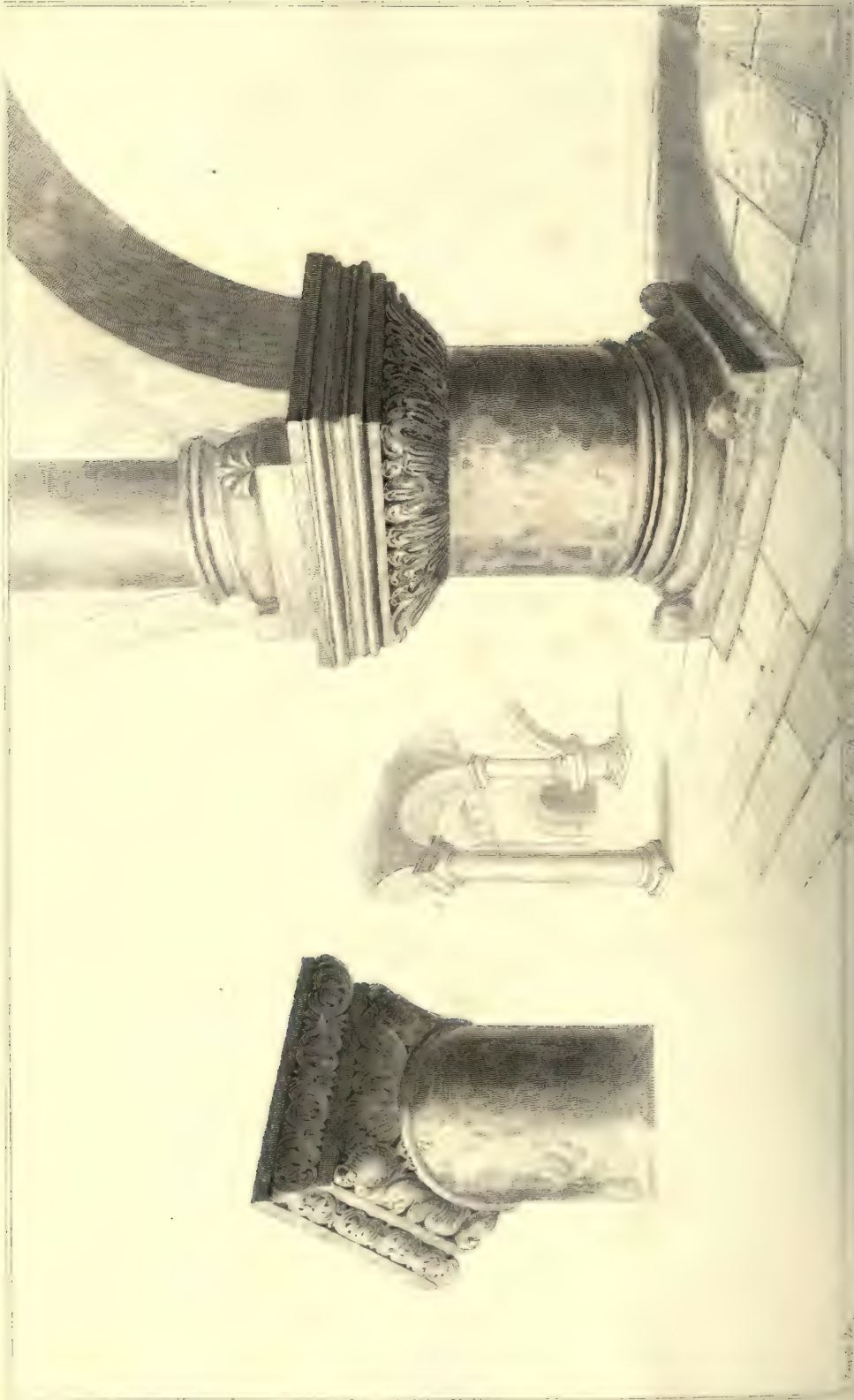
*Do
natus pueris puerilia donat uterq; In
quo Remigius remigis vsus erit.*

This copy came from the dissolved monastery of Sts. Ulric and Afra, at Augsbourg. *Plinius Senior*, 1469, folio. A most miserable copy. *Suidas*, 1499, folio. It is hardly possible to see a finer copy, in every respect; if we except only a very slight stain at the end. It is in (its second) vellum binding, with stamped-gilt sides; with very rough fore-edges. This copy, as well as the *Valerius Flaccus*, came from the Monastery of Nöresham, and was bought for iiiij florins in the year 1603. *Biblia Germanica*; printed by *Mentelin*. First edition. Only the second volume, beginning with Proverbs. At the end, is an apparently coeval ms. memorandum, in a broad, bold, gothic letter, as follows: “*Anno dni millesimo quadringentesimo sexagesimo septimo in die stiblasii epi et mris.*” A large and desirable copy. *Vocabularius ex quo*. 1477. 4to. *Crastoni Lexicon*, Gr. and Lat. 1499: *Mutinæ impressum*. A sound, clean copy, from the library of Nöresham monastery. *Maius de Priscor. Verbor. Sign. Tarvisii*, 1477. Folio. A very fine copy. *Philelphi Satyræ*, 1476. Folio. Very fine. *Augustini Epistolæ*; printed by *Mentelin*: very fine and white, with rough edges. *Nicolai Marscalci Thurii Grammatica Exegetica*. 1501. 4to. Printed by *Hachenborg*, at *Erfurt*. *Liber Faceti docens mores iuuenum per S. Brant*. Printed by *I. de Pfortza*, at *Basle*, in 1498, in a thin 4to. volume. *Plotinus*: printed by *Miscomin*. 1492. Folio. A large, fine, and white copy; but wormed. *Augustinus de Ancona de Potestate Ecclesiastica*. 1473. Folio. Printed at *Augsbourg*, by *Schusler* or *G. Zeiner*. *Breydenbach. Lat.* 1486. Folio. A perfect, and beautifully white copy; from the Nöresham monastery. *Manipulus Curatorum: per Cristmanū Heyny*, Anno lxxj. In *G. Zeiner’s* large, broad, gothic type. A tolerable copy; in wooden binding. From the Nöresham monastery.

a great benefactress, who was buried there in 876. The figure, which was whole-length, and of the size of life, was painted; and might be of the fourteenth century. There is another monument, of *Warmundus, Count of Wasserburg*, who was buried in 1001. These monuments have been lithographised, from the drawings of Quaglio, in the “*Denkmahle der Baukunst des Mittelalters im Koenigreiche Baiern*,” 1816. Folio.

Of all interesting objects of architectural antiquity in Ratisbon, none struck me so forcibly — and indeed none is in itself so curious and singular — as the MONASTERY of ST. JAMES, before slightly alluded to. The front of that portion of it, connected with the church, should seem to be of an extremely remote antiquity. It is the ornaments, or style of architecture, which give it this character of antiquity. The ornaments, which are on each side of the door way, or porch, are quite extraordinary, and appear as if the building had been erected by Mexicans or Hindoos. The following small portion, to the left, is from the pencil of Mr. Lewis.





SPECIMENS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE JACOVITE MONASTERY

Quaglio has made a drawing, and published a lithographic print of the whole of this entrance; and Mr. Lewis made some sketches of portions of the pillars in the interior of the church, which are here presented to the reader.* I had conjectured the building to be of the twelfth century, and was pleased to have my conjecture confirmed by the assurance of one of the members of the college (either Mr. Richardson or Mr. Sharp) that the foundations of the building were laid in the middle of the *xiii*th century; and that, about twenty miles off, down the Danube, there was another monastery, now in ruins, called *Mosburg*—if I mistake not — which was built about the same period, and which exhibited precisely the same style of architecture.

But if the entire college, with the church, cloisters, sitting rooms, and dormitories, was productive of so much gratification, the *contents* of these rooms, including the *members* themselves, were productive of yet greater. To begin with the Head, or President, DR. C. ARBUTHNOT: one of the finest and healthiest looking old gentlemen I ever beheld—in his eighty-second year. I should however premise, that the members of this college—only six or eight in number, and attached to the interests of the Stuarts — have been settled here almost from their infancy: some having arrived at seven, and others at twelve, years of age. Their method of speaking their *own* language is very singular; and rather difficult of comprehension. Nor is the *French*, spoken by them, of much better pronunciation. Of manners the most simple, and apparently of principles the most pure—they seem to be strangers to those wants and wishes which frequently agitate a more numerous and polished establishment—and to move, as it were, from the cradle to the grave...

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

As soon as the present Head ceases to exist,† the society is to be dissolved—and the building to be demolished. I own that this intelligence, furnished me by one of the members, gave a

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

† *the present Head ceases to exist.*]—He died in April, 1820.

melancholy and yet more interesting air to every object which I saw, and to every Member with whom I conversed. I was most desirous of obtaining a *portrait of the President*; and by dint of perseverance and entreaty, prevailed upon the sub-principal to procure a sitting from the original for only one hour — to be repeated, on the following day, for half an hour more. I have no hesitation in saying that the result of those sittings, however short, has been completely successful.* The society is of the Benedictine order, and there is a large whole length portrait, in the upper cloisters, or rather corridor, of ST. BENEDICT—with the emphatic inscription of “PATER MONACHORUM.”

The LIBRARY was carefully visited by me, and a great number of volumes inspected. The locale is small and unpretending: a mere corridor, communicating with a tolerably good sized room, in the middle, at right angles. I saw a few *hiatuses*, which had been caused by disposing of the volumes, that had *filled* them, to the cabinet in St. James's Place. In fact, Mr. Horn — so distinguished for his bibliographical *trouvailles* — had been either himself a *member* of this College, or had had a *brother*, so circumstanced, who foraged for him. What remained was, comparatively, mere chaff: and yet I contrived to find a pretty ample sprinkling of Greek and Latin Philosophy, printed and published at Paris by *Gourmont*, *Colinæus*, and the *Stephens*, in the first half of the sixteenth century. There were also some most beautifully-conditioned Hebrew books, printed by the *Stephen family* — and having turned the bottoms of those books outwards, which I thought it might be possible to purchase, I requested the librarian to consider of the matter; who, himself apparently consenting, informed me, on the following morning, that, on a consultation held with the other members, it was deemed advisable not to part with any more of their books. I do not suppose that the whole would bring 250 *l.* beneath a well known hammer in Pall-Mall.

The PUBLIC LIBRARY was also carefully visited. It is a

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.



CHARLES ARBUTHNOT, ÆTAT 82.

Late Principal of the Monastery of
St James, Ratisbon.



strange, rambling, but not wholly uninteresting place—although the collection is rather barbarously miscellaneous. I saw more remains of Roman antiquities—of the usual character of rings, spear-heads, lachrymatories, &c. — than of rare and curious old books : but, among the latter, I duly noticed *Mentelin's edition of the first German Bible*. No funds are applied to the increase of this collection ; and the books, in an upper and lower room, seem to lie desolate and forlorn—as if rarely visited—and yet more rarely opened. Compared with the celebrated public libraries in France, Bavaria, and Austria, this of RATISBON is . . almost a reproach to the municipal authorities of the place. I cannot however take leave of the book-theme, or of Ratisbon—without mentioning, in terms of unfeigned sincerity, the obligations I was under to M. AUGUSTUS KRAEMER, the librarian of the Prince of Tour and Taxis ; who not only satisfied, but even anticipated, my wishes—in every thing connected with antiquities. There is a friendliness of disposition, a mildness of manner, and pleasantness both of mien and of conversation, about this gentleman, which render his society extremely engaging. Upon the whole, although I absolutely gained nothing in the way of *book-acquisitions*, during my residence at Ratisbon, I have not passed three pleasanter days in any town in Bavaria than those which were spent there. It is a place richly deserving of the minute attention of the antiquary ; and the country, on the opposite side of the Danube, presents some genuine features of picturesque beauty. Nor were the civility, good fare, and reasonable charges of the *Agneau Blanc*, among the most insignificant comforts attending our residence at Ratisbon.

We left that town a little after mid-day, intending to sleep the same evening at NEUMARKT, within two stages of Nuremberg. About an English mile from Ratisbon, the road rises to a considerable elevation, whence you obtain a fine and interesting view of that city — with the Danube encircling its base like a belt. From this eminence I looked, for the last time, upon that magnificent river—which, with very few exceptions, had kept in view the whole way from Vienna ; a distance of about two hundred and

sixty English miles. I learnt that an aquatic excursion, from Ulm to Ratisbon, was one of the pleasantest schemes or parties of pleasure, imaginable—and that the English were extremely partial to it. Our faces were now resolutely turned towards Nuremberg; while a fine day, and a tolerably good road, made us insensible of any inconvenience which might otherwise have resulted from a journey of nine German miles.

We reached *Neumarkt* about night-fall, and got into very excellent quarters. The rooms of the inn which we occupied had been filled by the Duke of Wellington and Lord and Lady Castlereagh on their journey to Congress in the winter of 1814. The master of the inn related to us a singular anecdote respecting the Duke. On hearing of his arrival, the inhabitants of the place flocked round the inn, and the next morning the Duke found the *tops of his boots half cut away*—from the desire which the people expressed of having “some memorial of the great captain of the age.”* No other, or more feasible plan presented itself, than that of making interest with his Grace’s groom — when the boots were taken down to be cleaned on the morning following his arrival. Perhaps the Duke’s coat, had it been seen, might have shared the same fate.

The morning gave me an opportunity of examining the town of *Neumarkt*, which is surrounded by a wall, in the *inner* side of which is a sort of covered corridor (now in a state of great decay) running entirely round the town. At different stations there are wooden steps for the purpose of ascent and descent. In

* *the great captain of the age.*]—So I heard him called every where — in Austria and Bavaria — by men of every degree and rank in society; and by *professional* men as frequently as by others. I recollect when at Landshut, standing at the door of the hotel, and conversing with two gallant-looking Bavarian officers, who had spent half their lives in the service: one of them declaring, that “he should like to have been *opposed* to WELLINGTON—to have *died* even in such opposition, if he could not have vanquished him.” I asked him, why? “Because (said he) there is glory in such a contest—for he is, doubtless, the **FIRST CAPTAIN OF THE AGE.**”

a churchyard; I was startled by the representation of the *Agony in the Garden* (so often mentioned in the third volume of this work) which was executed in stone, and coloured after the life, and which had every appearance of *reality*. I stumbled upon it, unawares; and confess that I had never before witnessed so startling a representation of the subject. Having quitted Neumarkt, after breakfast, it remained only to change horses at *Feucht*, and afterwards to dine at Nuremberg. Of all cities which I had wished to see, before and since quitting England, NUREMBERG was that upon which my heart seemed to be the most fixed.* It had been the nursery of the Fine Arts in Bavaria; one of the favourite residences of Maximilian the Great; the seat of learning and the abode equally of commerce and of wealth during the sixteenth century. It was here, too, that ALBERT DURER—perhaps the most extraordinary genius of his age—lived and died: and here I learnt that his tombstone, and the house in which he resided, were still to be seen.

The first view of the spires and turretted walls of Nuremberg† filled me with a sensation which it is difficult to describe. Within about five English miles of it, just as we were about to run down the last descent—from the bottom of which it is perfectly level to the very gates of the city—we discovered a group of peasants, chiefly female, busied in carrying barrows, apparently of fire wood, towards the town. On passing them, the attention of Mr. Lewis was caught by one female countenance in particular — so distinguished by a sweetness and benevolence of expression—

* *my heart seemed to be the most fixed.*—Dr. Bright, in his *Travels in Lower Hungary*, p. 90-3, has an animated passage connected with this once flourishing, but now comparatively drooping, city. In the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iii. p. 261-3, will be found an extract or two, from Schedel's *Nuremberg Chronicle*, fol. c., &c.. edit. 1493, which may serve to give a notion of the celebrity of Nuremberg about three centuries and a half ago.

† *turretted walls of Nuremberg.*—Or rather, walls which have certain round towers, with a projecting top, at given intervals. These towers have a very strong and picturesque appearance; and are doubtless of the middle part of the xvth century. In Hartman Schedel's time, there were as many of

that we requested the postilion to stop, that we might learn some particulars respecting this young woman, and the mode of life which she followed. She was without stockings; of a strong, muscular form, and her face was half buried beneath a large flapping straw hat. We learnt that her parents were engaged in making black lead pencils (a flourishing branch of commerce, at this moment, at Nuremberg) for the wholesale dealers; and that they were so poor, she was glad to get a *florin* by con-

them as there were days in the year. I subjoin a fac-simile, of singular felicity of execution, by an old artist, in his seventy-second year (Vivares), of M. Klein's drawing and engraving of a portion of the upper parts of these towers, on which the arms of Nuremberg are cut in stone.



veying wood (as we then saw her) four miles to Nuremberg. We requested her to call at the inn whither we were going—the *Cheval Rouge*—and that she would come in her usual attire when she was not occupied in the manner in which we then saw her. On her arrival, Mr. Lewis was so struck with her physiognomical expression, and the simplicity of the manner of adjusting her hair, that he made the following sketch . . which is submitted to the reader's notice, from a persuasion that it cannot fail to be favourably received. The *likeness* is perfect.



It was market day when we entered Nuremberg, about four o'clock. The inn to which we had been recommended, proved an excellent one: civility, cleanliness, good fare, and reasonable charges—these form the tests of the excellence of the *Cheval*

Rouge at Nuremberg. In our route thither, we passed the two churches of St. *Lawrence* and St. *Sebald*, of which the former is the largest — and indeed principal place of worship in the town. We also passed through the market-place, wherein are several gothic buildings—more elaborate in ornament than graceful in form or curious from antiquity. The whole square, however, was extremely interesting, and full of population and bustle. The town indeed is computed to contain 30,000 inhabitants. We noticed, on the outsides of the houses, large paintings, as at Ratisbon, of gigantic figures; and every street seemed to promise fresh gratification, as we descended one and ascended another.

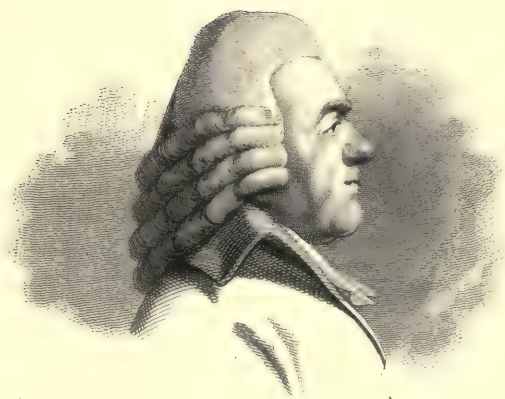
My first object, on settling at the hotel, was to seek out the PUBLIC LIBRARY, and to obtain an inspection of some of those volumes which had exercised the pen of DE MURR, in his Latin *Memoirs of the Public Library of Nuremberg*. I was now also in the birth-place of PANZER*—another, and infinitely more distinguished bibliographer,—whose *Typographical Annals of Europe* will for ever render his memory as dear to other towns as to Nuremberg. In short, when I viewed the *Citadel* of this place—and witnessed, in my perambulations about the town, so many curious specimens of gothic architecture, I could only express my surprise and regret that more substantial justice had not been rendered to so interesting a spot. I purchased every thing I could lay my hand upon, connected with the *published antiquities* of the town;† but that “every thing” was sufficiently scanty and unsatisfactory.

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE—being portraits of the above-mentioned bibliographers; from the original engravings (in stippling) supplied me at Nuremberg.

† *every thing I could lay my hand upon connected with the published antiquities of the town.*] This “every thing,” as above intimated, was sufficiently scanty. The reader, however, shall be made acquainted with these topographical gleanings. 1st. I. C. WAGENSEILII *De Civit. Norib. Commentatio*, 1697. 4to., with a portrait of the author. A work of sorry typographical aspect, containing a few plates hardly worth mentioning. Of



C. G. DE MURR.



G. W. PANZER.

Before, however, I make mention of the Public Library, it may be as well briefly to notice the two principal churches—*St. Sebald* and *St. Lawrence*. The former was within a stone's

these, the tomb or *Shrine of St. Sebald*, and the Tabernaculum or *Repositorium Sacramentale*, according to the Romish church (in the Cathedral of St. Lawrence) are the principal. But there are others, of coins, coat armours, and figures, perhaps more desirable. Wagenseilius has incorporated the metrical Latin poem of Helius Eobanus Hessus, upon the city of Nuremberg, written in 1532, and of course possessing considerable interest. This poem ends at page 432, and is followed by Wagenseil's *Buch von Der Meister-Singer Holdseligen Kunst*, &c.—in the German language—containing a good deal of German poetry, and concluding the labours of Wagenseils, at page 576.

II. *Dissert. Inaug. Norib. Insignium Imperialium Tutelarem*, &c., by three authors, 1713, 4to., in which, at p. 129, 130, is a supposed whole length figure of Charlemagne, and a dissertation upon his diadem; in which latter W. of Malmsbury (lib. ii. c. 6) and other authors are quoted. This work ends at page 170; and is succeeded, after a *Syllabus Monumentorum*, of 119 pages, and four introductory metrical pages, by

III. ANDREAS STRAUB'S *Historia Antiqua liberæ atque Imperialis Civitatis Norimbergæ*, 1679. pp. 24. Then follows IV. GRUNDHERR'S *Comment. Hist. de Castro Imperii Forestali Brunn*—or rather the subject, so called, which Grundherr proposed as a public exercise.

V. SINGULARIA NORIMBERGENSIA, 1739, folio: with a copper plate prefix of the upper part of the old tower near the citadel of Nuremberg. This work, unfortunately for my purpose, is written in the German language. It concludes with a neat copper plate vignette, and is followed by another German tract published in 1743, folio, succeeded by many pages of entries, and chronological lists, not numbered in the pages. VI. IOHANNIS AB INDAGINE *wahre und Grund haltende Beschreibung der Stadt Nurnberg*, 1750, 4to., entirely in the German language, with the republication of some plates given in Wagenseil's work. VII. *Lebensbeschreibungen aller Herren Geistlichen welche in der Reichs-Stadt Nurnberg*, &c. 1756, 4to. This contains three sets of CLERICAL PORTRAITS; the first 15, the second 25, and the third 132: rather severely engraved on copper. VIII. From the year 1756 to 1761 were published five tracts, in the German language, in 4to., relating to the Churches of *St. Lawrence*, *St. Sebald*, *St. Giles*, *St. James*, *the Holy Ghost*, and *St. Mary*; with copper plate views of exteriors and interiors: from some of which the plates given in this work were engraved. It would have been gratifying to me to have added to this list of topographical works relating to the city of Nuremberg; but I describe only what is before me.

throw of our inn. Above the door of the western front, is a remarkably fine crucifix of wood—placed, however, in too deep a recess—said to be by *Veit Stoss*. The head is of a very fine form, and the countenance has an expression of the most acute and intense feeling. A crown of thorns is twisted round the brow. But this figure, as well as the whole of the outside and inside of the church, stands in great need of being repaired. The towers are low, with insignificant turrets: the latter evidently a later erection—probably at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The eastern extremity, as well indeed as the aisles, is surrounded by buttresses; and the sharp-pointed, or lancet windows, seem to bespeak the fourteenth, if not the thirteenth century. The great “wonder” of the interior, is the *Shrine of the Saint*,* (to whom the church is dedicated,) of which the greater part is silver. At the time of my viewing it, it was in a disjointed state—parts of it having been taken to pieces, for repair: but from Geisler’s exquisite little engraving, I should pronounce it to be second to few specimens of similar art in Europe. The figures do not exceed two feet in height, and the extreme elevation of the shrine may be about eight feet. Nor has Geisler’s almost equally exquisite little engraving of the richly carved gothic *font* in this church, less claim upon the admiration of the connoisseur.

The mother church, or Cathedral of *St. Lawrence*, is much larger, and portions of it may be of the latter end of the XIIIth century. The principal entrance presents us with an elaborate door-way—perhaps of the XIVth century—with the sculpture divided into several compartments, as at Rouen, Strasbourg, and

* *the shrine of the Saint.*] Of this shrine there is as wretched a print in Wagenseil’s work, as there is a most exquisite one in the *Neües Taschenbüch von Nürnberg*—published in 1819, 12mo., the year after my quitting Nuremberg. This little town guide or manual, contains some beautiful engravings by FLEISCHMANN and GEISLER; the former in the stippling, and the latter in the line, manner. I am promised by Mr. Boosey, Jun., who has imported this elegant little work, some proofs of the plates struck off upon French or India paper.



INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE.

other earlier edifices. There is a poverty in the two towers, both from their size, and the meagerness of the windows; but the slim spires at the summit, are, doubtless, of nearly a coeval date with that which supports them. The bottom of the large circular, or marygold window, is injured in its effect by a gothic balustrade of a later period. The interior of this church has certainly nothing very commanding or striking, on the score of architectural grandeur or beauty; but there are some painted glass windows—especially by *Volkmar*—which are deserving of particular attention. Nuremberg has one advantage over many populous towns;—its public buildings are not choked up by narrow streets—and I hardly know an edifice of distinction, round which the spectator may not walk with perfect ease, and obtain a view of every portion which he is desirous of examining.

The Fraüenkerche, or the church of *St. Mary*, in the market-place, has a very singular construction in its western front. A double arched door-way, terminated by an arch at the top, and surmounted by a curious triangular projection from the main building, has rather an odd, than a beautiful effect. Above, terminating in an apex—surmounted by a small turret, are five rows of gothic niches, of which the extremities, at each end, narrow—in the fashion of steps, gradually—from the topmost of which range or rows of niches, the turret rises perpendicularly. It is a small edifice, and has been recently doomed to make a very distinguished figure in the imposing lithographic print of *Quaglio*.* The interior of this church is not less singular, as may be seen in the print published about sixty years ago, and yet faithful to its present appearance.† The reader will observe how ornaments, comparatively of a modern period, have been attached to the older portions of the building; and how the organ in particular—upon the doors of which there are paintings of the Nativity and Adoration of the Magi—is made to shut up, if necessary, completely from public view. It should seem, from

* *lithographic print of Quaglio.*] This is a striking and interesting print—and published in England for about 1*l.* 1*s.* The numerous figures introduced in it are habited in the costume of the xviiith century.

† See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

the pillars of this interior view, that the nave is more ancient than the choir. To this plate I have annexed another—exhibiting the *interior of St. James's Church* * — which affords the singular variety of a new nave, sufficiently incongruous, being attached to an old choir. The ornamented ceiling may give a notion of the very splendid manner in which the interiors of churches, upon the continent, are frequently decorated.

I know not how it was, but I omitted to notice the ci-devant church of *Ste. Claire*, where there is said to be the most ancient stained glass window which exists—that is, of the middle of the thirteenth century ; nor did I obtain a sight of the seven pillars of *Adam Kraft*, designating the seven points or stations of the Passion of our Saviour. But in the *Rath-haus-Platz*, in the way to the public library, I used to look with delight—almost every morning of the four days which I spent at Nuremberg—at the fragments of gothic architecture, to the right and left, that presented themselves ; and among these, none caught my eye and pleased my taste, so fully, as the little hexagonal gothic window, which has sculptured subjects beneath the mullions, and which was attached to the *Pfarrhof*, or clergyman's residence, of St. Sebald. If ever Mr. Blore's pencil should be exercised in this magical city for gothic art, I am quite persuaded that *this window* will be one of the subjects upon which its powers will be most successfully employed.

A little beyond, in a very handsome square, called St. Giles's Place, lived the famous ANTHONY KOBERGER ; the first who introduced the art of printing into Nuremberg—and from whose press, more Bibles, Councils, Decretals, Chronicles, and scholastic works, have proceeded than probably from any other press in Europe. Koberger was a magnificent printer, using always a bold, rich, gothic letter—and his first book, the *Comestorium Vitiorum*, bears the date of 1470.† They shew the house, in this square,

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

† *the Comestorium Vitiorum*, bears the date of 1470.] The author of this work was *Franciscus de Retza*. As a first essay of printing, it is a noble performance. The reader may see the book pretty fully described in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iii. p. 489.



INTERIOR OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH,
NUREMBERG.

From the Engraving by J. J. G. Leake, Architect, published in
Nuremberg in 1837.

which he is said to have occupied; but which I rather suspect was built by his nephew JOHN KOBERGER, who was the son of Sebaldus Koberger, and who carried on a yet more successful business than his uncle. Not fewer than seventeen presses were kept in constant employ by him, and he is said to have been engaged in a correspondence with almost every printer and bookseller in Europe. It was my good fortune to purchase an original bronze head of him, of *Messrs Frauenholz and Co.*, one of the most respectable and substantial houses, in the print trade, upon the Continent. This head is struck upon a circular bronze of about seven inches in diameter, bearing the following inscription: JOANNES KOBERGER ... SEIN. ALTR. XXXX: that is, John Koberger, in the fortieth year of his age. The head, singularly enough, is *laureated*; and in the upper part of it are two capital letters, of which the top parts resemble a B or D—and F or E. It is a fine solid piece of workmanship, and is full of individuality of character. From an old ms. inscription at the back, the original should appear to have died in 1522. I was of course too much interested in the history of the Kobergers, not to ask permission to examine the premises from which so much learning and piety had once issued to the public; and I could not help being struck with at least the *space* which these premises occupied. At the end of a yard, was a small chapel; which formerly was, doubtless, the printing office or drying room of the Kobergers. The interior of the house was now so completely devoted to other uses, that one could identify nothing. The church of St. Giles, in this place, is scarcely little more than a century old; as a print of it, of the date of 1689, represents the building to be not yet complete.

I shall now conduct the reader at once to the PUBLIC LIBRARY; premising, that it occupies the very situation which it has held since the first book was deposited in it. This is very rarely the case abroad. Its locale is, in fact, a small gothic quadrangle, with the windows modernised; and was formerly a convent of *Dominicans*. M. RANNER, the public librarian, (with whom—as he was unable to speak French, and myself

equally unable to speak his own language, I conversed in the Latin tongue) assured me that there was anciently a printing press here—conducted by the Dominicans—who were resolved to print no book but what was the production of one of their own order. I own that I have great doubts about this fact, and expressed the same to M. Ranner; adding, that I had never seen a book so printed. The librarian, however, reiterated his assertion, and said that the monastery was built in the xith century. There is certainly no visible portion of it older than the beginning of the fifteenth century. The library itself is on the first floor, and fills two rooms, running parallel with each other; both of them sufficiently dismal and uninviting. It is said to contain 45,000 volumes; but I much question whether there be half that number. There are some precious MSS. of which M. Ranner has published a catalogue in two octavo volumes, in the Latin language, in a manner extremely creditable to himself, and such as to render De Murr's labour upon the same subjects almost useless. Among these MSS. I was shewn one in the Hebrew language—of the .xith or xith century—with very singular marginal illuminations, as grotesques or capriccios; in which the figures, whether human beings, monsters, or animals, were made out by *lines composed of Hebrew characters*, considered to be a gloss upon the text. I had never heard of or seen such a thing before.

As to the *printed books* of an early date, they are few and unimportant — if the *subject* of them be exclusively considered. There is a woeful want of *classics*, and even of useful literary performances. Here, however, I saw the far-famed *I. de Tur-recremata Meditationes* of 1467—briefly described by De Murr—of which, I believe, only two other copies are known to exist—namely, one in the Imperial library at Vienna,* and the other in the collection of Earl Spencer. It is an exceedingly precious book to the typographical antiquary, inasmuch as it is supposed to be the first production of the press of *Ulric Han*. The copy

* See vol. iii. p. 513.

in question has the plates coloured; and, singularly enough, is bound up, in a wooden cover, with *Honorius de Imagine Mundi*, printed by Koberger, and the *Hexameron* of *Ambrosius*, printed by Schuzler in 1472. It is, however, a clean, sound copy; but cut down to the size of the volumes with which it is bound. Here is the *Boniface* of 1465, by Fust, upon VELLUM: with a large space on the rectos of the second and third leaves, purposely left for the insertion of ms. or some subsequent correction. The *Durandus* of 1459 has the first capital letter stamped with red and blue, like the smaller capital initials in the *Psalter* of 1457. In this first capital initial, the blue is the outer portion of the letter. The *German Bible* by *Mentelin* is perfect; but wretchedly cropt, and dirty even to dinginess. Here is a very fine large genuine copy of *Jenson's Quintilian* of 1471. Of the *Epistles of St. Jerom*, here are the early editions by *Mentelin* and *Swoynheym* and *Pannartz*; the latter, of the date of 1470: a fine, large copy—but not free from ms. annotations.

More precious, however, in the estimation of the critical bibliographer—than either, or the whole, of the preceding volumes—is the very rare edition of the *Decameron* of *Boccaccio*, of the date of 1472—printed at *Mantua*, by *A. de Michaelibus*.* Such a copy, as that in the public library at Nuremberg, is in all probability unparalleled: it being, in every respect, what a perfect copy should be—white, large, and in its pristine binding. A singular coincidence took place, while I was examining this extraordinarily rare book. M. Lechner, the bookseller, of whom I shall have occasion to speak again—brought me a letter, directed to his own house, by Earl Spencer. In that letter, his lordship requested me to make a particular collation of the edition of *Boccaccio*—with which I was occupied at the very moment of receiving it. Of course, upon every account, that collation was made. Upon its completion, and asking M. Ranner whether any consideration would induce the curators of the library to part with this volume, the worthy librarian shouted aloud! . . . adding, that,

* See a copy of it described at Paris; vol. ii. p. 279.

“not many weeks before, an English gentleman had offered the sum of sixty louis d’or for it,—but not *twice* that sum could be taken! . . and in fact the book must never leave its present quarters—no . . not even for the noble collection in behalf of which I pleaded so earnestly.” Mr. Ranner’s manner was so positive, and his voice so sonorous, — that I dreaded the submission of any *contre-projet* . . and accordingly left him in the full and unmolested enjoyment of his beloved *Decameron* printed by *Adam de Michaelibus*.

M. Ranner shewed me a sound, fair copy of the *first Florentine Homer* of 1488; but cropt, with red edges to the leaves. Also, a white, large copy of *Spira’s Appian*, of 1472. But I was most pleased with a sort of cupboard, or closet-fashioned recess, filled with the first and subsequent editions of all the pieces written by *Melancthon*. I was told that there were more than eight hundred of such pieces. These, and a similar collection from the pens of *Luther* and *Eckius* at Landshut,* would, as I conceive, be invaluable repertories for the *History of the Reformation upon the Continent*. Although I examined many shelves of books, for two successive days, in the Public Library of Nuremberg, I am not conscious of having found any thing more deserving of detail than what has been already submitted to the reader.

Of all edifices, more especially deserving of being visited at Nuremberg, the CITADEL is doubtless the most curious and ancient, as well as the most remarkable. It rises to a considerable height, close upon the outer walls of the town, within about a stone’s throw of the end of *Albrecht Durer Strasse* — or the street where ALBERT DURER lived—and whose house is not only yet in existence, but still the object of attraction and veneration with every visitor of taste, from whatever part of the world he may chance to come. Of course, this was one of the immediate and essential objects for the pencil of Mr. Lewis to be exercised upon; and as the street was close by that in which our inn was situated, running at right angles with it, there was little difficulty or

* See vol. iii. p. 336.





trouble for Mr. Lewis to enter upon the task assigned to him—which he did, for three successive days, standing in the open air—luckily in very fine weather—and taking that view of the street in question, which places the *House of Albert Durer* exactly in the foreground to the right. The street running down, is the street called (as before observed) after Albert Durer's own name, and the *well*, seen about the middle of it, is a specimen of those wells — built of stone — which are very common in the streets of Nuremberg. The house of Albert Durer is now, as the subjoined view testifies*—in a very wretched, and even unsafe condition. The upper part is supposed to have been his study. The interior is so altered from its original disposition, as to present little or nothing satisfactory to the antiquary. It would be difficult to say how many coats of whitewash have been bestowed upon the rooms, since the time when they were tenanted by the great character in question.

Passing through this street, therefore, you turn to the right, and continue onwards, up a pretty smart ascent; when the entrance to the citadel, by the side of a low wall — in front of an old tower—presents itself to your attention. It was before breakfast that my companion and self visited this interesting interior, over every part of which we were conducted by a most loquacious *cicerone*, who spoke the French language very fluently, and who was pleased to express his extreme gratification upon finding that his visitors were *Englishmen*. The tower, of the exterior of which there is a very indifferent engraving in the *Singularia Norimbergen-sia*,† and the adjoining chapel may be each of the xiiith century; but the tombstone of the founder of the monastery, upon the site of which the present Citadel was built, bears the date of 1296. This tombstone is very perfect; lying in a loose, unconnected manner, as you enter the chapel:—the chapel itself having a crypt-like appearance. This latter is very small.

From the suite of apartments in the older parts of the Citadel, there is a most extensive and uninterrupted view of the surround-

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. † See p. xix. ante.

ing country, which is rather flat. At the distance of about nine miles, the town of *Furth* (Furta) looks as if it were within an hour's walk ; and I should think that the height of the chambers, (from which we enjoyed this view,) to the level ground of the adjacent meadows, could be scarcely less than three hundred feet. In these chambers, there is a little world of curiosity for the antiquary : and yet it was but too palpable that very many of its more precious treasures had been transported to Munich. In the time of Maximilian II., when Nuremberg may be supposed to have been in the very height of its glory, this Citadel must have been worth a pilgrimage of many score miles to have viewed. The ornaments which remain, are chiefly pictures : of these several are exceedingly precious. Our guide hastened to shew us the celebrated two Venuses of *Lucas Cranach*, which are most carefully preserved within folding doors. They are both whole lengths, of the size of life. One of them, which is evidently the inferior picture, is attended by a Cupid ; the other is alone, having on a broad red velvet hat—but, in other respects, undraped. For this latter picture, we were told that two hundred louis d'or had been offered and refused—which they well might have been ; for I consider it to be, not only the chef-d'œuvre of L. Cranach, but in truth a very extraordinary performance. There is doubtless something of a poverty of drawing, and narrowness of conception, about it ; but the colouring glows with a natural warmth, which has been rarely surpassed even by Titian. It is one of the most elaborated pictures—yet producing a certain breadth of effect—which can be seen. The other Venus is perhaps more carefully painted—but the effect is cold and poor.

Here is also, by the same artist, a masterly little head of *St. Hubert* ; and, near it, a charming portrait of *Luther's wife*, by Hans Holbein ; but the background of the latter, being red and comparatively recent, is certainly not by the same hand. The countenance is full of a sweet, natural expression ; and if this lady were really the wife of Luther, we must give that great reformer credit for having had a good taste in the choice of a wife—as far as *beauty* is concerned. Here are supposed portraits of *Charle-*

magne and *Sigismund II.*, by Albert Durer—which exhibit great freedom of handling, and may be considered magnificent specimens of that master's better manner of portrait painting. The heads are rather of colossal size. The draperies are most elaborately executed. I observed here, with singular satisfaction, *two* of the well-known series of the TWELVE APOSTLES, supposed to be both painted and engraved by Albert Durer. They were *St. John* and *St. Paul*; the drapery, especially of the latter, has very considerable merit. But probably the most interesting picture to the generality of visitors—and indeed it is one entitled to particular commendation by the most curious and critical—is, a large painting, by *Sandrart*, representing a fête given by the Austrian Ambassador, at Nuremberg, upon the conclusion of the treaty of peace at Westphalia, in 1649, after the well known thirty year's war. This picture is about fourteen feet long, by ten wide. The table, at which the guests are banquetting, is filled by all the great characters who were then assembled upon the occasion. An English knight of the garter is sufficiently conspicuous; his countenance, in three quarters, being turned somewhat over his left shoulder. The great fault of this picture is, making the guests to partake of a banquet, and yet to turn all their faces from it—in order that the spectator may recognise their countenances. Those who sit at table, are about half the size of life. To the right of them, is a group as large as life, in which Sandrart has introduced himself, as if painting the picture. His countenance is charmingly coloured; but it is a pity that all propriety of perspective is so completely lost, by placing two such differently sized groups in the same chamber. This picture stands wofully in need of being repaired. It is considered — and apparently with justice—to be the chef d'œuvre of the master. I have hardly ever seen a picture, of its kind, more thoroughly interesting—both on the score of subject and execution; but it is surely due to the memory of an artist, like Sandrart,—who spent the greater part of a long life at Nuremberg, and established an academy of painting there—that this picture . . be at least *preserved*—if there be no means of engraving it.

In these curious old chambers, it was to be expected that I should see some *Wohlegemuths* — as usual, with backgrounds in a blaze of gold, and figures with tortuous limbs, pinched-in waists, and caricatured countenances. In a room, pretty plentifully encumbered with rubbish, I saw a charming *Snyders* ; being a dead stag, suspended from a pole. There is here a portrait of *Albert Durer*, by himself ; but said to be a copy. If so, it is a very fine copy. The original is supposed to be at Munich. There was nothing else that my visit enabled me to see, particularly deserving of being recorded ; but, when I was told that it was in THIS CITADEL that the ancient Emperors of Germany used oftentimes to reside, and make carousal — and saw, *now*, scarcely any thing but dark passages, unfurnished galleries, naked halls, and untenanted chambers—I own that I could hardly refrain from uttering a sigh over the mutability of earthly fashions, and the transitoriness of worldly grandeur. With a rock for its base, and walls almost of adamant for its support — situated also upon an eminence which may be said to look frowningly down over a vast sweep of country—THE CITADEL OF NUREMBERG should seem to have bid defiance, in former times, to every assault of the most desperate and enterprising foe. It is now visited only by the casual traveller . . who is frequently startled at the echo of his own footsteps.

While I am on the subject of ancient art — of which so many curious specimens are to be seen in this Citadel — it may not be irrelevant to conduct the reader at once to what is called the *Town Hall*—a very large structure—of which portions are devoted to the exhibition of old pictures. Many of these paintings are in a very *suspicious* state, from the operations of time and accident ; but the great boast of the collection are the Triumphs of Maximilian I. executed by *Albert Durer*—which, however, have by no means escaped injury. I was accompanied in my visit to this interesting collection by M^r. Boerner, a partner in the house of *Frauenholz* and Co.—and had particular reason to be pleased by the friendliness of his attentions, and the intelligence of his observations. A great number of these pictures (as I understood) belonged to

Messrs. Frauenholz and Co.; and, among them, a portrait by *Pens* struck me as being singularly admirable and exquisite. The countenance, the dress, the attitude, the drawing, and colouring, were as perfect as they well might be. But this collection has also suffered from the transportation of many of its treasures to Munich. The rooms, halls, and corridors of this Hôtel de Ville give you a good notion of municipal grandeur.

Nuremberg was once the life and soul of *art* as well as of *commerce*. The numismatic, or perhaps medallic, productions of her artists, in the xvth century, might, many of them, vie with the choicest efforts of Greece. I purchased two silver medals, of the period just mentioned, which are absolutely perfect of their kind: one has, on the obverse, the profile of an old man with a flowing beard and short bonnet, with the circumscription of *Ætatis Suæ LXVI.*; and, on the reverse, the words *De Cælo Victoria. Anno M.D. XLVI.* surrounding the arms of Bavaria. I presume the head to be a portrait of some ancient Bavarian General; and the inscription, on the reverse, to relate to some great victory, in honour of which the medal was struck. The piece is silver-gilt. The boldness of its relief can hardly be exceeded. The other medal represents the portrait of *Joh. Petreius Typographus, Anno Ætat. Suæ. III. (48), Anno 1545*—executed with surprising delicacy, expression, and force. But evidences of the perfect state of art in ancient times, at Nuremberg, may be gathered from almost every street in which the curious visitor walks. On the first afternoon of my arrival here, I was driven, by a shower of rain, into a small shop—upon a board, on the exterior of which, were placed culinary dishes. The mistress of the house had been cleaning them for the purpose of shewing them off to advantage on the Sunday. One of these dishes—which was brass, with ornaments in high relief—happened to be rather deep, but circular, and of small diameter. I observed a subject in relief, at the bottom, which looked very like art as old as the end of the fifteenth century—although a good deal worn away, from the regularity of periodical rubbing. The subject represented the eating of the forbidden fruit. Adam, Eve, the Serpent,

the trees, and the fruit—with labels, on which the old gothic German letter was sufficiently obvious — all told a tale which was irresistible to antiquarian feelings. Accordingly I proposed terms of purchase (one ducat) to the good owner of the dish : — who was at first exceedingly surprised at the offer .. wondering what could be seen so particularly desirable in such a homely piece of kitchen furniture — but, in the end, she consented to the proposal with extraordinary cheerfulness. In another shop, on a succeeding day, I purchased two large brass dishes, of beautiful circular forms, with ornaments in bold relief — and have brought the whole culinary cargo home with me.

While upon the subject of old art — of which there are scarcely a hundred yards in the city of Nuremberg that do not display some memorial, however perishing — I must be allowed to make especial mention of the treasures of BARON DERSCHAU — a respectable old Prussian nobleman, who has recently removed into a capacious residence, of which the chambers in front contain divers old pictures ; and one chamber in particular, backward, is filled with curiosities of a singular variety of description. I had indeed heard frequent mention of this gentleman, both in Austria and Bavaria. His reception of me was most courteous, and his conversation communicative and instructive. He *did*, and did *not*, dispose of things. He *was*, and was *not*, a sort of gentleman-merchant. One drawer was filled with ivory handled dirks, hunting knives, and pipe-bowls ; upon which the carver had exercised all his cunning skill. Another drawer contained implements of destruction in the shape of daggers, swords, pistols, and cutlasses : all curiously wrought. A set of *Missals* occupied a third drawer : portfolios of drawings and *prints*, a fourth ; and sundry *volumes*, of various and not uninteresting character, filled the shelves of a small, contiguous book-case. Every thing around me bore the aspect of *temptation* ; when, calling upon my tutelary genius to defend me in such a crisis, I accepted the Baron's offer, and sat down by the side of him upon a sofa—which, from the singularity of its form and *matériel*, might possibly have supported the limbs of Albert Durer himself.

The Baron commenced the work of *incantation* by informing me that he was once in possession of the *journal*, or day-book, of Albert Durer :—written in the German language—and replete with the most curious information respecting the manner of his own operations, and those of his workmen. From this journal, it appeared that Albert Durer was in the habit of *drawing upon the blocks*, and that his men performed the remaining operation of *cutting away the wood*. I frankly confessed that I had long suspected this ; and still suspect the same process to have been used in regard to the wood cuts supposed to have been executed by *Hans Holbein*. On my eagerly enquiring what had become of this precious journal, the Baron replied with a sigh—which seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart—that “ it had perished in the flames of a house, in the neighbourhood of one of the battles fought between Bonaparte and the Prussians ! ” The Baron is both a man of veracity and virtù. In confirmation of the latter, he gave all his very extraordinary collection of original blocks of wood, containing specimens of art of the most remote period of wood engraving, to the Royal University at Berlin — from which collection has been regularly published those *livraisons*, of an atlas form, which contain impressions of the old blocks in question.* It is hardly possible for a graphic antiquary to possess a more completely characteristic and *beguiling* publication than this.

On expressing a desire to purchase any little curiosity or antiquity, in the shape of *book* or *print*, for which the Baron had no immediate use, I was shewn several rarities of this kind ; which I did not scruple to request might be laid aside for me—

* *impressions of the old blocks in question.*] Only three *livraisons* of this work have, I believe, been yet published :—under the title of “ *Gravures en Bois des anciens maîtres allemands tirées des Planches originales recueillies par JULIAN ALBERT DERSCHAU. Publiées par Rodolphe Zecharie Becker.* ” The last, however, is of the date of 1816—and as the publisher has now come down to wood-blocks of the date of 1556, it may be submitted whether the work might not advantageously cease? Some of the blocks in this third part seem to be a yard square

for the purpose of purchasing. Of these, in the book way, the principal were a *Compendium Morale*: a Latin folio, PRINTED UPON VELLUM, without date or name of printer—and so completely unknown to bibliographers, that Panzer, who had frequently had this very volume in his hands, was meditating the writing of a little treatise on it; and was interrupted only by death from carrying his design into execution. It is in the most perfect state of preservation. A volume of *Hours*, and a *Breviary of Cracow*, for the winter part, PRINTED UPON VELLUM—in the German language, exceedingly fair and beautiful. A *TERENCE* of 1496 (for 9 florins), and the first edition of *Erasmus's Greek Testament*, 1516, for 18 florins. The "*Compendium*" was charged by the Baron at about 5*l.* sterling. These, with the Austrian historians, Pez, Schard, and Nidanus, formed a tolerably fair acquisition.* In the *print* way, I was fortunate in purchasing a singularly ancient wood-cut of *St. Catherine*, in the peculiarly dotted manner of which the fac simile of *St. Bernardinus*, in the preceding volume of this work,† will give the reader a tolerably accurate notion. This wood-cut was said to be unique. At any rate it is very curious and rare; and on my return to England, M. Du Chesne, who is the active director in the department of the prints at Paris, prevailed upon me to part with my *St. Catherine*—at a price, which sufficiently shewed that he considered it to be no very indifferent object to the royal collection of France. This however was a perfectly secondary consideration. The print was left behind at Paris, as adding something to a collection of unrivalled value and extent, and where there were previously deposited two or three similar specimens of art.

But the Baron laid the greatest stress upon a copper plate impression of a crucifixion, of the date of 1430: which undoubtedly had a very staggering aspect.‡ It is described in the

* They are now in the library of Earl Spencer.

† Vol. ii. p. 515.

‡ *a very staggering aspect.*] I will describe this singular specimen of old art as briefly and perspicuously as I am able. It consists of an impression, in pale black ink—resembling very much that of aquatint, of a subject

subjoined note ; and for reasons, therein detailed, I consider it to be much less valuable than the *St. Catherine*.* I also purchased of the Baron a few *Martin Schoens*, *Albert Durers*, and *Israel*

subject cut upon copper, or brass, which is about seventeen inches in height (the top being a little cut away) and about ten inches six-eighths in width. The upper part of the impression is in the shape of an obtusely pointed, or perhaps rather semicircular, gothic window—and is filled by involutions of forms or patterns, with great freedom of play and grace of composition : resembling the stained glass in the upper parts of the more elaborated gothic windows of the beginning of the fifteenth century. Round the outer border of the subject, there are seven white circular holes, as if the metal from which the impression was taken, had been *nailed up* against a wall—and these blank spots were the result of the aperture caused by the space formerly occupied by the nails. Below, is the subject of the crucifixion. The cross is ten inches high : the figure of Christ, without the glory, six inches : St. John is to the left, and the mother of Christ to the right of the cross ; and each of these figures is about four inches high. The drawing and execution of these three figures, are barbarously puerile. To the left of St. John is a singular appearance of the *upper* part of *another* plate, running at right angles with the principal, and composed also in the form of the upper portion of a gothic window. To the right of the virgin, and of the plate, is the “staggering” date above-mentioned. It is thus: M.cccc.xxx. This date is fixed upon the stem of a tree, of which both the stem and the branches above appear to have been *scraped*, in the copper, almost *white*—for the sake of introducing the inscription, or *date*. The date, moreover, has a very suspicious look, in regard to the execution of the letters of which it is composed. As to the *paper*, upon which the impression is taken, it has, doubtless, much of the look of old paper ; but not of that particular kind, either in regard to *tone* or *quality*, which we see in the prints of Mechlin, Schoen, or Albert Durer. But what gives a more “staggering aspect” to the whole affair is, that the worthy Derschau had *another* copy of this *same* impression, which he sold to Mr. John Payne, and which is now in the highly curious collection of Mr. Douce. This was fortunate, to say the least. The copy, purchased by myself, is now in the collection of Earl Spencer.

* I should add, that the *dotted* manner of executing this old print, may be partly seen in that at page 280 of vol. iii. of this work ; but still more decidedly in the old prints pasted within the covers of the extraordinary copy of the *Mazarine Bible*, UPON VELLUM, in the possession of Messrs. Nicol, booksellers to his Majesty.

Van Mechlins ; and what I preferred to either, is a beautiful little illumination, cut out of an old choral book, or psalter, said, by the vendor, to be the production of *Weimplan*, an artist, at Ulm, of the latter end of the fifteenth century. On my return to England, I felt great pleasure in depositing this choice morceau of ancient art in the very extraordinary collection of my friend Mr. Ottley — at the same price for which I had obtained it — about five and twenty shillings. Upon the whole, I was well satisfied with the result of the “temptation” practised upon me at Baron Derschau’s, and left the mansion with my purse lightened of about 340 florins. The Baron was anxious to press a choice *Aldus* or two upon me ; but the word “choice” is somewhat ambiguous : and what was considered to be so at *Nuremberg*, might receive a different construction in *London*.

I was, however, anxious to achieve a much nobler feat than that of running away with undescribed printed volumes, or rare old prints—whether from copper or wood. It was at *Nuremberg* that the EBNER FAMILY had long resided ; and where the *Codex Ebnerianus* — a Greek MS. of the New Testament, of the XIIth. century—had been so much celebrated by the elaborate disquisition of De Murr—which is accompanied by several copper plate fac-simile engravings of the style of art in the illuminations of the MS. in question. I had heard that the ancient splendors of the Ebner family had been long impaired ; that their library had been partly dispersed ; and that THIS VERY MS. was yet to be purchased. I resolved, therefore, to lose no opportunity of becoming possessed of it . . . preparing myself to offer a very considerable sum, and trusting that the spirit of some private collector, or public body, in my own country, would not long allow it to be a burden on my hands. Accordingly, by the interposition and kind offices of M. Lechner, the bookseller, I learnt, not only in what quarter the MS. was yet preserved, but that its owners were willing to dispose of it for a valuable consideration. A day and hour were quickly appointed. The gentleman, entrusted with the MS. — M. Lechner as interpreter, my own valet, as interpreter between myself and M. Lechner, who could not

speaking French very fluently—all assembled at the *Cheval Rouge*: with the *CODÆX EBNERIANUS*, bound in massive silver, lying upon the table between us. It is a small, thick quarto volume; written in the cursive Greek character, upon soft and fair coloured vellum, and adorned with numerous illuminations in a fine state of preservation. Its antiquity cannot surely be carried beyond the XIIIth century. On the outside of one of the covers, is a silver crucifix. Upon the whole, this precious book, both from its interior and exterior attractions, operated upon me infinitely more powerfully than the ivory-handled knives, gilt-studded daggers, gorgeous scraps of painting, or antique-looking prints . . . of the Baron Derschau.

We soon commenced an earnest conversation: all four of us frequently being upon our legs, and speaking, at the same time. The price was quickly fixed by the owner of the MS.; but not so readily consented to by the proposed purchaser. It was 120 louis d'or. I adhered to the offer of 100: and we were each inflexible in our terms. I believe, indeed, that if my 100 louis d'or could have been poured from a bag upon the table, as "argent comptant," the owner of the MS. *could* not have resisted the offer: but he seemed to think that, if paper currency, in the shape of a bill, were resorted to, it would not be prudent to adopt that plan unless the sum of 120*l.* were written upon the instrument. The conference ended by the MS. being carried back to be again deposited in the family where it had so long taken up its abode. It is, however, most gratifying for me to add, that its return to its ancient quarters was only temporary; and that it was destined to be taken from them, for ever, by British spirit and British liberality. When Mr. John Payne visited Germany, in the following year, I was anxious to give him some particulars about this MS. and was sanguine enough to think that a second attempt to carry it off could not fail to be successful. The house of Messrs. Payne and Foss, so long and justly respected throughout Europe, invested their young representative with ample powers for negotiation—and the *Codæx Ebnerianus*, after having been purchased by the representative

in question, for the sum first insisted upon by the owner — now reposes upon the richly furnished shelves of the BODLEIAN LIBRARY—where it is not likely to repose *in vain*; and from whence no efforts, by the most eminently successful bibliographical diplomatist in Europe, can dislodge it.

I must now say a few words respecting the present state of the FINE ARTS at Nuremberg, and make mention of a few things connected with the vicinity of the town, ere I conduct the reader to Manheim: regretting, however, that I am necessitated to make that account so summary. I consider M. KLEIN to be among the very brightest ornaments of this place, as an artist. I had seen enough of his productions at Vienna, to convince me that his pencil possessed no ordinary powers. He is yet a young man; somewhere between thirty and forty, and leads occasionally a very romantic life — but admirably subservient to the purposes of his art. He puts a knapsack upon his back, filled with merely necessary articles of linen and materials for work—and then stops, draws, eats, drinks, and sleeps where it pleases him: wherever his eye is gratified by strong characteristics of nature — whether on cattle, peasants, soldiers, or Cossacks. I have selected, for the reader's gratification, a portion of a plate, engraved by Klein from his own drawing, which represents a scene of which he was an eye witness; namely, some *Cossacks selling a portion of the plunder which had fallen into their hands to certain Jews*—during the late campaigns. The several characters are admirably delineated. By the side of them, I have caused a fac-simile to be placed of an engraving from a drawing, after the life, by FREDERICK GRIMM, — also an inhabitant of Nuremberg: of which the breadth of light and shadow is as fine as is often seen in Rembrandt's pictures.* And in order that the reader's gratification may be complete, I here subjoin a beautiful engraving, of a still more beautiful original

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE: but there is a mistake in the subjoined inscription — which makes it appear that *both* subjects are from the pencil of Klein: whereas the head of the old man is by GRIMM.



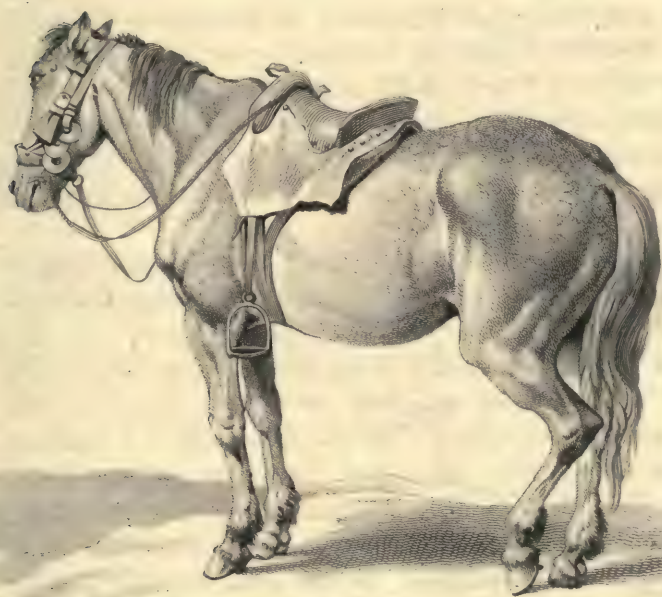
Je. A. Klein del. et sculp. Romae 1816



FAC-SIMILES of the Drawings and Engravings of I. A. KLEIN OF NUREMBERG.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

drawing, by Klein, in the possession of Mr. Boosey, jun. bookseller. The engraving, by Mr. John Scott, is quite worthy of that original—and of the artist's long established reputation.



Klein appears to have obtained his exquisite knowledge of animal painting from having been a pupil of GABLER — a professed studier of natural history, and painter of animals. The pupil was unluckily absent from Nuremberg, when I was there; but from many enquiries of his intimate friends, I learnt that he was of a cheerful, social disposition — fond of good company, and was in particular a very active and efficient member of a *Society of Artists*, which has been recently established at Nuremberg. Klein himself, however, resides chiefly at Vienna—there not being sufficient patronage for him in his native city. His water-coloured drawings, particularly, are considered admirable; but he has

lately commenced painting in oil — with considerable success. His *etchings*, of which he has published about one hundred, are in general masterly ; but perhaps they are a little too metallic and severe. His observation of nature is at once acute and correct.

Mr. ERARD is also another eminent artist, whose productions confer great honour upon Nuremberg. M. REINDEL is the Director of the Academy of Painting. In engravers, the artists here are superior to those at Vienna ; that is to say, I have seen nothing at the latter place equal to the line engravings of GEISLER, or the stippling productions of FLEISCHMANN. The former, in particular, are sometimes of a delicacy and truth equal to those of our Henry Le Kueux.

In the neighbourhood of Nuremberg — that is to say, scarcely more than an English mile from thence—are the grave and tombstone of ALBERT DURER. Dr. Bright having printed that artist's epitaph at length* — and it being found in most biographical details relating to him — it need not be here repeated. The stone is simple and striking. In the churchyard, is a representation of the crucifixion, cut in stone. Mr. Lewis, making this imposing object his foreground, took a view from thence of the town and citadel of Nuremberg . . . which may be classed among his most successful performances. It was on a fine, calm evening, just after sun-set, that I first visited the tombstone of Albert Durer ; and shall always remember the sensations, with which that visit was attended, as among the most pleasing and impressive of my life. The silence of the spot—its retirement from the city—the falling shadows of night, and the increasing solemnity of every monument of the dead — together with the mysterious, and even awful effect, produced by the colossal crucifix . . . but yet perhaps, more than either, the recollection of the extraordinary talents of the artist, so quietly sleeping beneath my feet . . . all conspired to produce a train of reflections which may be readily conceived, but not so readily described. If ever a man deserved to be considered as the glory of his age and nation, ALBERT

* *Travels in Lower Hungary*, 1818, 4to. p. 93.

DURER was surely that man. He was, in truth, the Shakspeare of his art — for the *period*.

Notwithstanding I had made every enquiry among the principal booksellers, or *Antiquars*,* for rare and curious old volumes, I literally found nothing worth purchasing. The Baron Derschau was doubtless my best friend on this score. Yet I was told that, if I would put a pair of horses to my carriage, and drive to *Furth* — a short two German mile stage from Nuremberg, and which indeed I had distinctly seen from the windows of the citadel — I should find there, at a certain Antiquar's, called HEERDEGEN, an endless variety of what was precious and curious in the department of which I was in search. Accordingly, I put the wheels of my carriage in motion, within twenty-four hours of receiving the intelligence. The road to Furth is raised from the level of the surrounding country, and well paved in the centre. It is also lined by poplar trees, a great part of the way. I have reason to remember this visit, for many a long day. Having drove to M. Heerdegen's door, I was received with sufficient courtesy; and was told to mount to the top of the house, where the more ancient books were kept, while he, M. Heerdegen, settled a little business below. That business consisted in selling so many old folios, by the pound weight, in great wooden scales; — the vendor, all the time, keeping up a cheerful and incessant conversation. The very *sight* of this transaction was sufficient to produce an hysterical affection — and, instead of mounting upwards, I stood — stock still — wondering at such an act of barbarity! Having requested permission to open the volumes in question, and finding them to contain decretals, and glosses upon councils, I recovered myself by degrees . . and leisurely walked to the very topmost floor of the house.

* *Buchhandler* is bookseller: and *Antiquar* a dealer in old books. In Nuremberg, families exist for centuries in the same spot. I. A. ENDTER, one of the principal booksellers, resides in a house which his family have occupied since the year 1590. My intercourse was almost entirely with M. Lechner — one of the most obliging and respectable of his fraternity at Nuremberg.

M. Heerdegen was not long after me. He is a most naïf character ; and when he is pleased with a customer, presents him with an india ink drawing of his own portrait. On receiving this testimony of his approbation, I did not fail to make my proper acknowledgements : but, with respect to the books with which I was to load my carriage, there was scarcely a shadow of hope of even securing a dozen volumes worth transporting to the banks of the Rhine. However, after three hours pretty severe labour—having opened and rejected I know not how many books of Medicine, Civil and Canon Law, Scholastic Divinity, Commentaries upon Aristotle, and disputations connected with Duns Scotus, together with a great number of later impressions of the Latin Bible in the xvth century—I contrived to get a good *Latin Plutarch*, some pretty Aldine octavos, a few *Lochers* and *Brandts*, a rare little German poetical tract, of four leaves, called the *Wittenberg Nightingale*, and an *Italian Bible* printed by the *Giuntæ*, which had belonged to *Melancthon*, and contained his autograph :—all which, with some pieces by *Eckius*, *Schottus*, and *Erasmus*, to the amount of 4*l.* 4*s.* of English money, were conveyed with great pomp and ceremony below.

However, I had not been long with M. Heerdegen, before a clergyman, of small stature and spare countenance, made his appearance and saluted me. He had seen the carriage pass, and learnt, on enquiry, that the traveller within it had come expressly to see M. Heerdegen. He introduced himself as the curate of the neighbouring church, of which M. Frommüller was the rector or pastor : adding, that *his own* church was the only place of Christian worship in the village. This intelligence surprised me ; but the curate, whose name was *Link*, continued thus : “ This town, Sir, consists of a population of ten thousand souls, of which four-fifths are *Jews* ; who are strictly forbidden to sleep within the walls of Nuremberg. It is only even by a sort of courtesy, or sufferance, that they are allowed to transact business there during the day time.” M. Link then begged I would accompany him to his own church, and to the rector’s house—taking his own house in the way. There was nothing

particularly deserving of notice in the church, which has little claim to antiquity. It had, however, a good organ. The rector was old and infirm. I did not see him, but was well pleased with his library, which is at once scholar-like and professional. The library of the curate was also excellent of its kind, though limited, from the confined means of its owner. It is surprising upon what small stipends the Protestant clergy live abroad; and if I were to mention that of M. Link, I should only excite the scepticism of my readers.

I was then conducted through the village—which abounded with dirty figures and dirty faces. The women and female children were particularly disgusting, from the little attention paid to cleanliness. The men and boys were employed in work, which accounted for their rough appearance. The place seems to swarm with population—and if a plague, or other epidemic disorder should prevail, I can hardly conceive a scene in which it is likely to make more dreadful havoc than at *Furth*. Although I had not obtained any thing *very special* at this place, in the book way, I was yet glad to have visited it—were it only for the sake of adding one more original character to the bibliopolistic fraternity upon the Continent. In spite of the very extraordinary *line* of business which M. Heerdegen chooses to follow, I have reason to think that he “turns a good penny” in the course of the year; but own that it was with surprise I learnt that Mr. Bohn, the bookseller of Frith Street, had preceded me in my visit—and found some historical folios which he thought well worth the expense of conveyance to England.

It remains only to return for a few hours to Nuremberg, and then to conduct the reader to Manheim. One of the four days, during which I remained at Nuremberg, happened to be *Sunday*; and of all places upon the Continent, Sunday is, at Nuremberg, among the gayest and most attractive. The weather was fine, and the whole population was alternately within and without the city walls. Some Bavarian troops of cavalry were exercising near the public walks, and of course a great multitude was collected to witness their manœuvres. On casting my eye

over this concourse of people, attired in their best clothes, I was particularly struck with the head dresses of the women: composed chiefly of broad-stiffened ribband, of different colours, which is made to stick out behind in a flat manner—not to be described except by the pencil of my graphic companion. The figure, seen on the opposite page,* is that of the *fille de chambre* at our hotel, who was habited in her Sunday attire; and it displays in particular the riband head-dress—which was of black water-tabby sarsenet. But as these ribbands are of different colours, and many of them gay and gorgeous, their appearance, in the open air—and where a great number of people is collected and in constant motion—is that, as it were, of so many moving suns. In general, the *Nurembergeoises* have little pretensions to beauty; and the young woman who sat to Mr. Lewis, admitted that she was conscious of possessing no personal attraction. They are, however, active, civil, and intelligent.

MANHEIM.

It is rarely that one takes leave of an hotel with regret, when every days journey is bringing us sensibly nearer home. But it is due to the kind treatment and comfortable lodgings, of which I partook at Nuremberg, to say, that no traveller can leave the *Cheval Rouge* without at least wishing that all future inns which he visits may *resemble* it. We left Nuremberg after dinner, resolving to sleep at *Ansbach*; of which place the Margrave and Margravine were sufficiently distinguished in our own country. I had received a letter of introduction to Monsieur Le Comte de Drechsel, President de la Regence—and President of the corporation of Nuremberg—respecting the negotiation for the Boccaccio of 1472; from which, however, I augured no very favourable result. The first stage from Nuremberg is *Kloster Heilbronn*: where, on changing horses, the master of the inn pressed me hard to go and visit the old church, which gives the

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.



FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

NUREMBURG.



name to the village, and which was said to contain some curious old paintings by Albert Durer: but there was literally no time—and I began to be tired . . almost of Albert Durers! At Ansbach we drove to the *Crown*, a large and excellent inn. It was nightfall when we entered the town, but not so dark as to render the size and extent of the Margrave's palace invisible, nor so late as to render a visit to two booksellers, after a late cup of tea, impracticable. At one place, I found something in the shape of old books, but purchased nothing—except an edition of Boccaccio's Tales, in French, with the well known plates of Roman Le Hooze, 1701. 8vo. It was loosely bound in sorry calf, but a florin could not be considered too much for it, even in this sombre state. The other bookseller supplied, by the tender of his friendly offices, the deficiencies of his collection—which, in fact, consisted of nothing but a stock of modern publications.

The next morning I visited the Comte Drechsel — having first written him a note, and gently touched upon the point at issue. He received me with courtesy; and I found him particularly intelligent—but guarded in every expression connected with any thing like the indulgence, even of a hope, of obtaining the precious volume in question. He would submit my proposition to the municipality. He understood English perfectly well, and spoke French fluently. I had received intimation of a collection of rare and curious old books, belonging to a Mr. * * *, in the environs of Ansbach; who, having recently experienced some misfortunes, had meditated the sale of his library. The owner had a pretty country house, scarcely a stone's throw from the outskirts of the town, and I saw his wife and children—but no books. I learnt that these latter were conveyed to the town for the purpose of sale; and having seen a few of them, I left a commission for a copy of *Fust and Schoeffher's* edition of Pope Boniface's Councils of 1465, UPON VELLUM. I have never heard of the result of the sale.

From Ansbach to *Heilbronn*, which can be scarcely less than sixty English miles, few things struck me on the road more forcibly than the remains of a small old church and cloisters at

Feuchtwang—where we stopped to change horses, the first stage after Ansbach. It rained heavily, and we had only time to run hastily through these very curious old relics, which, if appearances formed the test of truth, might, from the colour of the stone and the peculiarity of the structure, have been old enough to designate the first christian place of worship established in Germany. The whole, however, was upon a singularly small scale. I earnestly recommend every English antiquary to stop longer than we did at *Feuchtwang*. From thence to *Heilbronn*, we passed many a castle-crowned summit, of which the base and adjacent country were covered by apparently impenetrable forests of fir and elm; but regretted exceedingly that it was quite nightfall when we made the very steep and *nervous* entrance into *Hall*—down a mountainous descent, which seemed to put the carriage on an inclined plane of forty-five degrees. We were compelled to have four horses, on making the opposite ascent; and were even preceded by boys, with links and torches; over a small bridge, under which runs a precipitous and roaring stream. *Hall* is a large, lively, and much frequented town.

Heilbronn, or *Hailbrunn*, is a large consequential town; and parts of it are spacious, as well as curious from appearances of antiquity. The large square, where we changed horses, was sufficiently striking; and the Hotel de ville in particular was worthy of being copied by the pencil of my companion. But we were only passing travellers, anxious to reach Manheim and to cross the Rhine. The country about *Heilbronn* is picturesque and fertile, and I saw enough to convince me that two days residence there would not be considered as time thrown away. It is one of the principal towns in the kingdom of Wirtemberg, and situated not many leagues from the Black Forest, or *Schwartz Wald*, where wild boars and other wild animals abound, and where St. Hubert (for aught I know to the contrary) keeps his nocturnal revels in some hitherto unpenetrated glen... beneath the radiance of an unclouded moon.

But if *Heilbronn* be attractive, from the imposing appearance of the houses, *Heidelberg* is infinitely more so; contain-

ing a population of nine thousand inhabitants. We reached this latter place at dinner time, on Sunday—but as it rained heavily for the last hour previous to our entrance, we could not take that survey of the adjacent country which we so much desired to do. Yet we saw sufficient to delight us infinitely: having travelled along the banks of the river *Neckhar* for the last three or four miles, observing the beautifully wood-crowned hills on the opposite side. But it is the CASTLE, or OLD PALACE OF HEIDELBERG—where the Grand Dukes of Baden, or old Electors Palatine, used to reside—and where the celebrated TUN, replenished with many a score hogshead of choice Rhenish wine—form the grand objects of attraction to the curious traveller. The palace is a striking edifice more extensive than any thing I had previously seen; but, in the general form of its structure, so like *Holland House* at Kensington, that I hesitated not one moment to assign the commencement of the sixteenth century, as the period of the building in question. The date of 1607,* cut in stone over one of the principal doors, confirmed my conjecture.

I now looked eagerly on all sides—observing what portions were more or less dilapidated, and wondering at the extent and magnificence of the building. Room after room, corridor succeeding corridor—saloons, galleries, banqueting apartments, each and all denuded of its once princely furniture—did not fail to strike my imagination most forcibly. Here was the *Hall of Chivalry*, which had been rent asunder by lightning: yonder, a range of statues of the old Electors Counts Palatine:—a tier of granite columns stood in another direction, which had equally defied the assaults of the foe and the ravages of time. In one part, looking down, I observed an old square tower, which had been precipitated in consequence (as I learnt) of an explosion of gunpowder. It was doubtless about a century older than the building from which I observed it. On an eminence, almost smothered with larch and lime, and nearly as much above our

* It is either 1607, or 1609.

selves as we were from the town, stand the ruins of another old castle . . the residence of the older Counts Palatine. The whole scene was full of enchantment to an antiquarian traveller ; and I scarcely knew how to quit one portion of it for another.

I was introduced into a room where a French artist was busily employed in making drawings of different parts of the palace ; but his *tongue* was even more actively engaged than his *pencil*. I never heard a man talk faster or more incessantly ; nor did I ever see one apparently living upon better terms with himself. I purchased a few prints of the castle, already published ; and here present the reader with the fruits of that purchase.* At the same time, I subjoin a copy of one of the vignettes of the castle, representing that part which runs at right angles with what is exhibited in the opposite plate ; being a back view of it.



* See the OPPOSITE PLATE ; which is a reduction of the greater portion of the original ; gaining in *effect* what it loses in *size*.



Engraving by J. B.

London: Published by the Rev. J. F. & Co. 1822.

PALACE AT HEIDELBERG.

Architect. J. B.

Engraver. J. B.

The terrace, at the back of the castle, and indeed immediately upon the eminence shewn in the preceding vignette, forms a noble and commanding walk. Here, in former days, the counts and dukes of the empire, with all their trains of duchesses and damoiselles, used to parade in full pomp and magnificence, receiving the homage of their dependants, and the applause of the townsmen. From hence, indeed, they might have looked down, in the proud spirit of disdain, upon their vassal subjects :—or, in case of rebellion, have planted their cannon and pulverised their habitations in a little hour. It is hardly possible to conceive a more magnificent locale: . . . but now, all is silence and solitude. The wild boar intrudes with impunity into the gardens—and the fowls of heaven roost within those spacious chambers, which were once hung with rich arras, or covered with gorgeous tapestry. Scarcely three human beings . . . who seem to sleep out their existence . . . are now the tenants of THAT MANSION, where once scarcely fewer than an hundred noblemen, with their attendants, found comfortable accommodations. A powerful, and yet not unpleasing melancholy, touches the heart . . . as one moves leisurely along these speaking proofs of the mutability of earthly grandeur.

No man visits this proud palace without visiting also the equally celebrated TUN—of which *Merian*, in his well known views, has supplied us with a print or two. It is placed in the lower regions of the palace, in a room by itself—except that, by the side of it, there stands a small cask which may hold a hog's-head, and which is considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of the art of cooperage. It is made in the neatest and closest-fitting manner imaginable, without either a nail, or piece of iron, or encircling hoop ; and I believe it to be nearly as old as the *great Tun*. This latter monstrous animal, of his species, is supported by ribs—of rather a picturesque appearance—which run across the belly of the cask, at right angles with the staves. AS A WINE CASK, it has long maintained its proud distinction of being the *largest in the world*. A stair-case is to the right of it, leading to a little square platform at the top ; upon which frolicksome lads and lasses

used, in former days, to dance, when the tub had been just filled with the produce of the passing year's vintage. The guide told us that one Elector or Grand Duke, I think it was CHARLES THEODORE, had immortalised himself, by having, during his regency, caused the great tun of Heidelberg to be fairly *twice emptied*:—"those (added he) were golden days, never to return. At present, and for a long time past, the cask is filled almost to the very top with *mere lees*." In an adjoining cellar, I was shewn a set of casks, standing perpendicularly, called the *Twelve Apostles*. The whole of this subterraneous abode had, I must confess, a great air of hospitality about it; but when I mentioned to the guide the enormous size of those casks used by our principal London brewers—compared with which, even the "GREAT TUN" was a mere TEA-CUP—he held up his hands, shook his head, and exclaimed with great self-satisfaction . . . "cela ne se peut pas être!"

After I had dined, I called upon M. Schlosser, one of the professors of the University—for which this town is rather celebrated.* Attached to this University, is a famous *Library of MSS. and printed books*—but more especially of the former. It has been long known under the name of the *Palatine Library*; and having been seized and transported to the Vatican, at the conclusion of the thirty years war, and from thence carried to Paris, was, in the year 1815, at the urgent intercession of the King of Prussia, restored to its ancient resting place. What "a day of joyance" was that . . . when this restoration took place! M.

*The reputation of the University of Heidelberg, which may contain 500 students, greatly depends upon that of the professors. The students are generally under twenty years of age; and are frequently "rare lads" in their "notions of men and things;" adding the violence of youth to the perverseness of mystical studies. Their dress and general appearance is very picturesque. The shirt collar is open, the hair flowing, and a black velvet hat or cap, of small and square dimensions, placed on one side, gives them a very knowing air. One young man in particular, scarcely nineteen from his appearance, displayed the most beautiful countenance and figure which I ever beheld. He seemed to be *Raphael* or *Vandyke* revived.

Schlosser adverted to it with a satisfaction amounting . . almost to rapture. That gentleman made me a present of the first part of his *Universal Biography*, published at *Frankfort on the Main*, the preceding year, in 8vo.—in the German language — with copious and erudite notes. He shewed me the earlier printed volumes of the Public Library ; of which, having unluckily lost the few memoranda I had taken—but which I believe only included the notice of a *first Cæsar*, *first Suetonius*, and *first Tacitus*—I am not able to give any particular details. M. Schlosser conversed a good deal, and very earnestly, about Lord Spencer's library—and its probable ultimate destination ; seeming to dread its “ *dispersion*” as a national calamity.

It was late in the afternoon, when darkness was rather prematurely coming on—and the rain descending almost in torrents—that I left Heidelberg for MANHEIM—the *ultima Thule* of my peregrinations on the German side of the Rhine. The road is nearly straight, in good order, and lined with poplar trees. People of all descriptions—on foot, in gigs, carriages, and upon horseback — were hastening home—as upon a Sunday evening with *us* :—anxious to escape the effects of a soaking rain. Unfavourable as the weather was, I could not help looking behind, occasionally, to catch glimpses of the magnificent palace of Heidelberg ; which seemed to encrease, in size and elevation, as we continued to leave it in the rear. The country, also, on the other side of the *Neckhar*, was mountainous, wooded, and picturesque : the commencement of that chain of hills, which, extending towards *Mayence* and *Cologne*, form the favourite and well known scenery which Englishmen delight to visit. As my eye ran along this magnificent range, I could not but feel something approaching to deep regret . . that *other* causes, besides those of the lateness of the season, operated in preventing me from pursuing my course in that direction. It was impossible . . . however I might have wished to visit the cities where *Fust* and *Schoeffher* and *Ulric Zel* are supposed to lie entombed, and where the FIRST PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS were made public — it was impossible for me to do otherwise than to make Manheim the *colophon* of my

bibliographical excursion. The glass had been *turned* for some time past, and the sand was fast running out.

It was rather late when we drove to the *Golden Fleece* at Manheim, the best inn in the town—and situated in a square, which, when we visited it, was filled by booths : it being fair time. With difficulty we got comfortable lodgings, so extremely crowded was the inn. The court-yard was half choked up with huge casks of Rhenish wine, of different qualities ; most of them destined for England—and all seemed to be agitation and bustle. The first night of my arrival was a night of mixed pleasure and pain, by the receipt of nearly a dozen letters from Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, and London, collectively : the whole of which had been purposely directed to this place. The contents of the Stuttgart letter have been already detailed to the reader.* The first object of my visitation at Manheim, on the morrow, was the house of M. ARTARIA — known, throughout the whole of Germany, as the principal mercantile house for books, prints, and pictures.† With these objects of commerce, was united that of *banking* : forming altogether an establishment of equal prosperity and respectability. The house is situated in the principal square, at the corner of one of the streets running into it. It has a stone front, and the exterior is equally as attractive in appearance, as the interior is by substantial hospitality. The civility, the frankness, the open-heartedness of my reception here was, if possible, more warm and encouraging than in any previous place in Germany ; and what rendered the whole perfectly delightful, was, the thorough English-like appearance of every thing about me. Books, prints, pictures—and household furniture of every description—bespoke the judicious and liberal taste of the owner of the mansion ; while the large and regular supplies of letters and despatches, every morning, gave indication of a brisk and opulent commerce.

It so happened that, the very first morning of my visit to M.

* See note at page 172, vol. iii.

† Since March 1819, called the firm of ARTARIA and FONTAINE.

Artaria, there arrived trucks, filled with boxes and bales of goods purchased at the Frankfort fair — which had not been long over. In some of these ponderous cases, were pictures of the old masters; in others, *prints* . . chiefly from Paris and London,* and principally from the house of Messrs. Longman and Co. in Pater-noster row. Among these latter, was a fine set of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, in ten volumes, 4to. bound in russia—which had been bespoke of M. Artaria by some Bavarian Count: and which must have cost that Count very little short of 120 guineas. The shelves of the front repository were almost wholly filled with English books, in the choicest bindings; and dressed out to catch and captivate the susceptible *bibliomaniac*, in a manner the most adroit imaginable. To the left, on entrance, were two rooms filled with choice paintings; many of them just purchased at the Frankfort fair. Some delicious Flemish pictures, among which I particularly noticed a little *Paul Potter* — valued at five hundred guineas—and some equally attractive Italian performances, containing, among the rest, a most desirable and genuine portrait of *Giovanni Bellini* — valued at one hundred and fifty guineas—were some of the principal objects of my admiration.

But, more interesting than either, in my humble judgment, and yet not divested of a certain vexatious feeling, arising from an ignorance of the original—was a portrait, painted in oil, of the size of life, quite in the manner of *Hans Holbein* . . yet with infinitely more warmth and power of carnation-tint. It was alive—and looked you through, as you entered the room. As

* *prints . . chiefly from Paris and London.*—Among the prints recently imported from the latter place, was the whole length of the DUKE OF WEL-LINGTON, engraved by Bromley, from the painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence. I was surprised when M. Artaria told me that he had sold *fifty copies* of this print—to his Bavarian and Austrian customers. In a large line engraving, of the Meeting of the Sovereigns and Prince Schwartzemberg, after the battle of Leipsic — from the painting of P. Krafft—and published by Artaria and Fontaine in January 1820—it is gratifying to read the name of our SCOTT—as that of the engraver of the piece—although it had been *previously* placed in other hands.

it was an undoubted coeval picture, and as the original (although unknown) was, in all probability, a man of consequence or learning—I could not resist the impulse of requesting permission for Mr. Lewis to make a copy of it *in pencil*: the time being too short for its execution in colours. Permission was readily granted, and what has been the result . . . will be seen from the annexed beautiful copy of Mr. Lewis's labours*—which occupied him, incessantly, the entire four days we were at Manheim. Few galleries of portraits contain a more perfect specimen of the painting of the times. For the original, I believe, M. Artaria asked three hundred guineas.

The purse and table of M. Artaria were as open and as richly furnished as were his repositories of books and pictures; and I was scolded because I had not made *his house* my head quarters during my residence at Manheim. I dined with him, however, twice out of the four days of my stay; and was indifferent to plays and public places of resort, in the conversation and company which I found at his house. Yet it was during the circulation of his double-quart bottles of old Rhenish wine—distributed with a liberality not to be exceeded by the Benedictines at the monastery at Göttwic, and yet more exquisite and choice in its flavour—that the gallant host poured forth the liberal sentiments which animated a bosom . . . grateful to providence for the success that had crowned his steadily and well directed labours! I never saw a man upon whom good fortune sat more comfortably, or one whom it was so little likely to spoil. Half of my time was spent in the house of M. Artaria, because there I found the kind of society which I preferred—and which contained a mixture of the antiquary and collector, with the merchant and man of the world.

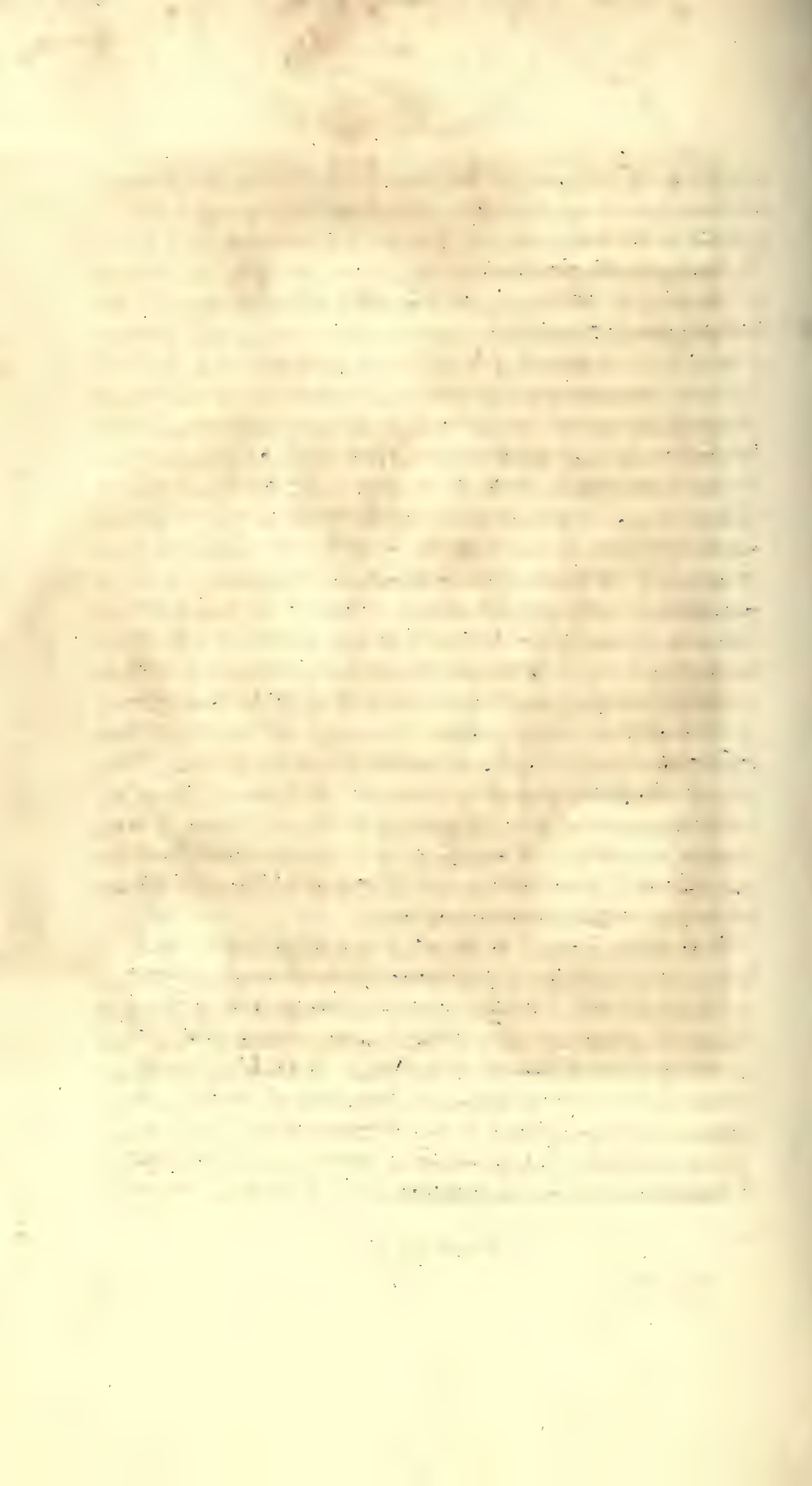
Among those of the first description, were MESSRS. TRAITEUR

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. The draftsman and the engraver seem, in this interesting specimen of art, to have vied with each other for the superiority. As a copy of an old master, it is perfect; and to the best of my knowledge, has never been before engraved. I sincerely hope that this manner of making it public will lead to the discovery of the ORIGINAL.



UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

From the Original Painting, in the Possession of
Hons. Aretius, at Heubron.



and Koch. The former had been public librarian at Munich; and related to me the singular anecdote of having picked up the *first Mentz Bible*, called the *Mazarine*, for a few francs at Nancy.* M. Traiteur is yet enthusiastic in his love of books, and shewed me the relics of what might have been a curious library. He has a strange hypothesis, that the art of printing was invented at *Spire*; on account of a medal having been struck there in 1471, commemorative of that event; which medal was found during the capture of that place about two centuries ago. He fixed a very high price—somewhere about forty pounds—upon the medal; which, however, I never saw. He hoped (and I hope so too, for his own sake) that the Prince Royal of Bavaria would offer him that sum for it, to enrich his collection at Munich. M. Traiteur talked largely of a German book in his possession, with the express date of 1460; but though I was constantly urging him to shew it to me, he was not able to put his hand upon it. I bought of him, however, about ten pounds worth of books, among which was the *Life of St. Goar*, printed by *Schoeffher* in 1481, quarto—the date of which had been artfully altered to 1470—by scratching out the final xi. This was not the knavery of the vendor. M. Traiteur offered me the *Tewordanckhs* of 1517, upon paper, for ten pounds: a sum, much beyond what I considered to be its real worth—from the copy having been half bound, and a good deal cropt. He was incessant in his polite attentions to me.

M. Koch had been, if he be not yet, a grocer; but was so fond of rare old books, that he scarcely ever visited his canisters and sugar-loaves. I bought some very curious little pieces of him, to the amount of ten or twelve guineas: among which, was the strange and excessively rare tract, in Latin and German, entitled *De Fide Concubinarum in Sacerdotes*, of which a very particular account appears in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 229, 235. His simplicity of manners and friendliness of disposition were equally attractive; and I believe if he had

* See vol. ii. p. 542.

possessed the most precious of Aldine Classics, upon vellum, I could have succeeded in tempting him to part with it

The town of Manheim is large, neat, and populous; containing 20,000 souls. The streets run generally at right angles, and are sufficiently airy and wide. But, compared with the domestic architecture of Augsburg, Munich, and Vienna, the houses are low, small, and unornamented. The whole place has much the appearance of a handsome provincial town in England. There are gardens and public walks; but the chief of these is connected with the old red-stone palace of the former Electors Palatine. The Rhine terminates these walks on one side; and when I visited them, which was twice during my stay, that river was running with a rapid and discoloured current. The Rhine is broad here; but its banks are tame. A mound is raised against it, in some parts, to prevent partial overflows, and a fine terrace crowns its summits. A bridge of boats, over which you pass into France, is immediately in view. Upon the whole, these gardens, which seem to be laid out in the English fashion, and which are occasionally varied by some pleasing serpentine walks, are left in a sad state of neglect. The breeze from the river plays freely along the osiers and willows, with which its banks are plentifully planted; and I generally felt refreshed by half an hour's walk upon the broad, dry, gravel terrace, which comes close up to the very windows of the palace. The palace itself is of an enormous size — but is now bereft of every insignia of royalty. It is chiefly (as I understood) a *depôt* for arms.

I ought to mention, among the social gratifications of which I partook at Manheim, that arising from the kind attentions of M. ACKERMANN; a gentleman retired from business, and residing in the place or square:—devoting the evening of a bachelor's life to the amusement resulting from a small but well chosen collection of coins and medals. He shewed me several of surprising delicacy and finish . . . more especially of the xvth century, executed at Nuremberg—and tempted me to become a purchaser of the *Gold Royal* of our *Edward IV.*, for which I

offered him five louis. As he thought himself handsomely paid, he presented me, in addition, with a beautiful silver medal of the sixteenth century—struck at Nuremberg—of which particular mention has been made in a preceding page.* One of my visits to M. Ackermann was diversified by the sight of a profusion of fine grapes, of both colours, which had been just gathered from his garden—within the suburbs of the town:—where, indeed, a number of finely trimmed gardens, belonging to the citizens of Mannheim, are kept in the highest state of cultivation. The vintage had now set in throughout Germany and France; and more delicious grapes than those presented to me by M. A., could seldom be partaken of. Yet I know not if they were quite equal to those of which we partook, in our route, between Ratisbon and Heilbrunn. Passing along a very extensive vineyard, we stopped—requesting the valet to alight, and try to procure us some of the tempting fruit in view . . . in order to slake our thirst during a hot journey. In a second he disappeared, and in a minute reappeared—with a bunch of black grapes—so large, full, and weighty . . . that I question if Van Huysum or De Heem ever sat down to such a model for the exercise of their unrivalled pencils. The juice of this bunch was as copious and delicious as the exterior was downy and inviting. We learnt, however, that these little acts of depredation were not always to be committed with impunity; for that, in the middle of extensive fields, when the grape was ripe enough to be gathered, watch-boxes were placed—and keepers within these boxes were armed with carbines, loaded with something more weighty than *powder*!

It only remains to mention, that, having left particular directions with the house of M. Artaria, to forward all *the* cases which had been consigned to me, at their own house, from Vienna and Nuremberg, to that of Messrs. Arch and Co., booksellers, Cornhill, I had nothing to do but renew my letter of credit, and pass over the Rhine into France. I started imme-

* See page xxxi. ante.

diately after dinner, from M. Artaria's house; horses having been brought to the door—and Mr. Lewis having had scarcely five minutes to breathe from the completion of his labours over the beautiful portrait mentioned in a preceding page.* Never was farewell, on both sides, more hearty and sincere.

MANHEIM TO PARIS.

About four o'clock we passed over the bridge of boats, across the Rhine, and changed horses at *Ogersheim* and *Spire*, sleeping at *Germeszheim*. The Rhine flows along the meadows which skirt the town of Spire; and while the horses were changing, we took a stroll about the cathedral. It is large, but of a motley style of architecture—and, in part, of a Moorish cast of character. Nothing but desolation appears about its exterior. The roof is sunk, and threatens to fall in every moment. No service (I understood) was performed within—but in a contiguous garden were the remains of a much older edifice, of an ecclesiastical character. Around, however, were the traces of devastation and havoc—the greater part arising from the bullets and cannon balls of the recent campaigns. It was impossible, however, for a *typographical antiquary* to pass through this town, without feeling some sensations approaching to a sort of pleasing melancholy: for HERE were born the TWO SPIRAS—or *John and Vindelín de Spira*—who introduced the art of printing into Venice. I do not suppose that there exists any relic of domestic architecture here old enough to have been contemporaneous with the period of their birth.

The journey to Paris, though the route we took, was such—till we reached *St. Avold*, about two hundred and fifty English miles from the capital—as is never likely to induce me to repeat the attempt. The continuation of the chain of mountains called the *Vosges*, running northerly from *Strasbourg*—though of less height than those from *Strasbourg* downwards—renders the road wearisome, and in parts scarcely passable—as the government has re-

* See page liv.

cently paid no attention to its reparation. *Landau*, *Weissenbourg*, and *Bitche* are the principal fortified towns; the latter, indeed, boasts of a commanding fort—upon a very elevated piece of ground, ranked among the more successful efforts of Vauban. The German language continued chiefly to be spoken among the postillions and lower orders, till we left *Forbach* for *St. Avold*. At *Landau*, about three hundred and sixty miles from Paris, I parted with my valet—for *Strasbourg*; under the impression that he would be glad to resume his acquaintance with me, on any future occasion: at the same time he seemed to long to be taken with us to *London*—a city, of all others, he said, he was desirous of seeing. He had also half imbibed the notion that its streets were paved with gold.

Metz is a noble city: finely situated, strongly fortified, and fully inhabited. The *Moselle* encircles a portion of it in a very picturesque manner. The inn, called the *Cheval Blanc*, should rather be that of *Cheval Noir*—if it take its epithet from the colour of the interior—for a dirtier hotel can scarcely exist. The *Cheval Blanc*, at *Vire*,* was English cleanliness compared with it. It was a fine moonlight night when we left *Metz*, on a Sunday, resolving to sleep two stages on the road. The next day we dined at *Dombasle*, a stage beyond *Verdun*; and were within about seventy miles of *Chalons sur Marne*. The vintage and the fruits of Autumn were now rich and abundant on all sides. The fields were all purple, and the orchards all red and gold. Wine casks, stained with the purple juice, met us between every stage; while, on the right hand and left, we saw the women walking beneath their perpendicular baskets, laden with the most bountiful produce of the vineyard. Such a year of plenty had hardly been remembered within the oldest memory. Mean time, the song and the roundelay were heard from all quarters; and between *Dombasle* and *Clermont*, as we ascended a wooded height, with the sun setting in a flame of gold, in front—we witnessed a rural sight,

connected with the vintage, which was sufficient to realise all the beautiful paintings ever executed by *Watteau* and *Angelis*.

It was late when we reached *Chalons*. The next day, we started for *Rheims*, and stopped at *Sillery* in our way — the last stage on that side of it. The day was really oppressive—although we were in the middle of October. At *Sillery* we drank some Champagne—for which it is famous—the produce of the same year's vintage. It had not been made a fortnight—and tasted rather sharp and strong. This, we were triumphantly told, was the sure test of its turning out excellent. We were infinitely delighted with *Rheims*, more especially with the Cathedral. The western porches — and particularly that on the north side—are not less beautifully, than they are elaborately, sculptured. The interior, immediately within the western porches — or rather on the reverse sides of them—presents sculpture of admirable workmanship : — of the fourteenth century. But the porches appeared much lower than I had imagined. In the nave is an isolated roman sculpture,* of the lower age, cut in a block of marble—and unconnectedly placed there. This has been engraved in the *Antiquité Expliquée* of *Montfaucon*. At the further end of the choir, is an elaborately sculptured modern monument—containing many beautiful figures in white marble :—upon the whole, one of the most interesting which I had seen upon the Continent. The upper part of the exterior of the cathedral, on the south side, is very elegantly carved ; but the towers are short, and under repair. The lower part of the south exterior of the cathedral is entirely marred, as to picturesque effect, by the recent buildings attached to it. Upon the whole, however, the

* *roman sculpture.*]—The town is said to abound with Roman antiquities ; among which is a triumphal arch of the time of Augustus, and an arcade called the *Romulus*. It was at *Rheims* where the holy *ampoule*, or oil for consecrating the Kings of France was kept—who were usually crowned here. A Jacobin ruffian, of the name of *Ruht*, destroyed this *ampoule* during the revolution. This act was succeeded by his own self-destruction.

Cathedral at Rheims is a very pure and interesting specimen of Gothic architecture. Nor must I omit an anecdote connected with its present state of preservation. That it escaped the ravages of the revolution, was owing, as I learnt, to the respect which was paid to the Curé of some neighbouring parish. He came down to the armed multitude, when they were ripe for every species of destruction. He told them—they might take his LIFE . . but entreated them to spare the MOTHER CHURCH. They spared both: but many marks of their devastation are yet seen; and pieces of old sculpture, dragged from their original places of destination, are stuck about in different parts, over shopkeepers' doors. I could have filled a caravan with several curious specimens of this kind:—which would have been joyfully viewed by many a Member of the Society of Antiquaries. The population of Rheims is estimated at about thirty thousand. It appears to be situated in a fertile and picturesque country.

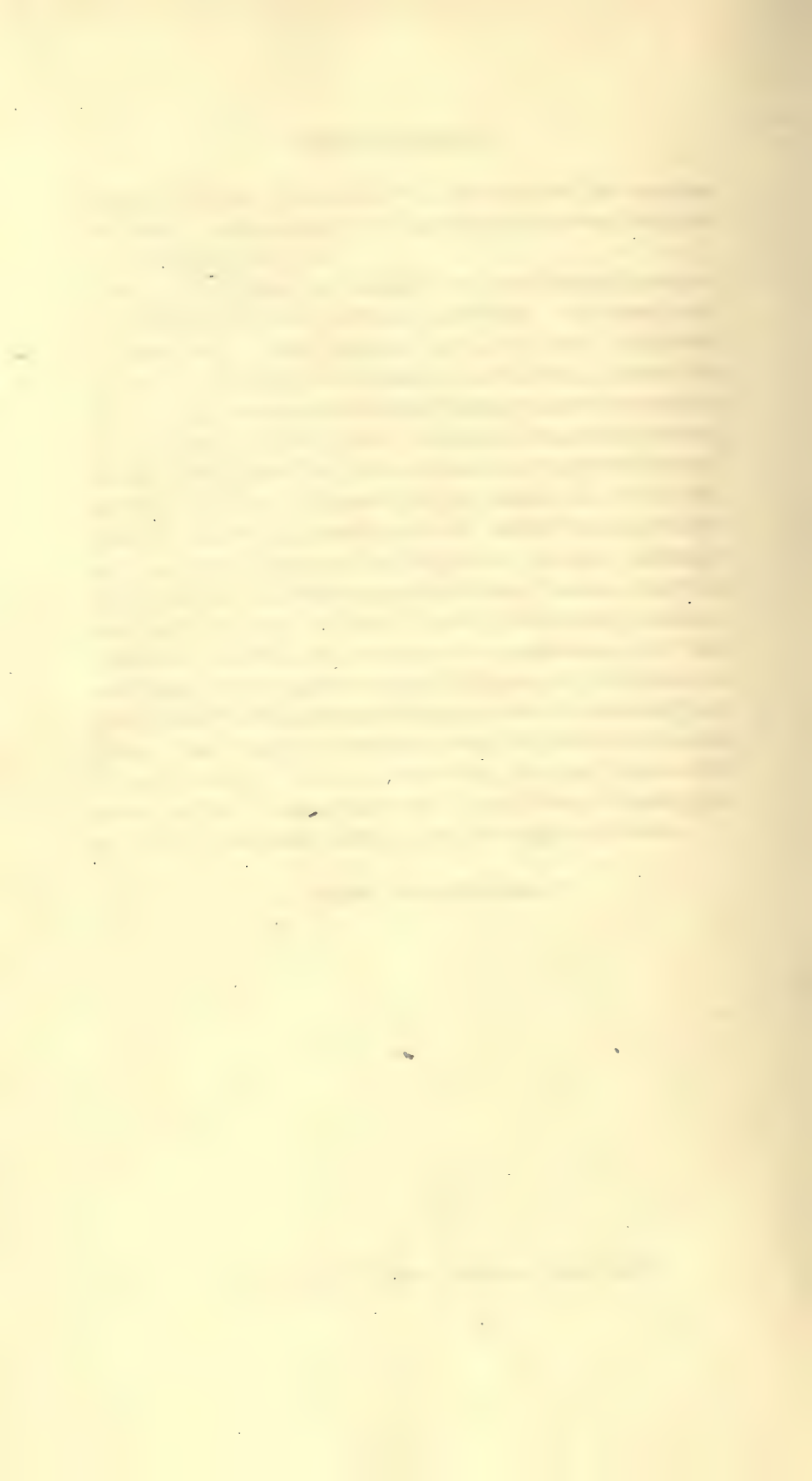
As the weather continued not only serene, but almost sultry—and as we began to be weary of packing and unpacking, and sleeping at so many different inns in the route—I proposed to Mr. Lewis *travelling all night*, and pushing on at once for Paris: where our fatigue would have a temporary cessation. He readily consented; and we left this venerable city about six o'clock in the evening—intending to travel without intermission till we reached our old quarters at the *Hôtel des Colonies*, in the *Rue de Rich-lieu*. The road is paved in the middle, the whole way to Paris; but we were careful to avoid the centre. In other respects, this road is broad, and has a noble appearance. As we quitted Rheims, and were gaining the height of the first hill, on the Paris side, we turned round to take a farewell view of the venerable cathedral. It will be long ere I forget that view. The moon, now at full, was rising—in unclouded majesty—just above the summit of the old towers of the cathedral. Her orb was clear, pale, and soft; and yet completely irradiated. The towers and western front were in a cold, gray tint: the houses, of inferior dimensions, were shrunk to insignificancy. There was, therefore, nothing but a cloudless sky, a full moon, and the cathedral of

Rheims:—objects, upon which the eye rests, and the imagination riots . . . as ours did . . . till a turning of the road shut out the scenery from our view.

It was considerably past midnight when we reached *Soissons*—the principal town between Rheims and Paris. We breakfasted at *Dammartin*. About mid-day we entered Paris, and found the hostess of the *Hôtel des Colonies* (who had been apprised by letter of our intention of returning thither) perfectly disposed to give us a cordial reception, after an absence of about three months. Having settled my affairs, and enjoyed a short repose at Paris of about fourteen days, I returned with my companion, by the diligence, to Calais; and landed at Dover within about six months and a half of my departure from Brighton to Dieppe. Although my tour was carried on in the most favourable of seasons—and with every sort of comfort, and attention arising from letters of recommendation, and hospitable receptions in consequence—yet I had undergone, from a constant state of excitement and occupation, a great deal of bodily and mental fatigue; and I question if poor Park, . . . had it pleased Providence to have allowed him to re-visit his native shore . . . could have retouched BRITISH EARTH with more joy than I experienced, when I leaped from the plank, put out from the packet, at landing, upon the shingles at DOVER!

. . . reddens laudes Domino.”*

* CHRISTMAS CAROL: see *Typog. Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 251.



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